

Dr. Edward McGlynn

Sylvester L. Malone

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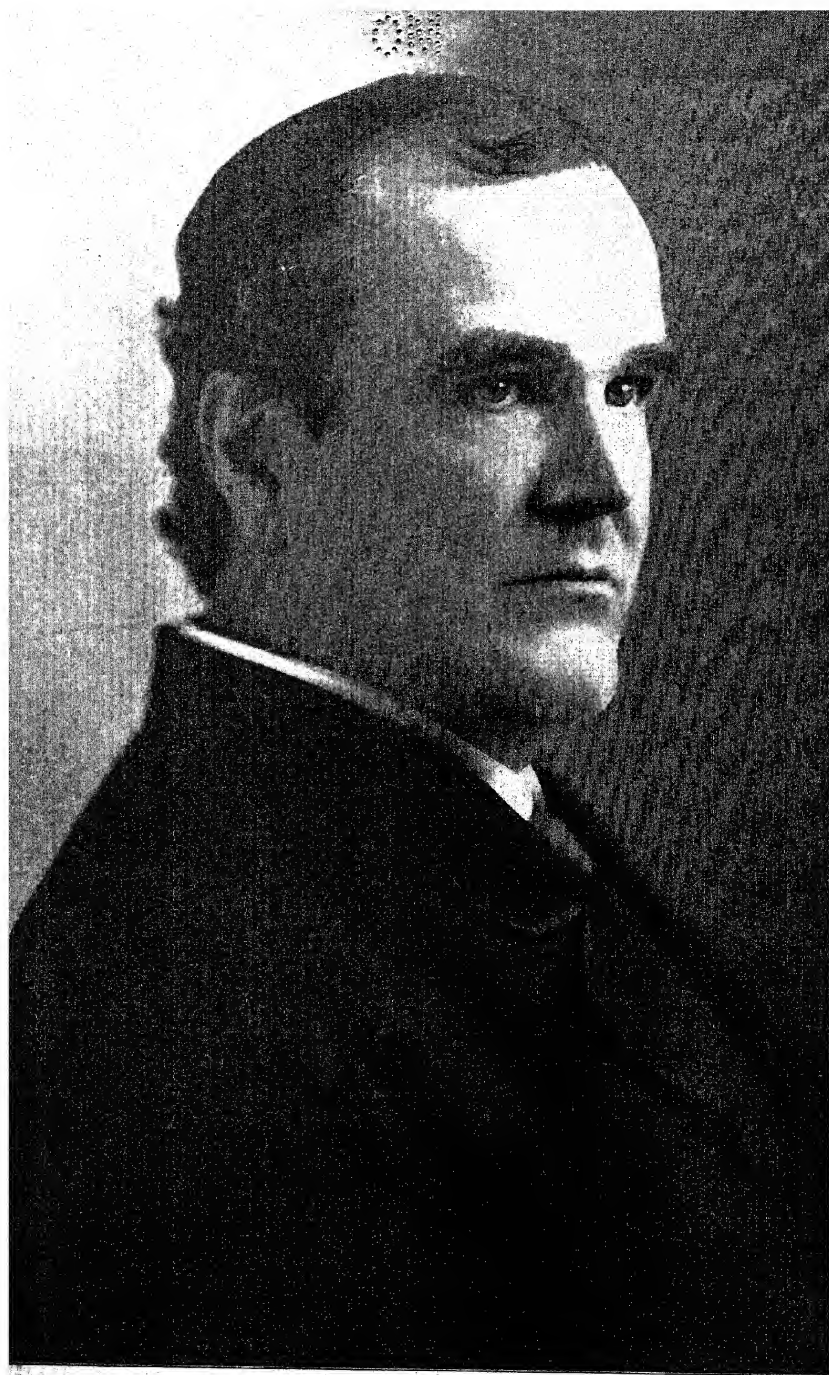


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Edw. M. Glyn.

Dr. Edward McGlynn

By

Sylvester L. Malone

New York

Dr. McGlynn Monument Association

1918

THE
OF

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By Sylvester L. Malone

1918

Sylvester L. Malone - N. Y.

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TO
THE "DEAR FRIENDS" OF
DR. EDWARD McGLYNN
EVERYWHERE
WHO WELCOMED HIS TEACHING
WITNESSED HIS STRUGGLE
REJOICED IN HIS VINDICATION
GRIEVED AT HIS DEATH
AND
HOLD HIM TENDERLY IN THEIR MEMORY

WHEN the time comes that heart is the
measure of greatness, Dr. McGlynn will
be counted one of the greatest of our men.

DR. I. K. FUNK.

Preface

The Eightieth Anniversary of the Birthday of Dr. Edward McGlynn, lover of men, priest, patriot, philosopher, eloquent preacher of the Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man, was celebrated on Thursday, September 27th, 1917. The Dr. McGlynn Monument Association met in New York, at the Hotel McAlpin, and other friends in the cities of Washington, San Francisco, Boston, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Denver, Detroit, Buffalo, Albany, Newburgh and Springfield. In Glasgow, in London, in Malaga, Spain; in Sydney, Australia, and in Buenos Aires, Argentina, his memory was honored. In New York Edwin Markham read his splendid poem and the beautiful model of the Quinn statue of Dr. McGlynn was exhibited and greatly admired. In its heroic size this noble work is now nearing completion in the bronze.

Noted for his profound learning, gifted with unusual powers of brilliant, clear and forceful expression, surpassed by none as an advocate of fundamental principles, Dr. McGlynn was ever ready to uphold American institutions and persistent in his efforts to make the practice of his time fit with the highest ideals of the great Fathers of our Country. True priest of God, he was beloved by the people, and admired as a man of courage, who thought ahead of his time, and made the supremest sacrifice of self, suffering for the truth the martyrdom of the spirit that is far keener than that of the mere flesh.

It was our blessed privilege to know him and to be numbered among his friends. At this anniversary season, therefore, we gratefully pay our tribute to his memory by offering this volume. It contains some of his greatest and most beautiful thoughts; a sketch of his life; many of the eulogies expressed by eminent citizens; and more than thirty full-page portraits and pictures of scenes associated with his remarkable career. Many of these are very rare and have not hitherto been published. In publishing this book we also seek to gratify, in some small measure, the often expressed wish of many who have inquired for the life story and addresses of Dr. McGlynn. May the living words of this great priest again enrapture the soul, captivate the mind and inspire with noble purpose the will of whosoever may read them!

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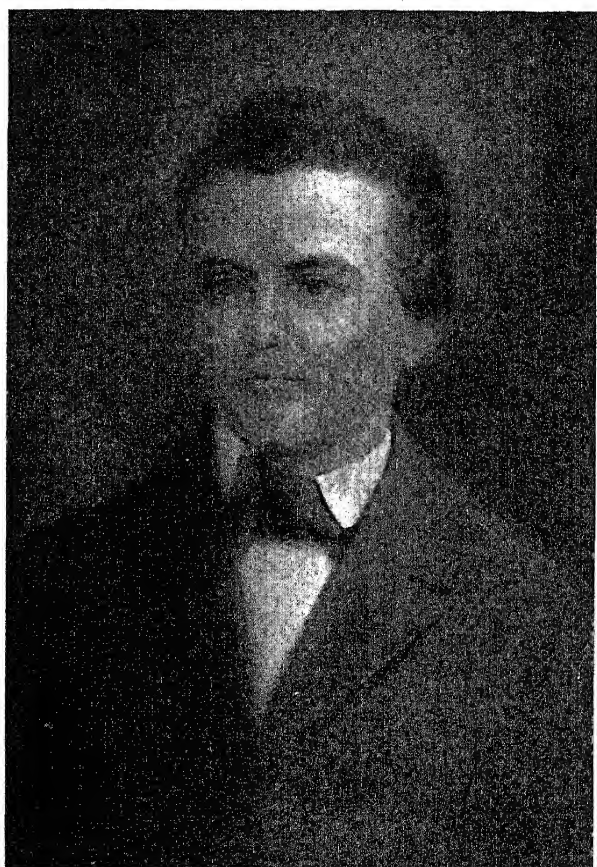
POEM BY DR. MCGLYNN

FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF DR. MCGLYNN (1887)

PUBLIC SCHOOL SOUVENIR POST CARD

THOUGH he who grieves for the miserable may be commended for his charity, yet he is the more charitable who would there were none miserable to grieve for.

St. Augustine.



EDWARD MCGLYNN

ABOUT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN

From an old painting



Dr. McGlynn's Mother and Early St. Stephen's

From address in Academy of Music, 1887

I remember when my sainted mother moved to what was then the outskirts of the city—to what is now Third Avenue, near Twenty-third Street—there came in one afternoon a priest, a gentleman, a man whom it was a delight to see and to hear, and he informed her that he had been sent by Archbishop Hughes of the old Cathedral to establish a new parish in that outlying district of the city. This priest's name was Dr. Cummings, and the parish of which he was making this humble beginning was then and has since been known as St. Stephen's. He told her that he was collecting money to purchase the ground upon which to build his modest little church, and by and by the ground was selected at the southeast corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street, upon the very site on which last evening you terminated your Anti-Poverty fair. My dear good mother gave him what he considered an extremely generous contribution. He was amazed. He said, "What, madam, you give so much assistance?" "Yes," she said, "there it is." "Oh," he said; "I am extremely thankful. I didn't expect anything like this." "And why not, sir?" she asked. "I was told that you were a poor widow, with eleven children, and were left a widow at an early day and I didn't expect any such contribution as this from you."

My mother, who had a great deal of Irish wit in her, affected to be very indignant. "I will have you to understand Dr. Cummings, that I am rich, sir; I consider myself a millionaire. Yes, I have eleven children and I consider every one of them worth at least one hundred thousand dollars."

Dr. Edward McGlynn

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

We have been deprived of a great man,
But it has been our privilege to enjoy him.

DR. BURTSELL.

Edward McGlynn was born in the City of New York, September 27, 1837. His parents came from Donegal, Ireland, in 1824. His father, Peter McGlynn, was a well-known New York contractor, who died when Edward was only ten years old. His mother, Sarah McGlynn, a woman of great strength of character, lived to a ripe old age, noted and beloved for her many generous and lovable qualities. Of their eleven children, Edward became the most celebrated. John, one of the "Argonauts" of '49, was elected the first Recorder of San Francisco. Frank McGlynn, the sole surviving brother, is now living in that city. George W., another brother, was prominent in public affairs in New York.

Edward McGlynn and the others were educated in the public schools, which he always upheld as an American institution to be cherished and preserved. He attended the Thirteenth Street Grammar School, and later the Free Academy, now College of the City of New York. "He always remembered the years he passed there as good and wholesome years that gave him sturdy faith and sturdy willingness to fight the battles for righteousness," said Dr. Burtzell in his funeral eulogy.

At the age of thirteen, in the year 1850, he was sent, at the instance of Bishop Hughes and Rev. Dr. Cummings, to the Urban College of the Propaganda, Rome, as he had already evidenced a strong desire for the ecclesiastical life. In that world-famed college, where he remained nine years, he met as fellow students men from every quarter of the globe, among them his life-long, cherished friend, Dr. Burtzell, who relates that Dr. McGlynn was the recognized and loved leader among

them all, being graduated with the highest honors, taking the rare reward, the gold medal for efficiency in all his studies. At the age of 23, he was already Doctor of Philosophy and Sacred Theology. He was hardly twenty-two when he was selected as Vice-President of the American College, then recently established (1859).

He was ordained a priest, March 24, 1860, in the Church of St. John Lateran, Rome, and soon afterwards returned to New York, since which time until his death in 1900, he became an ever increasing power for good to his fellow-men.

Dr. McGlynn was first sent to St. Joseph's Church, Sixth Avenue, and to its famous pastor, Father Thomas Farrell, whose broad sympathy received an earnest response from his new assistant. Father Farrell was an intense American, well-known for his liberal views, an ardent opponent of slavery, a staunch friend and supporter of Abraham Lincoln. He left \$5,000 in his will as a nucleus for the founding of a Catholic Church for Colored people and his wish was carried out when the Church of St. Benedict the Moor was established. This early association with Father Farrell no doubt had its share of influence on Dr. McGlynn's life. He next became acting pastor of St. Brigid's, Avenue B, afterwards went to the lower part of the city to St. James'; then to St. Ann's and during the later years of the Civil War was Chaplain of the Military Hospital in Central Park. In the fall of 1865, at the urgent request of his old pastor, Dr. Cummings, whose health was failing, he was made his assistant.

In January, 1866, upon the death of Dr. Cummings, Dr. McGlynn, at the age of 29, became pastor of St. Stephen's Parish, "a parish which at that time outranked in importance most of the dioceses of the country." It was one of the largest and most populous parishes in New York, 25,000 persons being estimated as among its parishioners.

Dr. McGlynn entered upon his work with energy and zeal and during twenty-one years, St. Stephen's, already well-known, became still more famous as the home where religion, aided by painting, music, and oratory found its highest forms of expression.

"How he loved to ornament the house of God," says Dr. Burtzell. "What pains he took to select the minutest details of the altar. The magnificent paintings from sanctuary to porch rivalled those of some of the grandest churches in the Eternal City." He

found a great pleasure in close association with Brumidi, painter of the historical paintings in the Capitol at Washington, while that famous artist was painting the "Crucifixion," the altar piece for St. Stephen's which has since been copied for other churches in the city.

The unselfishness of Dr. McGlynn's work for the poor, his great piety, profound learning and wonderful eloquence; the charm of his personality, the loveliness of his character, the brilliance of his conversation, the marvelous fund of information he brought to the contemplation of the problems of the age, made him much sought after by visitors to the city, whether Protestant, Catholic, Jew or Gentile. "Bishops from all parts of the country and the world never passed through New York without visiting Dr. McGlynn. They felt he was a wonderful man, and they loved to listen to his words."

But his influence was not confined within his Church. Born in New York, he always felt himself a citizen as well as a priest and he took an intense interest in whatever concerned her progress. He was frequently called upon by people and press to speak for some patriotic or charitable cause. He responded generously whenever the welfare of the City and the cause of good government were to be conserved or the interests of humanity to be promoted. Good government in this City owes very much to his active support in face of strong opposition, and our country is daily giving readier ear to the principles he urged.

Many times in New York and in the great cities and towns of this country and Canada, large congregations and vast audiences have been held spellbound by his eloquence for hours at a time in churches or great civic auditoriums. He has often been compared to Wendell Phillips, Phillips Brooks and Henry Ward Beecher. Like them he had a great heart overflowing with love for his fellowman and like them with sanctified eloquence, he taught the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

The tremendous power he exerted over the minds and hearts of men found its highest expression at the first meeting of the Anti-Poverty Society in Chickering Hall, May, 1887, when, in describing the full depth of meaning of the Lord's Prayer, he repeated it and created a scene of the greatest enthusiasm, the cheers and applause lasting fully fifteen minutes; and again ten years later, at the extraordinary funeral of Henry George in the Grand Central Palace, when, in the course of his splendid eulogy

of his dear friend and co-worker, Dr. McGlynn exclaimed: "There was a man sent of God whose name was Henry George," he so electrified that vast assemblage of 15,000 persons that the restraint of a funeral was swept aside in an outburst of applause and cheers.

Dr. McGlynn was not originally poor, but he lived among and worked for the poor unceasingly. He knew the hardships and "horrid drudgery" of their lot, the narrowness and cheerlessness of their blighted lives and he was profoundly touched by the misery, want and suffering he saw everywhere.

"I began to feel life made a burden," he has said, "by the never ending procession of men, women and little children coming to my door begging not so much for alms as employment, not asking for food, but asking for influence and letters of recommendation, and personally appealing to me to obtain for them an *opportunity for working for their daily bread*. And I felt that no matter how much I might give them, even though I reserved nothing for myself, even though I hopelessly involved myself in debt, I could accomplish nothing. I began to ask myself 'Is there no remedy? Is this God's order that the poor shall be constantly becoming poorer in all our large cities, the world over?'"

"I was compelled out of sympathy for those right at my own door, as well as for thousands of the starving people of the native land of my father and my mother, to ask myself these questions, to study a little political economy, to ask what is God's law as to the maintenance of His family down here below."

To the answering of these questions Dr. McGlynn gave his best thought and energies. Never failing to help the poor and needy, making and keeping himself constantly poor as a consequence; convinced of the inadequacy of mere alms giving to wipe out the horrors of involuntary poverty; this already famous American citizen and beloved priest taught that "the highest form of charity is the doing of justice."

In the views of Henry George, set forth in *Progress and Poverty*, Dr. McGlynn saw a satisfying explanation of cause and cure, and, regarding these views as the economic expression of the Gospels, he advocated them with fervor and wondrous eloquence regardless of cost to himself. He was then in the fulness of power and influence. Henry George often spoke of him as a "Peter the Hermit" and "An Army with Banners."



Very sincerely
Your friend and ser't in Christ,

Dec. 8th/1868.

Edw^d M^c Glynn.

Dr. McGlynn was convinced that

"God has made ample provision for the needs of all men during their residence upon earth, and that involuntary poverty is the result of human laws that allow individuals to hold as private property that which the Creator provided for the use of all."

He declared that

"It is a noble charity to help bring about such lawful social adjustments, based upon a sound political economy, as will create a greater and a steady demand for labor and raise wages while diminishing the cost of living, and thus largely diminish suffering, of which there will always necessarily be enough in the world for the exercise of Christian charity."

Dr. McGlynn in 1882 supported the Irish Land League and Michael Davitt; advocated the teachings of "Progress and Poverty," urged the nomination of Henry George and took a leading part in the remarkable campaign of 1886, was one of the founders and President of the Anti-Poverty Society (1887-1893). And for this he suffered suspension from the exercise of his faculties as a priest, removal from his church and excommunication (July, 1887). Truly, no one at that time made greater sacrifices for conscience sake than he.

But all was changed, five years later, when Pope Leo XIII sent his most intimate and trusted friend, Archbishop Satolli, as his Ablegate to the Church in the United States. Three years earlier (1889) Monsignor Satolli had visited America as the Pope's representative at the celebration of the centenary of the Catholic Hierarchy and the inauguration of the Catholic University. On his way home, while stopping at Archbishop Corrigan's residence, Monsignor Satolli telegraphed Dr. McGlynn, asking that he favor him with an interview. Dr. McGlynn, on a lecture tour, did not receive the telegram for several days. He immediately sent it to Dr. Burtzell with a letter asking him to call on Monsignor Satolli in his name, to express his regret at not being able to see him in person, and to say that he would give immediate attention to whatever the Monsignor might have to say to Dr. Burtzell. But meanwhile Monsignor Satolli had sailed for Rome, so Dr. Burtzell wrote to him, explaining these circumstances.

When Monsignor Satolli returned to America in 1892 as Papal Ablegate, Dr. Burtzell called upon him and reminded him of his telegram and Dr. McGlynn's letter. Monsignor Satolli remembered both and immediately stated that he had

been commissioned to inquire into the matter. When Dr. Burtzell brought some important facts before him, the Ablegate said he would ask the Holy See to grant him all the power necessary to finally settle the case. Monsignor Satolli received this full power about December 12, 1892.

"A full, explicit and unreserved exposition of the Single Tax doctrine with an Italian translation was submitted by Dr. McGlynn to Monsignor Satolli, considered by him and submitted to four theologians of the Catholic University at Washington, who gave written attestation that the exposition contained nothing contrary to Catholic teaching." Dr. McGlynn's restoration by the Papal Ablegate followed on December 23, 1892, and announcement was made that

"at nine o'clock P. M. Dr. McGlynn was declared free from ecclesiastical censures and restored to the exercise of his priestly functions, after having satisfied the Pope's legate on all the points in his case."

All the details of the settlement were sent to the Holy Father. Three weeks later, on January 14, 1893, Pope Leo appointed Monsignor Satolli Apostolic Delegate, the first in this country. The same day the new Delegate, in the course of a lengthy statement, said that

"Dr. McGlynn had presented a brief statement of his opinions on moral-economic matters and it was judged not contrary to the doctrine constantly taught by the Church, and as recently confirmed by the Holy Father in the Encyclical, '*Rerum Novarum*.'"

This declaration Monsignor Satolli reaffirmed in the following year (1894) when contradicting as "false" the statement in an English paper "that he had called upon Dr. McGlynn to retract and disown his teaching."

There being no doctrine to retract, there had been no retraction. So was confirmed the claim that Dr. McGlynn had made in his first Anti-Poverty address, May, 1887, "that the doctrine had not been condemned and, better still, could not be condemned." In similar strain Cardinal Manning had spoken to Henry George. Catholics are free to hold the doctrine or not to hold it as they see fit.

On Christmas morning, 1892, Dr. McGlynn, for the first time in more than five years, officiated at the altar, saying the three masses usual on that great festival. In the evening he addressed an immense gathering of the Anti-Poverty Society in Cooper Union. This he continued to do until he went with

his dear friend, Bishop John Moore, to Florida and preached a course of Lenten Sermons in the bishop's cathedral in St. Augustine. He also spoke in Washington, St. Louis and Chicago.

Dr. McGlynn visited Rome and was most cordially received by the Pope in June, 1893, "when," to use his own words, "the Holy Father, in a gracious audience, affectionately confirmed with the Apostolic Benediction the already completed act of my reconciliation."

After his return from Rome, Dr. McGlynn attended, and, with Henry George, addressed the Second National Single Tax Conference in the Art Institute, Chicago, August, 1893. As part of his address he read his Statement to Monsignor Satolli. In the succeeding years he spoke with Henry George, Thomas G. Shearman, Judge James G. Maguire, Tom L. Johnson and Louis F. Post at the Jefferson Day Dinners of the Manhattan Single Tax Club and other such gatherings, delivered several speeches to immense audiences in the Delaware Single Tax Campaign (1896) and was the most noted figure and eloquent eulogist at the funeral of his great friend, Henry George, in 1897.

In January, 1895, Dr. McGlynn became pastor of St. Mary's, at Newburgh, N. Y., where he died in his sixty-third year, Sunday afternoon, January 7, 1900. He was known to be seriously ill and prayers had been offered that morning for his recovery, not only in Catholic, but in Protestant churches, whose ministers in the evening referred feelingly to him in their sermons.

In Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church the Rev. F. C. Iglehart, pastor of the church, said:

"A shadow has fallen on Newburgh and on our land in the death of Father McGlynn. A look at Dr. McGlynn's face would indicate that he was no ordinary man. The invisible fingers of high thoughts and holy ambition had carved his features. His heart was as large as his race and his service for the poor was only measured by his ability. He belonged to the Roman Catholic Church and was large enough to be the property of universal Christendom. He was a true American, devoted to American institutions. He had firm faith in the revealed will of God and was a tireless minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. I offer this word of sympathy for the parish here which worshipped him and for his old parish in New York which so idolized him."

The announcement of his death profoundly stirred the whole country, the many splendid tributes to his memory in the press and in hundreds of telegrams from distinguished citizens, showing how widespread was the respect in which he was held by men of every denomination and creed.

In Newburgh thousands looked upon the well beloved features as the body lay in state in St. Mary's Church throughout the night of the 8th, church societies forming the Guards of Honor.

Two funeral services were held, one in Newburgh, January 9th, the other on the following day in New York.

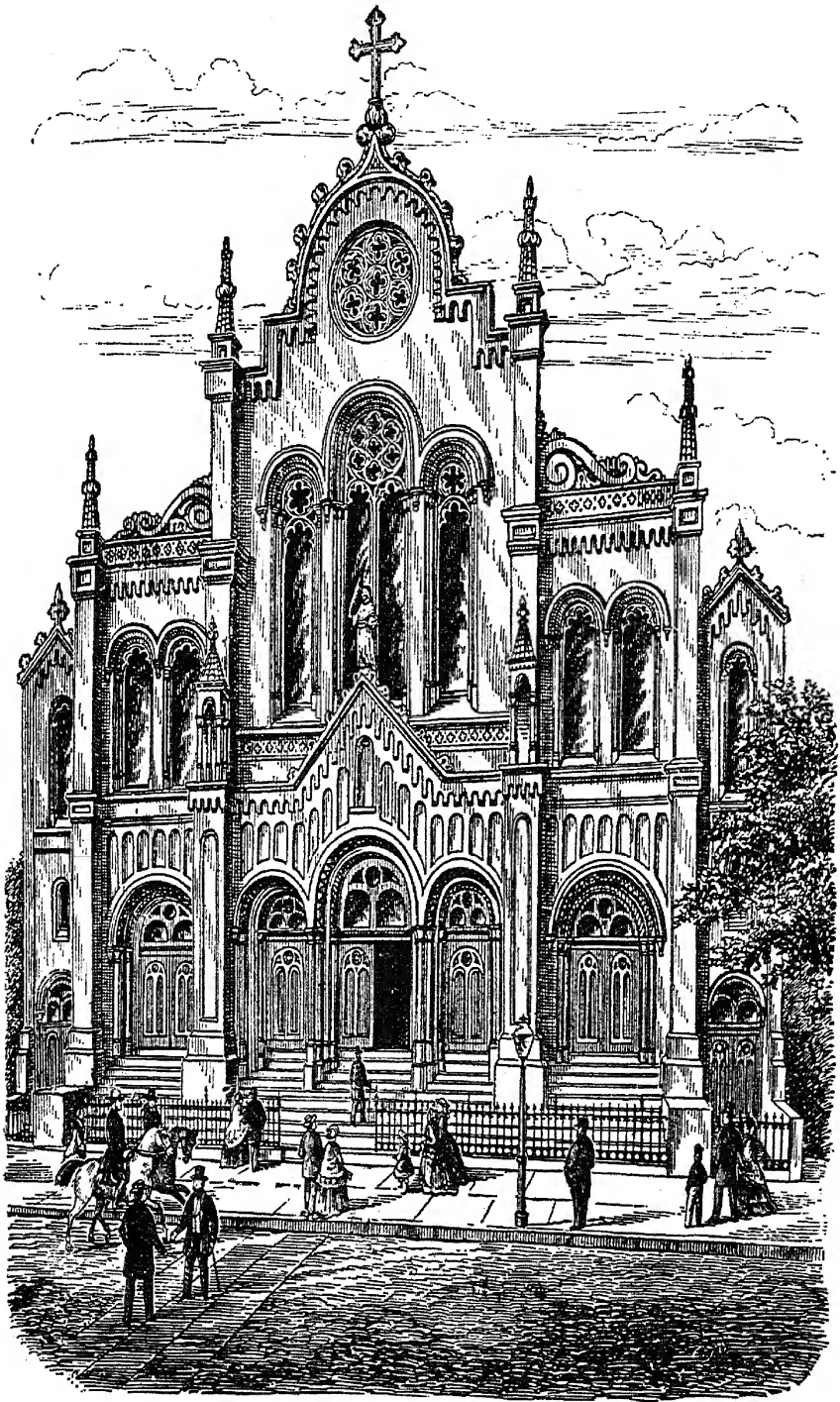
The Solemn Requiem Mass in St. Mary's was attended by an immense throng. A most unusual event was the presence in reserved pews of eighteen Protestant clergymen and a Jewish Rabbi, who had assembled at one of their own churches and marched in a body to St. Mary's. Archbishop Corrigan presided and hundreds of priests, members of religious orders and members of his family were present.

Rev. Thomas McLoughlin, of New Rochelle, was celebrant of the Mass; Rev. Dr. Patrick F. McSweeney, of St. Brigid's, New York, Deacon; Rev. Charles G. O'Keeffe, of Highland Falls, Sub-Deacon, and Rev. Dr. Daniel F. X. Burke, of Bedford Park, Master of Ceremonies—all of them his loyal friends.

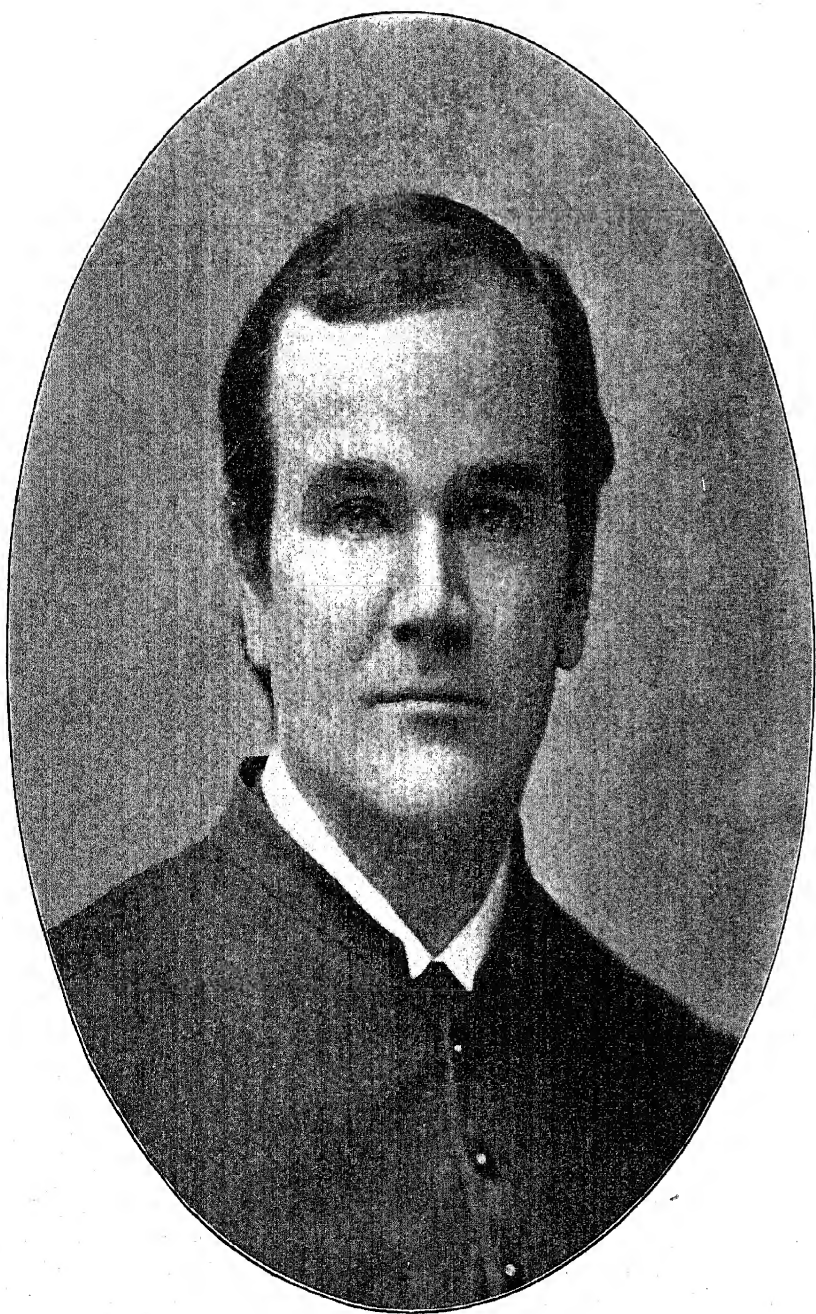
The Eulogy was delivered by Rev. Dr. Richard Lalor Burtzell, who had been Dr. McGlynn's dearest friend for half a century.

When the funeral ceremonies were concluded, church and civic societies and the people walked in procession to the train for New York. In that city a similar procession met and escorted the body of Dr. McGlynn, to St. Stephen's Church, East 28th Street, where it lay in state until far into the night, while 45,000 persons, it was said, looked for the last time upon the face of their beloved priest and friend.

Next morning in this great church of his tenderest affection, another Mass was celebrated, Rev. Dr. Charles McCready being the celebrant. The Lessons were read by Bishop (now Cardinal) Farley, Rev. Dr. James T. Curran and Rev. Michael Henry; the cantors, as at Newburgh, were Rev. Thomas P. McLoughlin and Rev. Thomas F. O'Connor, all good friends of Dr. McGlynn. The Eulogist on this occasion was Rt. Rev. Joseph F. Mooney, Vicar General, and the final blessing was given by the Archbishop in the presence of the greatest assem-

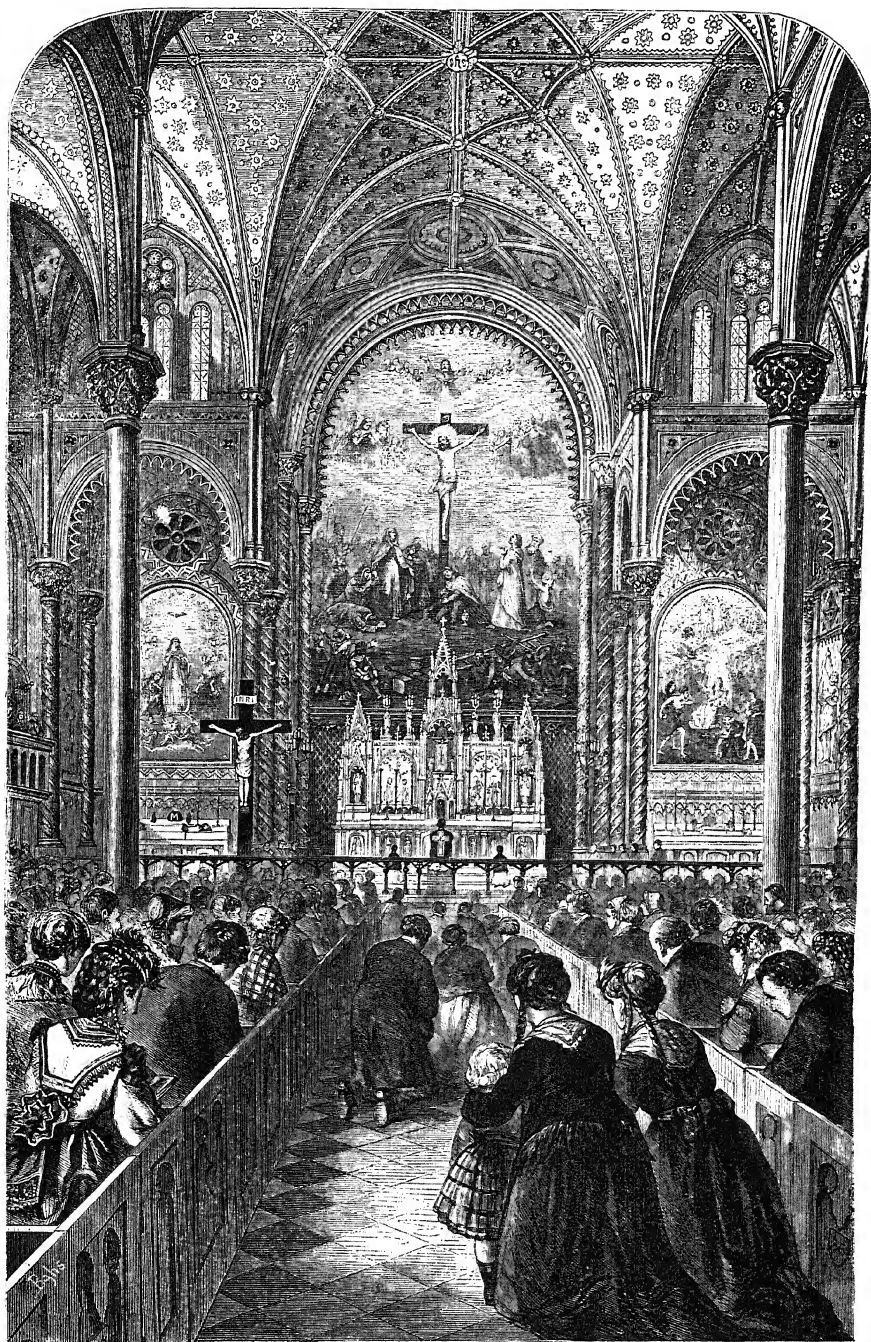


ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH



DR. EDWARD MCGLYNN

ABOUT 1870



ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, NEW YORK, IN 1870, AS DR. MCGLYNN KNEW IT WHEN HE
ERECTED THE GREAT MARBLE ALTAR, AND DURING HIS 21 YEARS' PASTORATE

From a full page Engraving in Frank Leslie's.



THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. STEPHEN

Painted by Brumidi

Dr. McGlynn in an eloquent address once spoke of St. Stephen's Church as "the Church of my dearest ties, the very altars, the paintings and the very ceiling, every portion of which bears in some sense the mark of my hand, the Church to which I devoted my youth and manhood, the church to which I was wedded with as tender and as true an affection as any man could be wedded to a pure and innocent bride in holy matrimony."

blage of priests and people ever assembled there. Immense throngs gathered in front of the church and overflowed into the neighboring streets, where they stood on both sides while the funeral procession of men and women, "old parishioners," church and civic societies, the New York Letter Carriers and the Honorary Pallbearers accompanied the body to the East 34th Street Ferry. The funeral then proceeded to Calvary Cemetery, Long Island City, where in a grave, beside that of his brother George, was buried all that was mortal of Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn. Each year, on Decoration Day, the Dr. McGlynn Monument Association, the Grand Army of the Republic and Letter Carriers have decorated it, and tribute has been paid to his memory by some noted citizen.

Great memorial meetings, addressed by men of varied beliefs—political, economic and religious—were held in New York in the Academy of Music and Cooper Union; in Chicago in the Central Music Hall, and in Worcester, Mass., where William Lloyd Garrison was the orator. Extracts from the speeches will be found in the succeeding pages.

SYLVESTER L. MALONE.

Rev. Dr. Burtzell at St. Mary's, Newburgh, N. Y.

The unselfish, disinterested friend of the poor and oppressed has left the world to be received into the eternal mansions of the blessed by thousands of those whom he befriended in their troubles.

It was his grand and glorious work to relieve trouble, sorrow and distress. He died as he had always lived, a firm, earnest Catholic, loving his Church and at the same time extending his love to all his fellowmen.

His depth of learning was marvelous, always brilliant in its expression; he was early admired for his wonderful grasp of the most difficult problems. His was not a mind to study a question on the surface, but sought to go to the depths and find a remedy for existing evils.

In our Civil War he was for whatever would help in abolishing slavery because he felt that that evil was contrary to the spirit of American institutions, to which he was devoted. In after years, always thinking of how to relieve the misery of the immense numbers who have come to be recognized as necessarily condemned to poverty, he delighted in any project which might lighten their burdens. Thus he was as great an opponent of what he called industrial slavery as he had been of the more easily recognized evil of human slavery.

Dr. McGlynn was my dearest friend on earth and it is my friendship of fifty years that brings me here to pay my tribute to his memory. I first met him in the Propaganda and for seven years we lived together. Two years in advance of me, I looked up to him as an elder brother and a love greater than that of any brother welded us together.

We know what difficult questions we have to solve in our country, with its new principles of government, different from those that have ruled other peoples; our country where the people are really taking part in self-government and where this very taking part in discussions of principles brings a real, active patriotism.

Dr. McGlynn was one of this great American people. American by birth, he delighted in the freedom it entailed, the right of self-government by the people. He was filled with genuine patriotism. He was never a politician in the now accepted sense of the term. He had statesmanlike views which he sought to impress upon men.

Mgr. Mooney at St. Stephen's, New York

When one who has been so prominent and so forceful a factor in the concerns of Catholic life, one of the chosen priesthood, has gone out from among us, is it any wonder that Catholic hearts should be touched and the well springs of Catholic sympathy burst forth?

The expression of regard and regret both from pen and tongue that have been called forth by the sad event at whose closing scenes we are assisting, make extended eulogy superfluous. The touching coincidence, however, that the scene is being enacted in the hallowed place where his presence was for so long so dominating, where his influence was so potent, his words so sweet, makes it eminently fitting that his mortal remains should not be borne through its portals without a final, though inadequate tribute to his memory.

Consecrated in his infancy by the Celtic faith of a Celtic mother to God's holy priesthood, he was faithful through the three score years of his existence.

His faith led him in early boyhood to the Eternal City to drink from the fountains of sanctity and science. Coming back to his native land with the mantle of the priesthood upon his shoulders, and filled with its spirit and glowing with its enthusiasm, he began to verify the predictions of masters and companions beyond the waters. His zeal and his charity even in the early days made him familiar with every phase of missionary work in the great city of his birth and led him to fulfil down even to the last every duty of a priest's life.

And whether it was in the crowded dwellings of the poor or amid the gruesome surroundings of the hospital, a devotion that was as strong as it was earnest, was at the bottom of his sympathy with every form of human suffering and affliction.

Having become a pastor, it was but to make a fuller manifestation of his great and varied gifts. The splendid gift of oratory which was naturally his, and which was so gilded and refined in the workshop of culture and experience that it could move and stir a multitude, did not exclude long and patient hours day by day in the drudgery of the confessional; nor did labor and solicitude for the material as well as the spiritual welfare of the many, take away leisure for prolonged communings before the Sacrament of God's love.

THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC MEETING

Rev. Dr. Richard Lalor Burtzell

When he heard from the Papal Delegate the admission that his teachings had not been in conflict with the doctrines of the Catholic Church Dr. McGlynn felt repaid for all that he had endured.

Rev. Dr. Wm. S. Rainsford

It is the price men are prepared to pay for the truth that should be the standard by which we honor their memory. Father McGlynn gave up everything for what he believed to be right.

Rabbi Stephen S. Wise

If the world were made up of Father McGlynns, intolerance, persecution and tyranny would cease to be; toleration, justice and love rule at last over all the earth.

After telling how Father McGlynn years before from his own depleted purse had furnished the means to complete the Synagogue in East 29th Street, nearly opposite his own church, when the Jews found they could not finish it for lack of funds, Rabbi Wise continued:

Father McGlynn thus enabled men of an alien faith to worship God in their Synagogue according to their lights. That is why I say that he was not only a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, but of that larger church in which all men worship and are bound together in the eyes of God the Father.

John McMackin

It was Dr. McGlynn's sublime love of justice that impelled him to take up the cause of the working people who nominated Henry George for Mayor of New York in 1886. The coming together of two such giants in intellect as McGlynn and George—the one the greatest and most beloved of all Catholic clergymen in this city, the other the seer, the man who has made clear the great fundamental truths of the inalienable rights of all men to the bounties of the Creator—promised much to the masses of men.

It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that the espousal of their cause by this great moral preacher, Dr. McGlynn, should awaken their deepest interest. They hailed him as a new Moses, while the privileged class of course looked upon him as an enemy of society.



PRESIDENT, ANTI-POVERTY SOCIETY

*From full page Engraving in
Frank Leslie's, July 1887*

THE CHICAGO CENTRAL MUSIC HALL MEETING

Rev. Father Thomas E. Cox

Immortality has set its seal upon his name as an expounder of the doctrine that men have equal natural rights to natural opportunities, that the earth is the common inheritance of the human race, that God made the land for all.

Tom L. Johnson

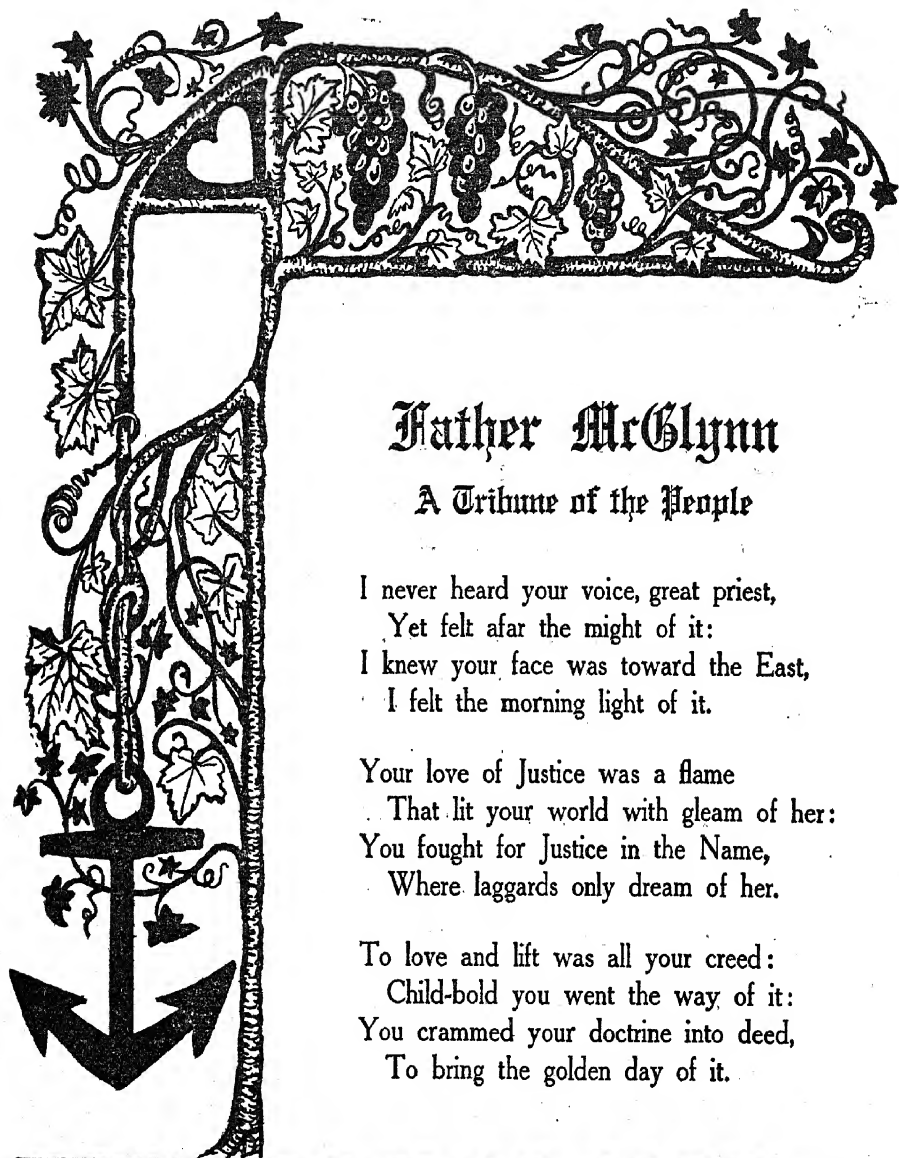
I met in New York, amid a handful of men, a priest with a magnificent head, Dr. Edward McGlynn. He was ready to preach the gospel that all men had equal right to the storehouse of nature. During the campaign I remember when he came to tell us how he had been ordered not to go to our big Chickering Hall meeting. "But," he added, "I see God's work in this and I must do it." We honored him the more from that time on. I never found him lacking in reverence of God or in love of humanity.

Louis F. Post

I met Dr. McGlynn, first, with Henry George in the summer of 1886, when he took the primary public step that led to the grand crisis of his devoted life, and last, when, with Tom L. Johnson and August Lewis, in the autumn of 1897, we rode together to lay the body of Henry George in the grave.

Between that first meeting and that last, through the inspiring experiences of the great agitation in New York for the land for the people, in which he and George were the world famed leaders and the Anti-Poverty Society played so conspicuous a part, I came to see in him a faithful prophet of the disinherited masses. And such he remained to the last. To the laborious service of the Master, many are called and but few make the choice—Dr. McGlynn was one of the few.

I hope you will be enabled to place a model of Dr. McGlynn's strong face where future generations may look upon it as one of the contributions of our generation to the brotherhood of man and the peace of the world, for as long as brotherhood is a cause to fight for, Father McGlynn's name will be honored and his memory loved.



Father McGlynn

A Tribune of the People

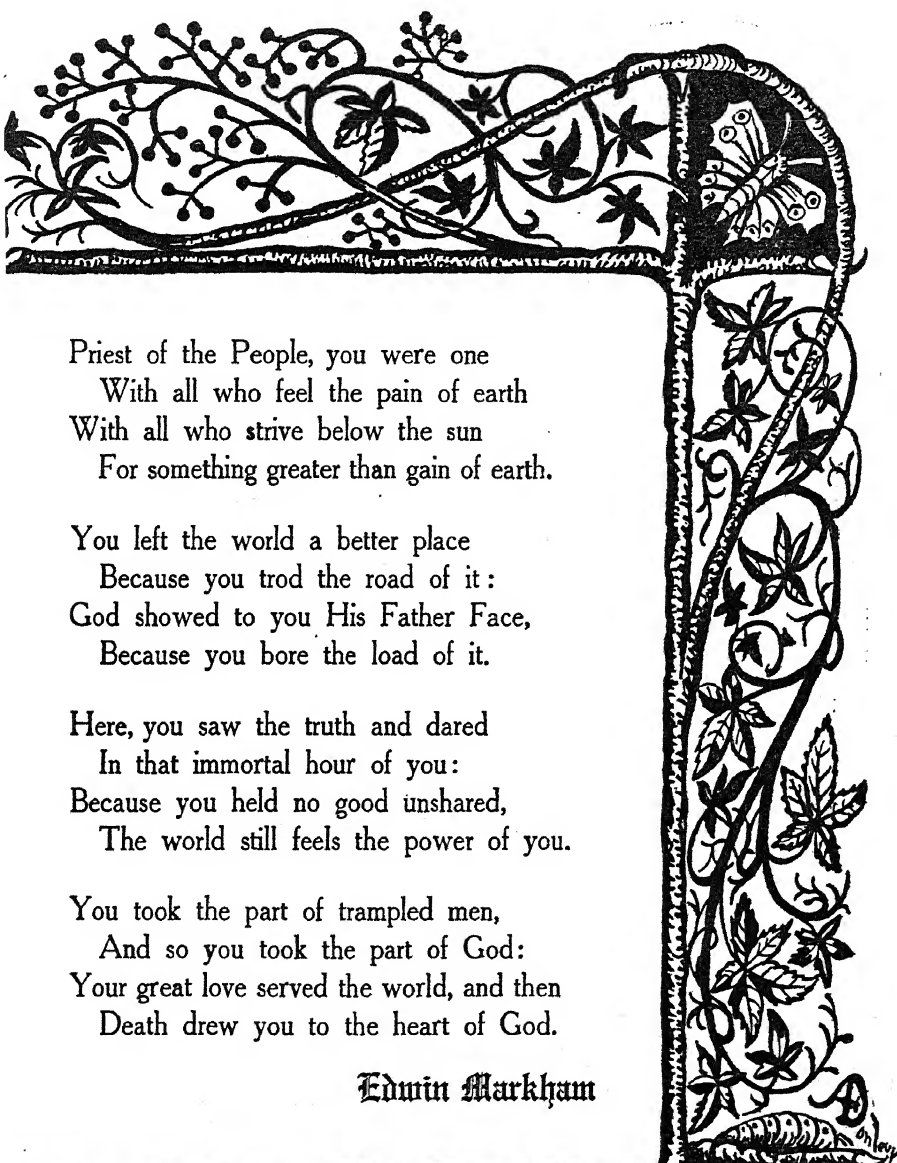
I never heard your voice, great priest,
Yet felt afar the might of it:
I knew your face was toward the East,
I felt the morning light of it.

Your love of Justice was a flame
That lit your world with gleam of her:
You fought for Justice in the Name,
Where laggards only dream of her.

To love and lift was all your creed:
Child-bold you went the way of it:
You crammed your doctrine into deed,
To bring the golden day of it.



On the Eightieth Birthday of This Preacher of Social Justice, This Patriot of Humanity.



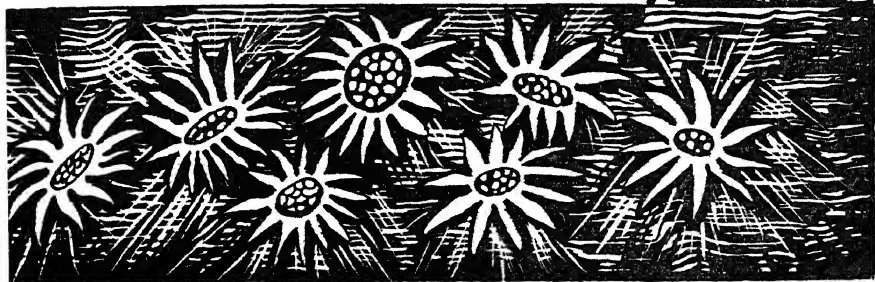
Priest of the People, you were one
With all who feel the pain of earth
With all who strive below the sun
For something greater than gain of earth.

You left the world a better place
Because you trod the road of it:
God showed to you His Father Face,
Because you bore the load of it.

Here, you saw the truth and dared
In that immortal hour of you:
Because you held no good unshared,
The world still feels the power of you.

You took the part of trampled men,
And so you took the part of God:
Your great love served the world, and then
Death drew you to the heart of God.

Edwin Markham



Design by Alice Donlevy

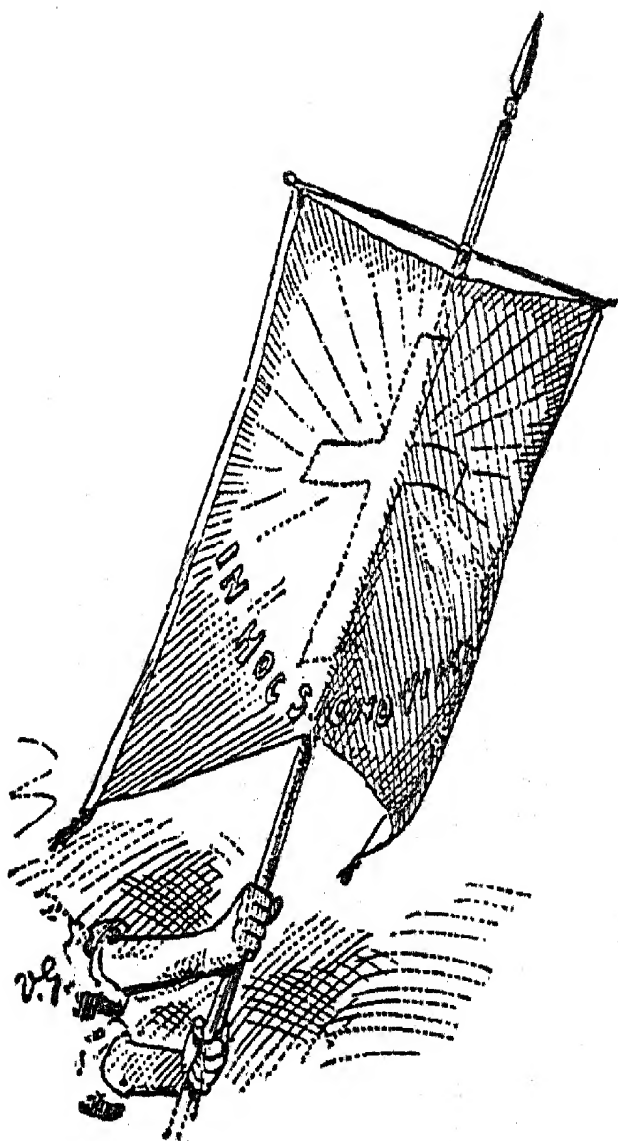
Sayings of Dr. McGlynn

WHEREVER a human being exists, there is
a brother to be loved.

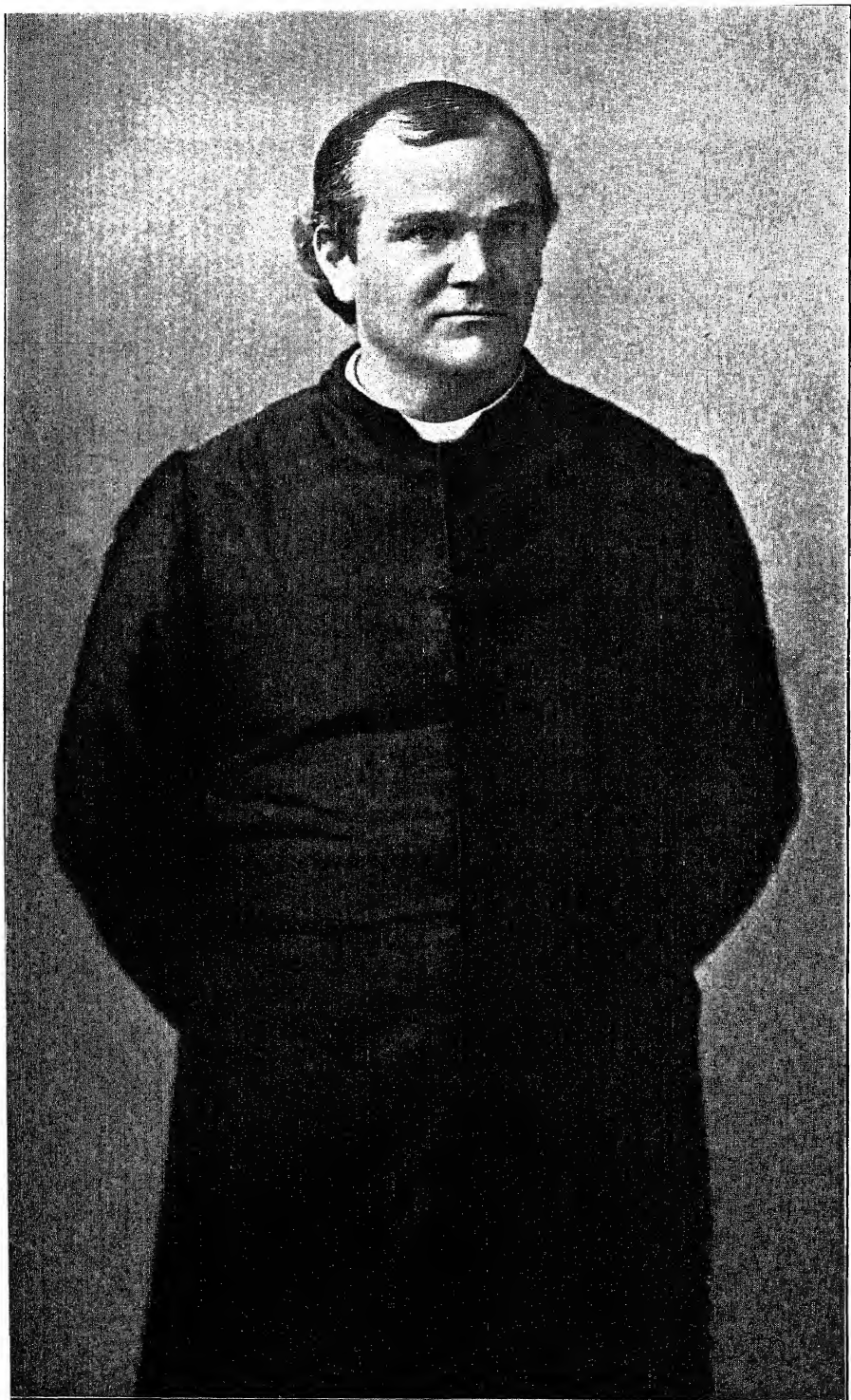
FORGET selfish interest in the magnificent
enthusiastic love of the welfare of mankind.

EACH generation must find its own problems
and must, with the help of God, have the
wisdom to solve them.

I WISH to bring men to understand that the
justice they are perpetually seeking in civil
society is but another name for God's Holy
Law.



The Cross of a New Crusade



PASTOR OF ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, 1886

The Cross of a New Crusade

ADDRESS BY DR. McGLYNN IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC

NEW YORK CITY

TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 29, 1887

Ladies and Gentlemen: I stand to-night upon a not very familiar platform. It is true that I may have appeared once and again on this or similar platforms to plead what may not inappropriately be called a political cause. I have spoken occasionally to promote great public interests—of charity, of virtue, of temperance and of law. Yet scarcely one among you needs to be told to-night that I have been exceedingly more familiar with another place, and with another platform, and for many long years—it was twenty-seven years last Friday—I have been ministering before Christian altars and preaching from Christian pulpits. And if I am not permitted to-day to preach the truths that I preached only because I knew them to be truths, and to minister before altars before which I reverently bowed only because I believed them to be the altars of God, and to administer the holy sacraments, of the sanctity and beauty of which I preached, and the frequent receiving of which I inculcated only because I believed them to be Christ's appointed medicine to man, I shall not so stultify myself as to permit any one to say that, because of this suspension from the faculty of preaching in Christian pulpits and ministering before Christian altars, I have changed one tittle or jot of my belief in these truths (a storm of applause) or lost any of the reverence that I cherished in my heart of hearts from my youth for the beauty of the house of God and the place where His glory dwelleth.

And if I shall not be permitted to preach those truths from those familiar pulpits, I shall preach them as best I may wher-

ever I may be permitted; and, while I shall not be guilty of the indiscretion or of the indecorum of obtruding upon a promiscuous audience the sacred and peculiar dogmas or the holy mysteries of the church that I love, yet, so help me God, wherever I stand, upon a political platform, whether I discourse of political economy or of great public interests, I shall never say anything contrary to the great leading truths of Catholic theology.

And while I do not admit that it is the province of the Christian church to minutely control—because of her custody of great general religious truths, and because she is the depository of priceless graces to men—the political interests of nations, or to define to them the complicated, the knotty, and what would almost seem the insoluble questions of policies, of politics and of political economy; yet, at the same time, I cheerfully give permission to whomsoever will to denounce me as a traitor to what I myself hold most precious, if on any platform I shall ever say a word against the truth that I have once taught, and that I shall teach, so help me God, as long as I shall live. For I cheerfully acknowledge that, while I may not obtrude upon a promiscuous audience the truths of the Catholic church that are not common to all in that audience, I am never free and desire no freedom to sin in the least tittle against any of her holy teachings. But I think I can safely say, without undue assumption—and I say it with great modesty and diffidence—that I know enough of my theology to know what are the defined doctrines of that church, and surely, dear friends, you will not charge me with assuming too much if I say that I know my little catechism; and in order to justify what I have said as to my diffidence and modesty in making this assertion, I would add that the theology of the Catholic church cannot be so difficult, so abstruse, so almost impossible a science that men who have been supposed to be studying it for years can unconsciously, as it were, sin against any of its great and leading tenets. For this theology is but the science of revelation; it is but the science of revealed religion, and it is a part of the teaching of this theology that the dogmas that are taught by the church of Christ must necessarily have their origin and their sanction in the teachings of Christ himself and of His blessed apostles, and that any doctrine that the church would define as a Christian dogma—as a dogma of the church—would come just so many years too late

as the number of years that had elapsed from the day that the Book of Revelation was closed, if it were not in essence and in substance in the original deposit of the revelation of God, whether in the written book or in the spoken word through Christ and His apostles.

It was well, perhaps, to say so much, lest any one among the less intelligent or the wilfully perverse should make bold to say that in announcing a lecture on "The Cross of a New Crusade" I dared to come to say a word against the church of Christ, and that I should be so fatuous and so unhappy as to dare to raise my hand against the very ark of God.

The cross of the new crusade is not raised in hostility to the cross of Christ. The very thought of a crusade and of the honored badge of a crusade—the holy ensign of the cross—is entirely borrowed from Him. The crusades of old, that brought a good thing, and with it a new name into the world, were inspired by tenderest reverence for the cross of Christ and affection for the places, even on the sea sands, on the mountain side, and at the city gates, where He had walked and slept and suffered and taught and died. It was the enthusiastic love of the cross, and of the magnificent teachings of the cross, that fired the hearts of men and made them undertake and carry on for centuries the old crusades.

It was a man of God—a hermit—consecrated by peculiar sanctity of life, profession and practice to the service of Christ, who became the preacher of the holy war that took for itself the name of a crusade. The crusade was to ransom from captivity the tomb of Christ; to redeem thousands and tens of thousands of Christian men and women who were enslaved under the hated ensign of the Saracen invaders; to emancipate individual men and women in countless multitudes from horrible chattel slavery. It was to restore to Christendom the possession of the places that had been made sacred by the life, the tears, the music of His voice, and the expiring cry upon the cross of Him who gave name to Christendom.

These crusades that lasted for centuries accomplished no small portion of success, even while they seemed to be a failure. In spite of the jealousies, the shortcomings, the crimes, the internal dissensions of the crusaders, in spite of their permitting themselves too often to be diverted from the one holy purpose

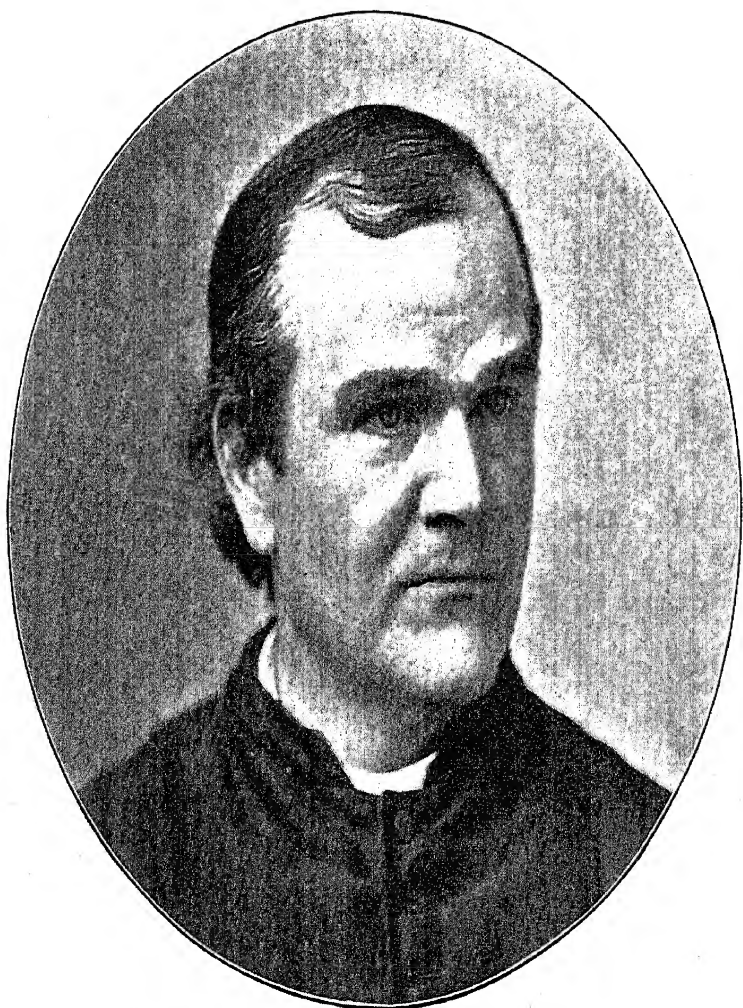
that at first actuated them, they accomplished a wondrous good for the future of Europe, for the salvation of Christendom, for the revival of literature and science. They saved Europe from a thralldom as bad as that under which the Grecian empire went down and is suffering to the present day. It was a man of God, a hermit, who became the preacher of the holy war. Under his miraculous preaching his hearers took on a nobler sense of the dignity of Christian men and women and of the magnificent unity of Christendom. They forgot for a time their selfish cares; the noble for a little forgot to oppress the serf, and the serf for a little to curse the noble; the merchant for a little while gave over the sordid pursuit of gain, and the husbandman left his plow in the furrow.

The saintly hermit, coming like a being from some other sphere, with austere countenance, with haggard looks, bearing in his own person marks of the hardships of the Saracenic slavery, fired the heart of Europe. God spoke through him. Kings, popes, prelates, priests, knights, soldiers, and the husbandmen and the merchants of the cities recognized in him, as if by a common consent, a messenger of God, and all rushed, as if by an instinct of the Holy Spirit, to make war for the redemption of the sepulchre of Christ, to ransom the Christian slaves, to redeem the Holy Land.

When the first crusade was proclaimed at the Council of Clermont the happy thought—no doubt inspired—seized upon the multitude of making the Cross of Christ, no matter of how rich or cheap material it might be, the badge of the holy war.

And so women rent their garments, and men took off their raiment, and making strips of them formed crosses with which to deck the breasts of the soldiers of the cross. And it was this badge of the cross of Christ, the ensign of the holy war, that gave to all our modern languages the word crusade.

And so the cross of a new crusade need not be any material emblem, but it stands for the acceptance by men and women, by whomsoever will hear, of the call, the trumpet blast, that invites them to forget themselves, to set aside their wretched strifes, to utterly renounce the injustice in which they may have been engaged, and to take on a new enthusiasm of humanity in believing, in working, in battling, in suffering, and, if need be, in dying, for the right, for a great truth that I shall not be guilty



"Thy kingdom come",
Edw. A. M. C. Lyman

of the indiscretion of calling a new truth, for a truth that, like all great truths, must in its germ and in its essence be as old as God himself in eternity, and as old as the world, or the race of men in time. And so it is a new crusade, to which you are invited, for the proclaiming, the propagating, and the enforcing of an ancient truth—a truth that is eminently consonant with the great truth of Christianity itself—and, properly understood, resolves itself into the very essence, the very core of all religion as taught us by Him, who spake as never man spake before or since, and in homely accents, and in simple parables, taught the poor, the lowly and the oppressed the comforting doctrine, so full of truth and light, of the fatherhood of one God and the universal brotherhood of man.

This new crusade then, while, to use a modern phrase, there is nothing sectarian about it, is necessarily a religious movement. And permit me to say, and I am not at all singular in the saying of it, if it were not a religious movement you might at the very outset count me out of it; for I think that any cause, any movement, any object that enlists the thought of men and the affections of the hearts of men must have a religious inspiration, a religious justification and a religious consummation, or the cause is not worth wasting our breath, our time and our strength upon. It were useless to prate about truth and beauty and goodness and justice and humanity, and the brotherhood of man, if this truth and justice and goodness and beauty, and this universal brotherhood, found not their source and their centre, their type, their ideal, their justification, in God himself.

That all great causes must necessarily be religious was not hidden from the sages of pagan antiquity any more than it is hidden from us. For whatever fires the heart of man—in the sense in which the heart of man means affection, love, forgetfulness of self, enthusiasm for something outside of self—in this sense whatever fires the heart of man must come from a source that is not only outside of man, but above man.

When we talk of justice we must mean something more than a mere abstraction, or else we are talking most unphilosophically. There must be a standard of justice. There must be a standard of truth. There must be somewhere an ideal beauty, an ideal holiness, an ideal justice, an ideal truth, and that ideal must be above all men and angels. It must be a source from

which all men and angels shall in their measure partake of truth, of holiness, of beauty, of justice. And that for me is God. God is the perfect justice, the eternal, the infinite, the absolute purity, goodness and truth.

And what distinguishes you and me from, as modern scientists would have it—and I have no quarrel with them to-night—the ancestral ape is simply this, that some time, somewhere—if we have had an ancestral ape—God took that brute thing and made it stand erect in His own image. How? Not in the mere physical frame. That is but a clod of earth at best, as the Scriptures tell us, but because of the capacity with which that brute animal became endowed of looking up to heaven, and piercing with the eye of thought its furthest depths, and saying "Our Father who art in heaven"; because that brute thing became capable not only of knowing the truth, but, still better, of loving with intelligent affection purity, truth and goodness; because that brute thing became a moral being knowing how to distinguish between right and wrong, conscious of a law graven on its heart more effectually by the finger of Him who gave to it a moral and intellectual being than a law written upon tablets of stone given by any earthly lawgiver, telling of justice, of duty, of obedience to rightful authority, of respect for the image of God in one's self, of pure and holy living, of respect for the rights of others, by a consciousness of duty to give to every one what belongs to him, to do to others as we would have others do to us. This capacity to know the perfect truth, to love the perfect good, has its other phase in the capacity to admire and to be ravished by the perfect beauty. The fancy that is given to that brute thing is a wondrous faculty, now largely material, borrowing its images, even as the language that expresses our thoughts borrows its images, from material things, their shapes, their sizes, their motions and their relations, but still a spiritual thing that has the subtle alchemy to transmute these gross things into wondrous images that give us more than a glimpse of the unseen beauty of God himself; the capacity of art, the wondrous power of the sculptor to chip off what hides the sleeping beauty in the block of marble—the marvelous capacity of the artist to take of the clays of the earth, and from them to mix pigments that shall make a mere canvas a thing of priceless loveliness; the capacity of that creature of apish ancestry to so twang the

strings of metal or of catgut that their vibrations shall be so measured, so proportioned, that they fill immortal souls with dreams as it were of some better land from which they have come, and of anticipation of those things of which the apostle has said, "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the mind of man to conceive the good things that God hath prepared for those who love Him." And so wherever there is a man who is not entirely dead to the beauties of music, wherever there is a man who has at least a little music in his soul, wherever there is a man who is not such a clod as not to find something noteworthy in the wondrous canvas of a Raphael or of a Titian, wherever there is a man—I care not how imbruted, low, criminal—who has at least some sense of justice, there is a nature that is bearing testimony to the great truth that there is a God of justice, of truth, of beauty, and holiness. And therefore it is that I repeat that, when we talk of justice, of truth, of humanity, all those who are not entirely unphilosophical must feel that the religious core of the cause they advocate is there, or that the cause would not be worth the talking for. It would be a solecism, a mistake, a blunder; it would be a contradiction in terms to keep talking and prating magniloquently about these things if we persist in, I shall not say denying, but even ignoring the great religious truths that must necessarily underlie them.

And now, therefore, this is—if I need one at all—my excuse for having stepped forth from the pulpit to stand upon other platforms, and to talk of justice, of truth, of charity, of love (applause); to talk to men who, perhaps, sad to say, have learned to hate with a peculiar intensity the church of which I was but an humble servant, to talk to men who thought, or thought they thought, that there was no God. I felt that it was not amiss to take reverently, as if from the very ark of God, the precious truth and bring it out and scatter it broadcast among men, fearing not that it should ever be soiled or contaminated by coming into closer contact with the minds and the hearts of any of God's children. And I felt, if I needed justification, more than justified in this, by the thought of the example of Him who taught wherever men would hear Him, whether in the courts of the temple or by the wayside, or from the boat of the fisherman or on the summit of the mount; who taught the multitude, and never ceased to teach in homely parables the truths of God;

taught to Scribes and Pharisees, Sadducees and Essenes; taught to priests of the temple, and to disciples of John, as well as to those whom he called his disciples, the great truths that are most precious, most simple, and most universal, of the essential relations of the minds and the hearts of God's children to their Creator, to their Father, to their God.

The reason why I have felt it almost a sin to refuse any invitation that came to me to speak for any great public cause of truth or justice or morality was just that. I feel that it is amiss for us to hide whatever light may be given to us under a bushel, but that rather should we let our light shine before men, that men seeing may be attracted by the beauty of truth, and may perchance desire to know more of it, and may come in from the highways and the byways, and from halls where meetings are held that are political or social, or whatsoever you will, to learn more of that better way, to inquire if there be not other truths, if not so essential yet most important in guarding, in building up, in strengthening and making perfect the great essential truths of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

And now if you will permit I will let you into a little secret, and I am somewhat comforted in this indiscretion of telling you the secret, because I observe with some gratification that there are quite enough of you here to-night to keep the secret. The secret is this: It is my opinion—of course that does not add any great weight to it—but the secret is that it is my opinion that the Christian church would speedily gather in the whole world into the flock of Christ if she would preach more generously and more self-sacrificingly to men and women and children wherever they will listen to her, and would carry out with all her wondrously potent influences the blessed lesson of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. I may quote the authority of a gentle spirit, who, in a discussion in which I took part before the Nineteenth Century Club not very long ago, while he spoke on the agnostic side of the question under discussion—which was the alleged failure of agnosticism—yet said most tenderly beautiful things about the character of Christ, and professed the most tender reverence for that character, and told this great truth to the nominally Christian men and women who filled that hall: "If you and all Christians would but carry out the precepts of your Master, very speedily there would be

but few agnostics in the world." And what emphasized the lesson coming from such a source was the fact that he was neither by race nor training a Christian; he was a scion of the great old Hebrew race who spoke thus reverently and beautifully and truly of Him whom we call Lord and Master.

And I may say that during a certain political campaign that may, perhaps, be considered to have passed into ancient history—I believe it is actually nearly three or four months ago—not a few men said to me that they were attracted to the movement in which I took a humble part by the religion that they found in it; by the fact that it was opening to them a new vista; that it was bringing them back to God; that it was making them feel ashamed, as it were, of the bitterness that they had cherished in their hearts against the very name of God, because God had been presented to them as a monster, as an ogre, as a being who made laws that necessarily resulted in the poverty, the degradation and the crime of a very large portion of His children; of an alleged father who did not know how to provide for his children, and who gave certain privileges to a chosen few of the children to impoverish, to degrade, to enslave, and to rob the greater part of their brethren.

When they began to hear of a man telling that God was the father who by beautiful laws of justice, by simple universal economic laws, had provided admirably for His children, had provided a table so long and so wide and so well supplied with all manner of good things that there never could be too many at that table—never the slightest fear that the poorest and weakest need be crowded away from it—a man who came to preach, not so much a new political economy as to teach the old and the best political economy, that the more mouths that come into the world the more hands come with them to feed the mouths; and that the larger and the denser the population, all the better for the country, because all the better the facilities of production and exchange; a man who taught them that Malthusianism, taking name from an alleged Christian minister, was a blasphemy against the Most High; and that while God's children come into the world with diversity of gifts, of physical strength, of intellect, of heart and fancy, yet they all come stamped ineffaceably with the same image of the Father and the King, His and His alone the image, and His the superscription, and that, therefore, in

spite of these inequalities of stature, or of wit, or of weight, or of brain, or of fancy, there is an essential equality that far transcends all these inequalities, the essential image of God in the capacity to know the truth, and to love the good and to do the right, and therefore an essential equality of all men as against all other men under the common, beneficent, just, wise and merciful rule of an all-loving Father.

And I confess that from very early years, as a boy and a very young man, and a very young clergyman, I was tormented by these problems. I have been blessed, or cursed, as you will, from my earliest childhood with a decided enlargement of the heart. From a very early day I wondered and pondered and I tormented myself with the question, Why is there so much misery in the world? Why are there so many barefooted and ragged children? Why are there so many seeking bread and seeking it in vain? Why are there so many who look upon what we are told in the Scriptures is in some measure a curse—the curse of labor—look upon it as a priceless boon, and crave with intensest earnestness the mere chance to work even for a wretched pittance, as if in the very work itself they found something wonderfully good and beautiful and comforting? I wondered and tormented myself with the question why it was that so many who toil not, neither do they spin, are dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, and are actually sated with the good things of this world, and find life itself a bore. And while they are thus sated with the good things of the world they begin to ask themselves: Is this pleasure? Is life worth living? Is the game worth the candle? And not a few of them say in the bitterness of their souls as they grow old, "It is a pretty tiresome thing, after all, for a man for seventy years every day to be pulling on and off his stockings." That disease of mine of enlargement of the heart had a great deal to do with drawing or driving me into the priesthood of the Catholic church; because there I saw a ministry consecrated to the preaching of the highest truths, to a life of renunciation for the sake of the brethren, to the doing of gentle deeds of Christlike charity; and I repeat, and I shall never tire of repeating, that I find justification for loving every social cause, every economic cause, every political cause, whose object is the diminution—rather let us say the abolition—of poverty, for the diffusion of knowledge, for the refine-

ment and the civilization of these images of God all around us—a cause in which I must sympathize, and for which, as far as I can, I must speak and labor; and I never for a moment fancied on that, to me, most sacred day, when, full of reverence, I bowed before a Christian altar, to receive the consecration of Christ's priesthood, that I was to rise from that prostrate attitude any the less a man, any the less the citizen. I felt that the priesthood of Christ gave to manhood and citizenship a new grace and dignity, that in a spiritual sense it gave new loftiness to the man's stature and made him capable of being more unselfish, if he would not be recreant to the best interests of humanity—of aiding the poor, of comforting the afflicted—that it enabled the man, not entirely unaided by supernatural lights and graces, to do something in his time to make the world appear more beautiful and more comfortable for the children of men. If we read history aright we shall see that all the great triumphs of the cause of Christ came where the Church sent out her missionaries to be the friends and fathers of the people, to teach them art and literature and science while teaching the priceless truths of religion.

The missionaries of Christ went out with the self-same spirit, lowliness, poverty and self-renunciation as the Master himself had gone out to teach man by example as well as by word how good a thing it is to deny ourselves, to labor, to do, to suffer and even to die for our brethren. The Church did a great work when she began to teach to the downtrodden; when she taught the abject slave that was crushed beneath the chariot of a Roman conqueror that he was all of a man, and not only taught him that he was the child of God, but also taught the proud Roman emperor upon his throne that he was only a man who one day must stand wretched and miserable and naked before the throne of Him whose majesty he had outraged by oppressing even the least of the brethren who bore in their natures the image and impress of the King. The Christian church gained a magnificent patrimony, upon which it has been banking for centuries, and the allegiance of all the nations of Europe, by sending out her priests with the great lesson for men's hearts that it was to the poor and lowly and oppressed that they were sent, "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

It was when they went out from this Christian church with the divine injunction to gather up the waifs and strays and frag-

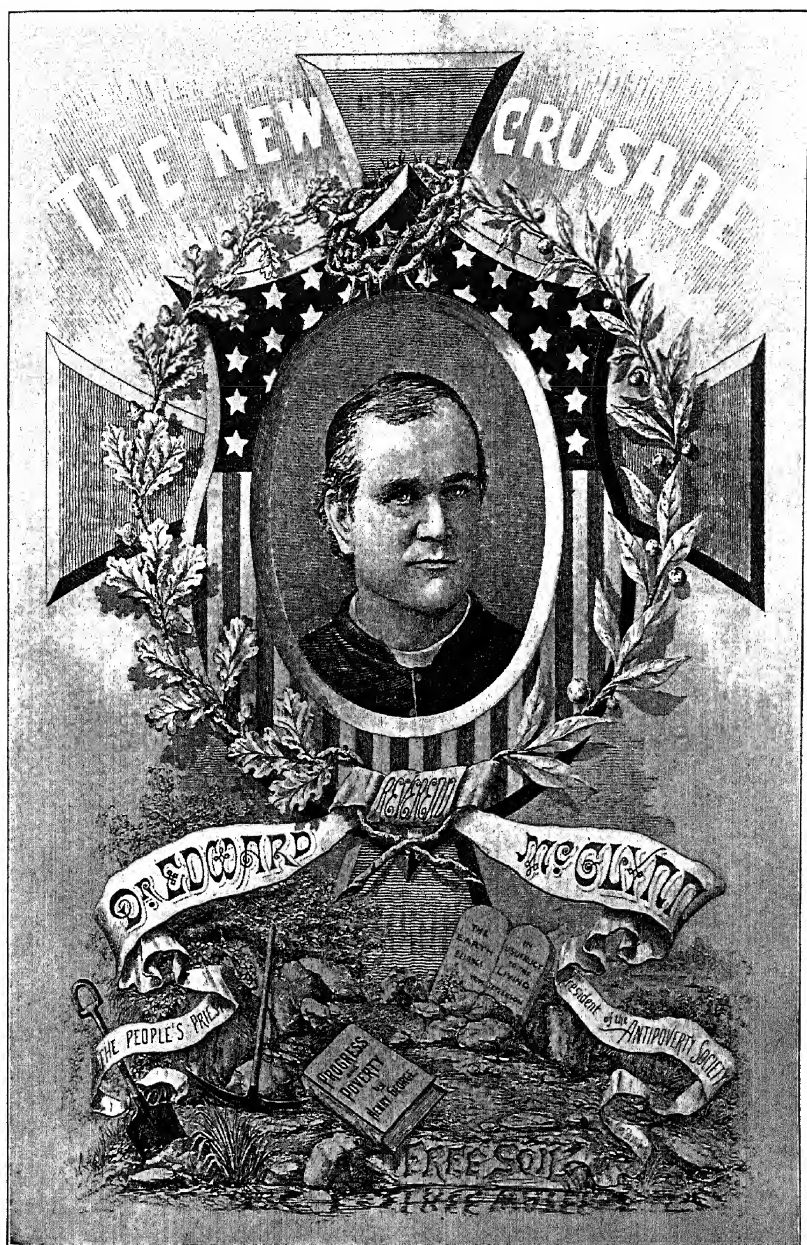
ments of humanity, the blind, the poor, and foundlings and insane, to gather up from the wayside all that suffer from tyranny and heedlessness, to gather them up with tenderness and reverence, even as they gathered up the sacred particles of the sacrament of Christ upon the altar, lest they should suffer profanation—it was when they went forth with such lessons in their hearts that they conquered the world.

They never went to apologize to the Roman emperor. (Thunders of applause.) They never went to seek an interview. (Applause.) They went on with supreme cool indifference to preach the Gospel, to gather up the fragments of Christian humanity in the persons of the poor. (Applause.) The Roman emperor gave orders that their heads should be cut off. And these Christian ministers, strangely enough, seemed to enjoy having their heads cut off. They actually at times foolishly went out of their way to have their heads cut off, and sometimes bounded unnecessarily into the arena to proclaim themselves Christians, when they could just as well have kept out of the way and kept their heads upon their shoulders. Why did they enjoy having their heads cut off? Why? They did not fear men as long as they followed the teaching of the Master. That man who has a great truth in him, in his head or in his heart, can preach the truth a hundred times better with his head cut off than with his head on his shoulders.

I think I can gather from your applause and from your cheering that you think you discover in that last remark of mine something of a parable not entirely inapplicable to myself.

I assure you that when I started out with the sentence I had not the slightest intention of making any personal application. At the same time if this very respectable jury finds in it any applicableness to my case I shall not be guilty of the indiscretion of questioning the verdict.

Now, dear friends, what I have said thus far is something of an explanation and of a justification of the part of a Christian minister, of a Catholic priest, feeling it not amiss, thinking it even a duty to leave his sanctuary, to put off his gown, and even in secular attire, and before what may be called secular audiences, to discourse of justice and of truth; and it will be a sad day for the world when the strange and unnatural divorce shall have full sway between the church and society, between the



SOUVENIR, 1887

*Designed by
George Brunswick*

altars of the church and the family altars, between the teachings in the church and the teachings in the school, in the market place, in the highways, and in the byways—and by this I do not mean for one moment to insinuate, but the very reverse—I do not for a moment mean to insinuate that ecclesiastical authorities shall control politics and commerce and the development of nationalities, but that there shall be so truly religious a spirit permeating the minds and hearts of men that wherever they go they shall feel the unspeakable comfort of knowing that in the great causes they are promoting they have the sanctions and benedictions of sweet religion.

The crusade that we have chosen to call a “new crusade” is for the enforcing of one of those great truths of which I have already spoken to you—the truth that, with diversity of natural gifts, God has given an equality of essential rights to all His children just because they are his children; that for every mouth He sends into the world to be fed, He sends, with rare exceptions, a pair of hands to feed it; that He has made us land animals, and not fishes or birds, and therefore He has made us to live upon the land and not to fly in the air or swim in the water, and that because He has made us land animals, and because He has made us at all, He has given us the right with these two hands somehow or other to root, to scratch and to dig for a living in order to feed these mouths; and that any man or set of men, who shall by law or in any other way deny, impair, diminish or restrain the equal right of every human being to the possession of the general bounties of nature, the sunlight, the air, the water and the land, is guilty of blasphemy against the goodness of the universal Father. They are perverting under the name of law the right of men; they are desecrating the holy name of law to sanction a monstrous injustice. Under the name of right they are doing a horrid wrong; under the pretense of guarding the best interests of society they are opposing the very germinal principle of rightly ordained society. They are guilty of the monstrous crime of making hundreds of thousands, yea, millions, of God’s creatures feel that this life is a wretched mistake, or worse than that—the joke of some most hateful fiend rather than the gift of an all-wise and all-loving Father.

It was not for nothing that He who came to save the souls of men did so much to minister to the relief of their bodily

wants. He healed their diseases; He raised their dead; He cured their distempers; He bore their sorrows; He felt compassion for the multitude; lest they should faint by the wayside, He miraculously supplemented the laws of nature and fed them with miraculous loaves and fishes in the wilderness. He did all this, because doing it He knew full well that the bodies of men as well as their souls are the creatures of God, and that their bodies and the capacities of those bodies are but signs and symbols of the spiritual things within, even as all the vast universe of God is but His garment, is but the sign and symbol and the thin veil that surrounds Him, through the rifts in which we catch on every hand glimpses of God and of heaven.

The heavens are telling the glory of God. There is a greater heaven here, vaster and more wondrous than the physical universe, in the intelligent mind and the affectionate heart of the least of God's creatures. All the multitudinous and multifarious beauties and glories of the physical world are not equal to the dignity and the sanctity of the mind and the heart of the least of God's children; and therefore it is that Christ tells us that at the very peril of our souls we must look after the bodies of these little ones; we must feed the hungry; we must comfort and, as far as we can, heal the sick; we must provide shelter for the homeless; we must look after the weak, the blind, the halt, and the insane. Is all this a mistake? No; it is a part of true religion, because it is the sign and the symbol of spiritual things. It is because of the proper care of the bodies of men, of the proper feeding of those bodies, of the proper sheltering of them, that we make it possible for human nature to expand as a beautiful flower under the influence of genial warmth and refreshing breezes and showers, and so the lilies and flowers of every virtue may the more readily expand if the mind and the heart of the child are able to look up and to feel that God the Father has not been entirely unmindful of the wants of the child.

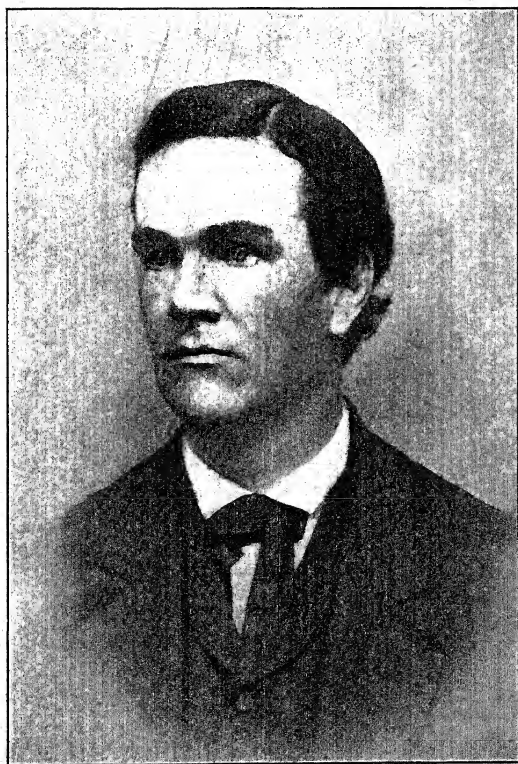
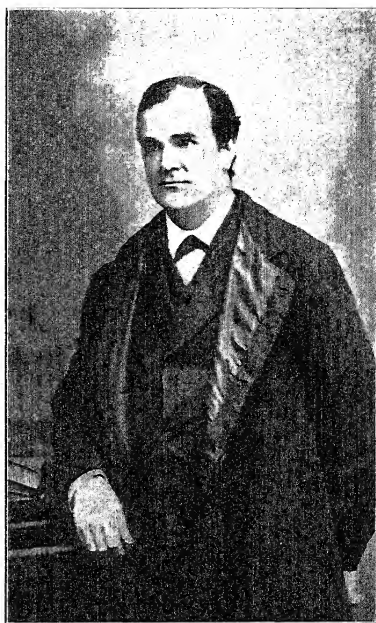
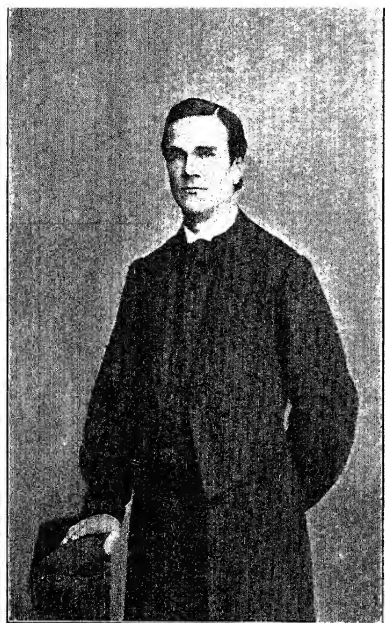
This is the word of an apostle of Christ: "This is true religion—to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world." So it is necessarily a part of true religion to insist on what is essentially the equality of man, regardless of the comparatively trifling differences in their gifts and acquirements. This is the political economy, the teaching and reducing of which to practice are the core and

essence of this new crusade. All men, inalienably, always, everywhere, have a common right to all the general bounties of nature; and this is in perfect and beautiful keeping with the other law of labor that every mouth has two hands with which to feed itself, a necessary corollary of which is that these hands must have equal direct or indirect access to the general bounties of nature out of which to make a living. That is the whole of the doctrine of this new crusade in a nutshell, that the land as well the sunlight, and the air, and the waters, and the fishes, and the mines in the bowels of the earth, all these things that were made by the Creator through the beautiful processes of nature, belong equally to the human family, to the community, to the people, to all the children of God. The law of labor requires that these natural materials shall be brought into such relations with men that they shall afford to them food, raiment, shelter; for the erection of works not merely of utility, but of ornament; that out of these materials the children of men shall have equal, indefeasible rights to pluck, to catch, to delve, in order not merely to satisfy the necessities of the animal body or to keep it from the inclemency of the blast, but to do more than this—to make the very shelter itself a thing of beauty, to make the home a kind of temple in which there may be a family altar; to erect great public works that shall serve not merely purposes of utility, but shall educate the eye and the fancy, and shall gladden the habitations of men during their brief temporal abode; to add something to the mere garments that shall clothe and preserve the body from the inclemency of the atmosphere; to make even the raiment of man a work of art; to give a charm and a grace and a dignity even to the mere feeding of the animal. All men then have this right; and it is a part of the gospel of this new crusade that while we may make much allowance for the ignorance in which these great cardinal truths are too often forgotten, the barbarism and the slavery in which, because of might, right went under and stayed under for centuries; while we may be very indulgent to the errors and even be willing to forgive in some measure the crimes of the past, we hold aloft the banner upon which is inscribed this truth, that ever and always in the past, the present and the future the earth and the fulness thereof were given by God, and therefore should belong to all the children of God.

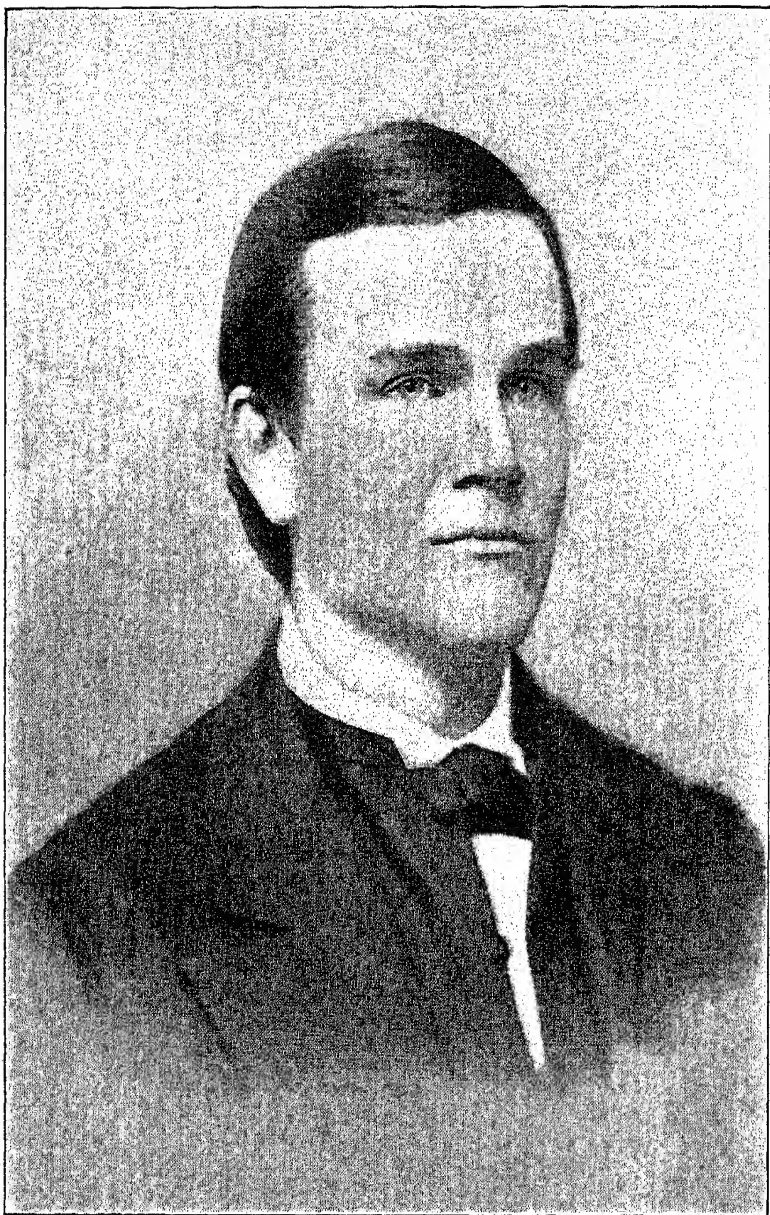
The crimes and the horrors of history are chiefly due to the forgetting of that great truth, because of the sordid passions of the few, who, being stronger of mind and swifter of foot and more cunning of brain, used their gifts to enslave and to rob their brethren. But might never has made, and in the Book of God never can make, right. You may find it prudent to surrender your purse to the highwayman, but you shall never find it in your hearts to think that that surrender gives him any right to hold it. And you may, perhaps, think it a discreet thing, if a man with a big sword in his hand stands ready to cut your head off if you want to speak a certain word, to keep your mouth shut and not speak that word until some other day. But at the same time, if that word happens to be the truth, the man with the sword ready to cut off your head does not make it a falsehood.

Now, what are we going to do about it? We have the cheek to start out to change all that. A French doctor, a quack, was called by a patient, and the patient was troubled with pretty much the same disease that I am troubled with, I believe, or thought he was, enlargement of the heart, and he said: "Doctor, I am afraid that my heart is in a very bad way." The doctor began to thump here, on the right side. I need hardly inform this very intelligent audience that the heart is on the left side. So the doctor, being a very ignorant quack, got thumping on the wrong side, namely, the right side, and he thumped a little and he said: "Oh, no; I don't think there is much the matter with your heart," and the poor patient said in a kind of dubitative way, "Why, doctor, I used to think the heart was on the left side"; and the quack, quite equal to the situation, said, "Oh, yes, but we have changed all that."

Now, there is a man living in this town, and there is a party of respectable numbers living in this town, and there is a priest or two, or several, I believe, in this town that have the cheek to think they are going to change all that. "But it is a pretty big job, isn't it?" Yes; we don't deny that it is a pretty hefty job. "It is pretty respectable work, isn't it?" Yes. Why, don't you think it is rather creditable in a lot of fellows to have the cheek to tackle it, anyway? "Do you expect to finish the job during your brief lifetime, considering that you are already troubled with enlargement of the heart?" Well, we will do a



EARLY PORTRAITS



CHAPLAIN, MILITARY HOSPITAL

CIVIL WAR



DR. MCGLYNN IN THE EARLY EIGHTIES

fair share of it, and we may live to see a good many things if we live a few years. "What are you going to do?"

The first thing is to keep talking just the way I am talking to-night, at all times, in season and out of season, to any crowd that will listen to us who are supposed to belong to the labor party.

There are laboring men and laboring men. There is a broad distinction between the kinds of laboring men. There are those who labor with their hands and those who work with their jaws. And one may work very successfully and accomplish many good things with the jaws. This class of men have been called by the handworkers—facetiously and somewhat contemptuously—jawsmiths. I have never done much with my hands, so I suppose I may consider myself as belonging to the jawsmiths; and, after all, I think the truth is imparted more by talking than by writing. Writing is all very well in its way, but there is a touch of magnetism about the human voice, about the expression of a man's countenance, that makes the spoken word much more effectual than the written. The best example of this is in the teaching of our Lord and Master. He taught by word of mouth. The command was to go and preach—to go and teach. So I want you to have respect for talking.

Then the next thing is to write; to circulate the truth by books, newspapers—any way that we can manage to dovetail it in; to wedge it in, to smuggle it in, to get it in in any way. Now, if you can convince the majority of the people, especially of the ungente sex, of this doctrine, of what they have got to do, then we are going to teach the majority of the ungente sex by the exercise of the right of suffrage to change their institutions so as to undo the wrong and to bring man closer to God.

Cardinal McCloskey, the Lord rest his soul, by means of a message from Rome, about four years ago, got word that there were some heretical doctrines being preached, and he sent to me to inquire what all this was about. He had got a copy of a report of a speech of mine, and, although it was two months old, it was news to the good cardinal. "Why," he said to me, "here, you want to divide up Manhattan Island into little bits, and give each of us one of the bits." I said: "Oh, no; there is no such meaning there." And then I proceeded to explain to him just what we want to do, as I shall now try to explain it to you.

Take this whole island of Manhattan—what is it worth? Without the houses and buildings—just merely for agricultural purposes—not much; but for the sake of its capacity for building houses on it—say a thousand million dollars. Why is it worth that? Simply for its capacity to keep men and women and children from falling through into the centre. All these people of New York must sit, lie down, work, eat and suffer upon Manhattan Island.

What is it that gives this peculiar value? It is the aggregation of population; it is the density of population; it is the necessities of the million and a half of people here; it is because of the peculiar, subtle something—this ethereal, immaterial something—that this aggregation of population gives it. It is because of the touch of shoulder to shoulder, because of the nearness of man to man, because of the wondrous multiplication of the productive powers of men and of the miraculous multiplication of the powers of exchange between man and man that are created by this density of population that this ground of Manhattan Island takes on this peculiar and this enormous value. Now, who has the benefit of this? It is individuals who have inherited from grandfathers a few acres of land. It is our dense population which gives it its value. To whom does this belong? To those that made it. It belongs to society, it is the outcome of society; it is the very shadow of society that follows society just as the shadow follows the man who walks hither and thither. Take away the aggregation of the people and Manhattan Island will be worth less than the \$24 for which, I believe, at one time it was purchased.

How are we going to give back to the poor man what belongs to him? How shall we have that beautiful state of things in which naught shall be ill and all shall be well? Simply by confiscating rent and allowing people nominally to own, if you choose, the whole of Manhattan Island, if it will do them any good to nominally own it; but while they have the distinguished satisfaction of seeming to own it we are going to scoop the meat out of the shell and allow them to have the shell. And how are we going to do that? By simply taxing all this land and all kindred bounties of nature to the full amount of their rental value. If there isn't any rental value then there won't be any tax. If there is any rental value then it will be precisely what

that value is. If the rental value goes up, up goes the tax. If the rental value comes down, down comes the tax. If the rental value ceases, then the tax ceases. Don't you see? It is as clear as the nose on your face.

"So you don't, then, really want to chop up Manhattan Island into little parts and give every fellow a little bit?" Well, do you think I look like a fool? I flatter myself, although I am a very modest individual, that I am not altogether a fool; or that, if I am fool, I am not an utterly condemned fool. And so, therefore, I don't want to do anything so preposterous as that. What good would it do you or me to have a square foot of land on Manhattan Island? We could barely stand upon it. If each of us had his square foot or two of Manhattan Island, what in the world should we do with it? We would be, for all the world, like St. Simon Stylites on his column.

Suppose that all of this respected audience were joint owners of a painting of Raphael or of an enormously valuable race horse.

Now, wouldn't this respected audience be a very foolish audience if it should unanimously agree to divide that valuable painting of Raphael into about 5,000 pieces and give every man, woman and child a part? What would be the value of that wonderful race horse if we should cut him up into about 5,000 pieces and give a bit to every man, woman and child of this respected audience? Why, even if we were hippophagi, which means horse eaters, I don't think we would find much value in that little bit of a race horse. Don't you see, we can put our race horse to some better use than cutting him into 5,000 pieces? How? By saying: Now, which one of this respected audience is a horse fancier? How many of you have very long purses—say \$100,000—that you don't know what to do with? Suppose we put this race horse upon the platform at auction and knock him down to the highest bidder, and suppose that race horse is sold for \$75,000 or \$100,000, and then that is distributed to all the members, don't you think that would be a more reasonable proceeding? I do, and I am sure that your silence gives consent and you agree with me.

That is what we mean by taxing and appropriating rental value. We would simply tax all these bounties of nature, where there is a scramble for them, to the full rental value. In a new

community, where the people are few, land is comparatively limitless; there is no such thing as rent; the land is pretty equally distributed; there is no choice; it would be a senseless thing for men to quarrel about it; there is land enough for all. What is the law of rent? Where there is competition for a larger or choicer portion of the common bounties, for a portion of land that is nearer a river, that is next to the junction of two great rivers, that is near to a great city, for a corner lot, say at the corner of Broadway and Wall street, or at Broadway and Twenty-third street, there rent exists. And how is the competition for the use of such land to be decided? Simply by allowing it to go to the highest bidder. Thus would be provided, through the exercise of the taxing power, a fund for the common treasury, a munificent fund growing with the growth of population and civilization, supplied by a beautiful providential law, a simple, economic law that works with the same simplicity and the same regularity as the law of gravitation itself—a magnificent ever-increasing fund to supply the wants of increasing civilization and increasing population.

This magnificent fund would go to support all public burdens; it would do a great deal more than is done at present by the tax levy; you would have larger, more beautiful and more numerous parks; you would be able to sweep away the greater part of the wretched rookeries that, under the name of tenement houses, are a sin and a shame, and a blot upon the fair name and fame of this beautiful city, and instead of those the best class of houses will be built, and we will have parks, with trees and flowers and the singing of birds, to make glad and beautify this island and God's children, and will thereby add enormously to the value of the surrounding land; and then it would no longer sound Quixotic to talk of building free rapid transit railroads on solid foundations, on which trains could travel at the rate of thirty miles an hour for twenty, thirty or forty miles into the suburbs, to give homes to all the people, from which they could come and go every day, and in which they could enjoy some of nature's life, by which they could get the sun and the air, green fields and flowers. This is no fancy sketch; it is entirely feasible, and in every view it could be brought about if a majority of citizens, convinced of the truth of this doctrine, would

carry it into practice and deposit their ballots in the ballot box in favor of this thing.

One of the greatest beneficial consequences of this just and necessary reform, of this restoration to all of what belongs to all, would be this: The artificial value that is now given to land, even beyond this enormous value which we have just discussed, would cease; the giving to individual men what God never intended they should have—the absolute ownership of land—would cease. If there was no individual ownership in land then there would be no such thing as speculative value in land. Then no man would be such a fool as to pay rent to keep land fenced in from year to year, preventing everybody else from doing anything with it. That man, if he nominally owned it, must pay the full rental value of it. Even if he were a fool, he would soon see there was no fun in that kind of thing, and he would give it up and let somebody else take it. You see what would be the result. There would be a consequent increase in the building trades; houses would spring up all over the city of New York, and the tenement houses would be depopulated, and the owners would be glad to sell them cheap to the city, so they could be destroyed to make breathing places for the people.

Capital will then find nothing to invest in except human labor and its products. Don't you see the general demand for human labor that will result? In every society there is capital, and it is the instinct of men not to keep capital lying idle if they can use it, and the only manner in which they can use it is by producing something, so that there will be a steady demand for labor. But a more steady demand for labor comes from something else. It comes from the law of hunger, of cold, of the need to have some soft spot to lie down and sleep, and so whether capital employs labor or not, you may be sure, if labor gets a chance, it will employ itself. The average man is not going to lie down and die of hunger if he can get any kind of a fair chance to dig in the soil for food; the average man is not going to perish by the winter's cold if he can get a chance to provide himself shelter; nor to freeze if he can get access to raw materials to make clothes for himself. And so, in this beautiful condition of things there will always be a demand for labor, and then it will be strictly true and proper to say to any able-bodied man or woman that comes begging: "Why, you are not sick—

why should you beg?" "I can't find work." "Oh, that is not true; in this community there is always enough work for all; there is always a demand for labor exceeding the supply."

And that leads us to another beautiful consequence—high wages. Oh, that is a grand thing for us labor people. How does that come about? Why, by a reversal of the terrible law that at present makes wages always keep tending down. Why? Because with the increase of population comes this increased value of land. Don't you notice how great fortunes are accumulating here, as they have accumulated in England and elsewhere? They are becoming amassed more and more in the hands of a few.

Now, all this will be changed; it will necessarily have to be changed by this beautiful and simple law that we have just spoken of. These enormous fortunes will be distributed, and wages will become higher. Why? Because then it will be the capitalist that will have to be running around after the laborer and begging him to be kind enough to work for him, and not the laborer that shall be running after the capitalist and begging him as if he were a divinity to give him a chance to live.

So, then, we laboring men shall enjoy this unutterably comforting spectacle of reversing the present order of things by seeing not seven poor devils of workmen running after one lord of a capitalist and begging him to employ them, but the seven poor devils of capitalists running after one workman and begging him to work for them. And he will put on lordly ways and feel that he is the lord of creation, the joint owner of the soil, and that he has something in his muscular and sinewy arms, in his well-preserved health, preserved by chastity, sobriety and healthy muscular exercise, that the poor capitalists have not; that he has got something more precious that these capitalists can't do without, and so he dictates his terms, and he says, "Now, how much will you seven people bid for my labor?" And one poor capitalist says, "Well, for a starter I will say \$3 a day." "No, no," "\$3.25," "\$3.50," "\$4," "\$4.50," "\$5," and finally, when the capitalists begin to thin out in that competition, he knocks himself down to the man who will give him five, or six, or seven dollars.

What will be the proper wages resulting from that competition of the seven capitalists for the labor of that one man? Do

you know what the wages will be? Just precisely what they ought to be, exactly; neither one cent more nor one cent less. How does that come about? By that law that works just like the law of gravitation. What are economic wages? In the very essence and nature of things what are wages anyhow? They are what the workman produces by his labor out of the materials to which he has legitimate access. What he has put into that raw material is his, and he sells it to somebody else, and for what should he sell? For a perfect equivalent. And so the wages of the man will be an absolute and perfect equivalent for what he has done, for this transmutation of his nerves, of his brain, of his sinews, of his time, into something new and strange, rich and rare, that he has developed out of that raw material, and so economic wages will be a perfect equivalent for the time and muscle and so on that he has put into that thing and that will determine itself as a matter of course, just as water finds its level. Directly or indirectly in a true system of economic government every man shall have absolutely his own, a free field and no favor, but absolutely justice to all, favoritism to none.

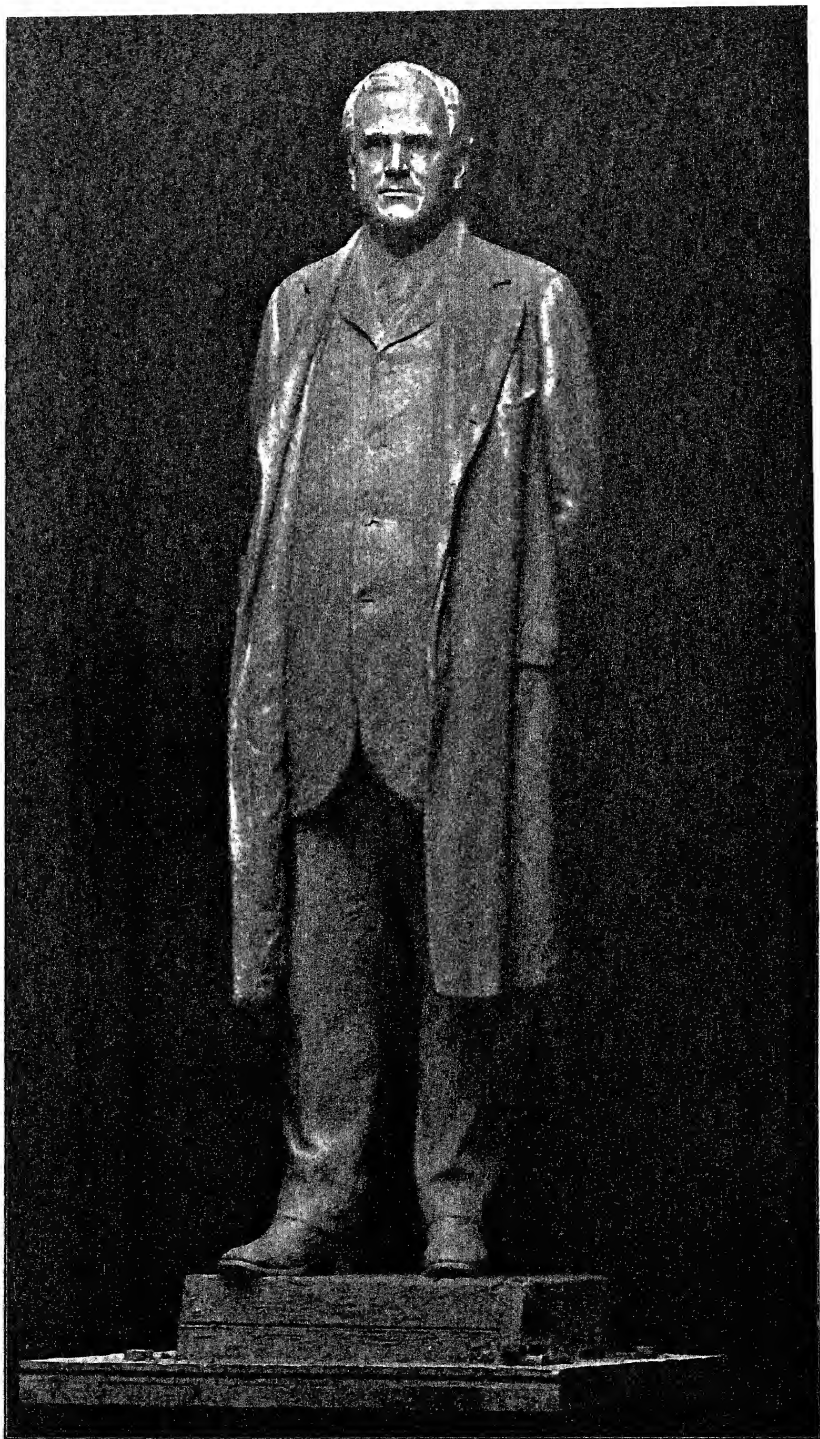
But in addition to these natural wages that this man shall get for what he has produced will come his magnificent share as a joint stockholder or owner in the common estate. He will be getting through the common treasury the use and the benefit of a rental in things that the mere man in the barbarous, rustic state has little or no conception of.

This leads us to that other consequence of this law of God that, instead of being afraid of having too many children in a family or too many people in a city or too many people in a country, we shall be asking God to send us more of these good things, and we shall be saying we shall never have enough. Some of you gray-bearded gentlemen in this audience here are old enough to remember that there used once to be a common notion in this country of ours that we couldn't have too many people, and we used to think that every man that came into this country—every able-bodied man—was worth \$1,000 to \$1,500 to the country. In the southern portion of this country, not very many years ago, a man used to be supposed to have a well defined value. A man was worth his \$1,000, his \$1,200 or his \$1,500, wasn't he? And every able-bodied man, every able-

bodied woman, every healthy child that comes into this country, whether from Heaven or from Europe, is money in the pocket of the country. Why? For the reason that we have just explained, that density of population, thick population, creates this subtle something, this immaterial something, that adds so enormously to the value of all natural bounties. Do you not observe that it is only where there are dense populations that you can have anything like civilization? Have you reflected upon the fact that the very word civilization comes from the same root as city—*civitas*. The very words *civitas* and *civis* are supposed to come from a word which means "coming together," and it is logically, historically and philosophically true, as well as etymologically.

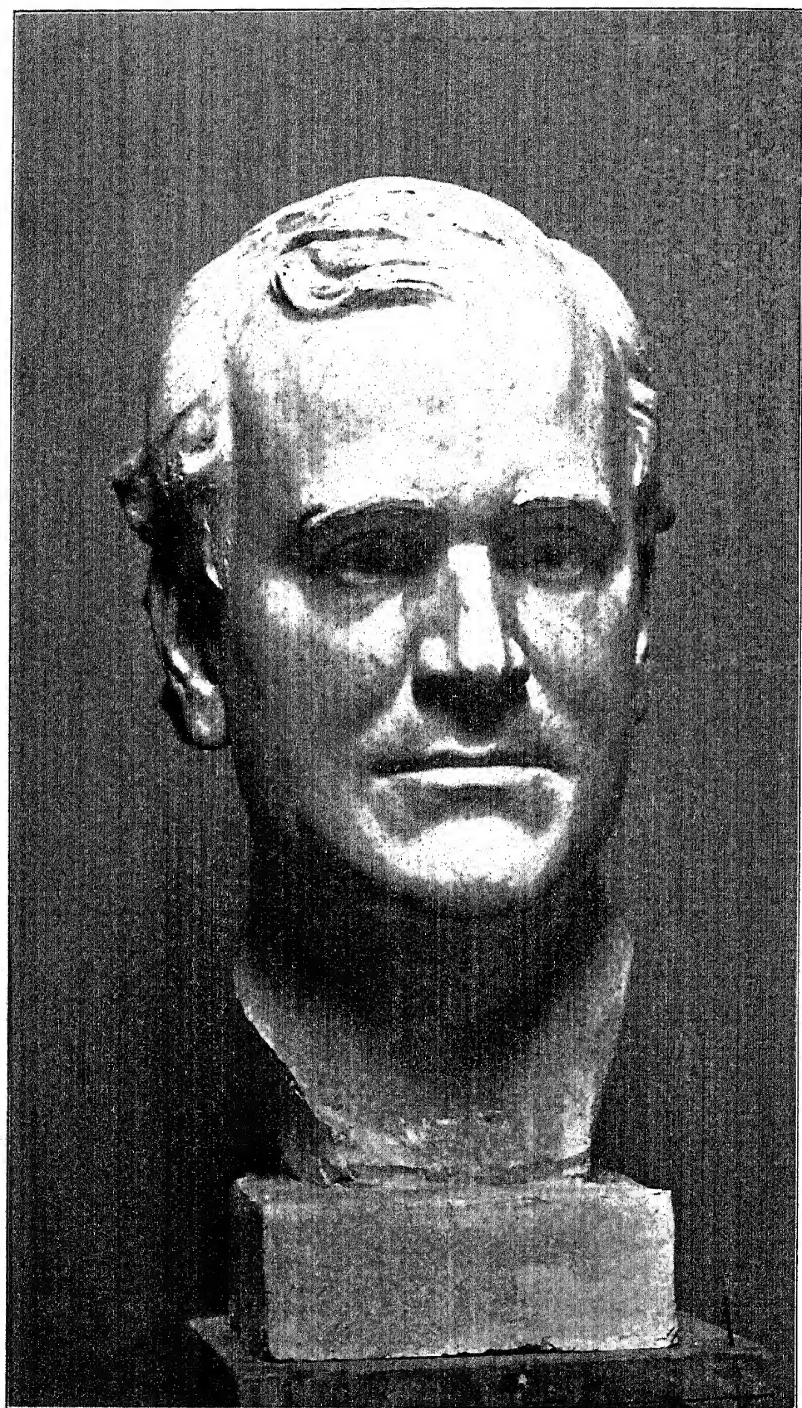
Coming together—you are coming together, shoulder to shoulder, elbow to elbow, helping one another. That is civilization—facility of exchange. It has got to be a simile that there is nothing easier than falling off a log, but it might equally pass into some kind of a proverb that it is a mighty hard thing for any one man to move a big log, and hence the word that has some popularity in this civilized society, "log-rolling," where one man could not budge the log, but where four or five men coming together can take up that log and run away with it. That is the value of coming together. Within two or three or four square miles in this city you can practically go from Greenland to Patagonia, and from China to India, because you will find in shops within this territory all the products of every clime, civilized and uncivilized, of the whole globe. Is not that a magnificent advantage, that you can practically go to India and get your spices, or to the land of the Esquimaux and get your furs, or to Newfoundland and get your codfish? You can get all that kind of thing within two or three or four square miles on Manhattan Island. It is the bringing of these things here to this island that gives it that enormous value that we were speaking about. Here civilization will increase by density of population, and it is a crime against this economic law to be talking about the danger of overpopulation.

And that is in keeping with that other—forgive the remark—rot about overproduction. Overproduction of good things! Overproduction of houses! Overproduction of clothes! Over-

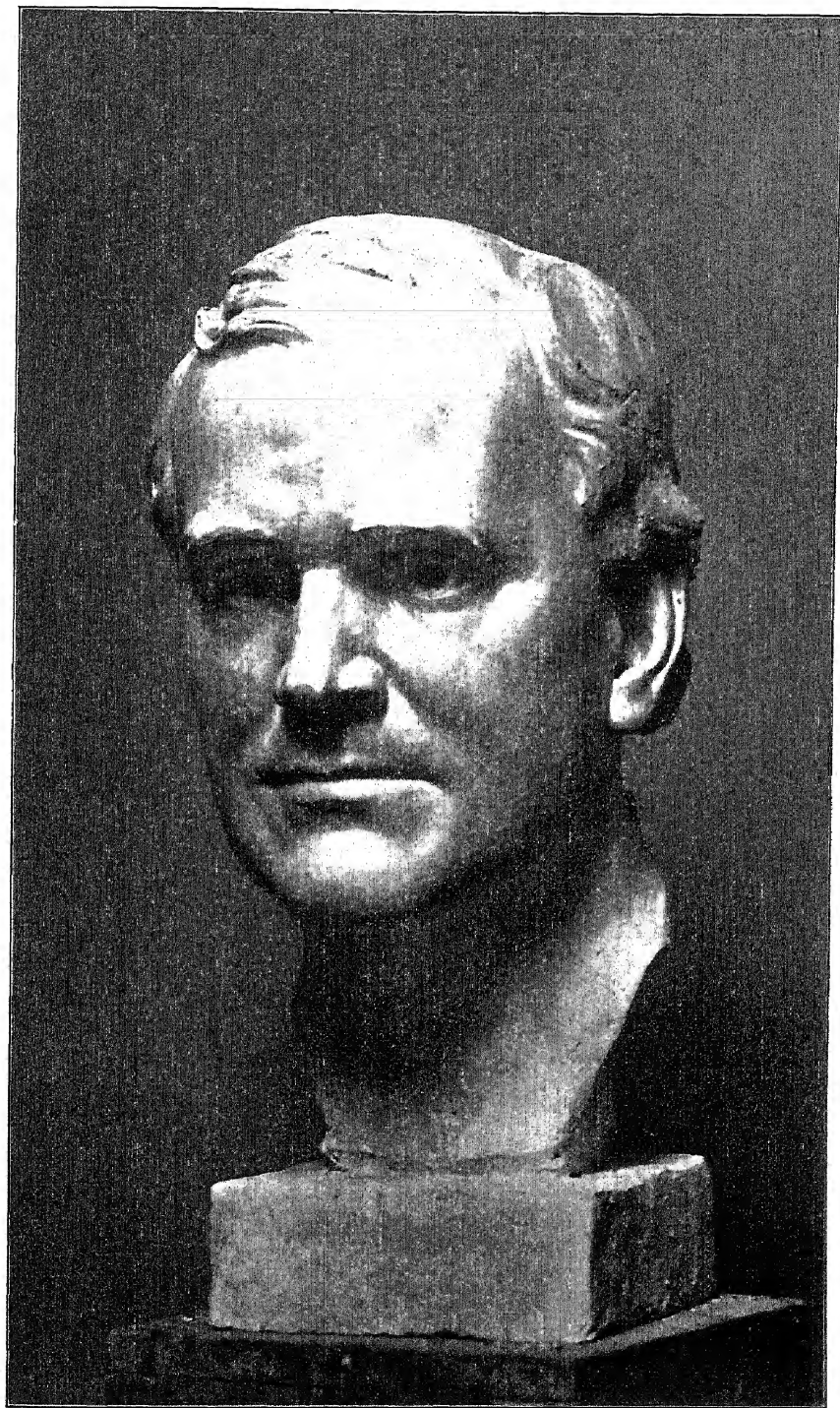


STATUE OF DR. EDWARD MCGLYNN

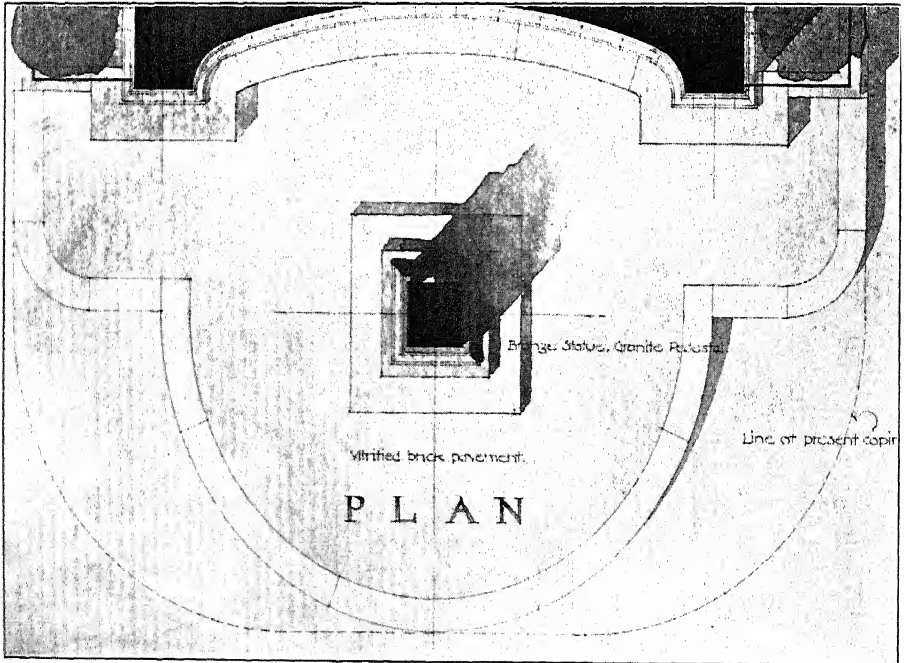
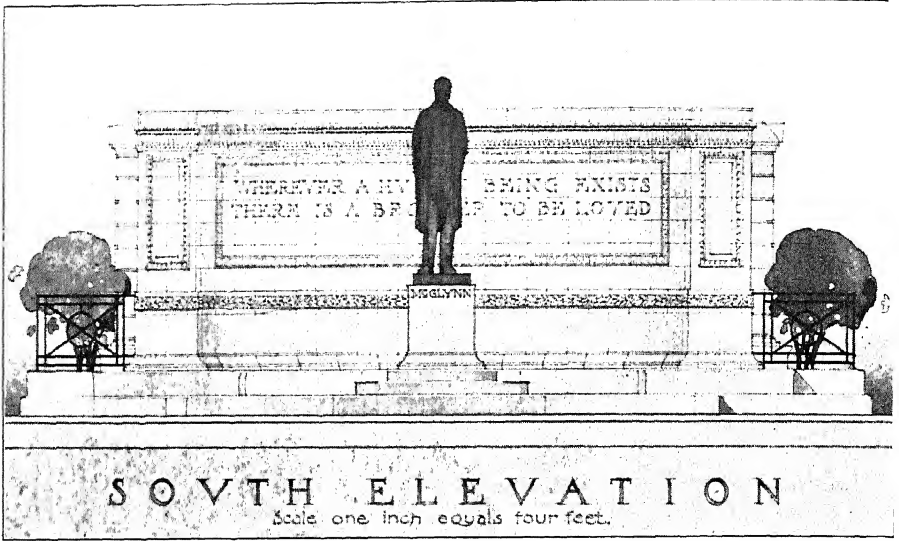
Edmond T. Quinn, Sculptor



DR. EDWARD MCGLYNN



DR. EDWARD MCGLYNN



A SUGGESTION FOR THE MONUMENT TO DR. McGLYNN

Albert R. Ross, Architect

production of food! "What fools these mortals be!" Overproduction! It is underconsumption, not overproduction.

I am going to prove to you now that there is not any overproduction. You just pass the word around that all these things that have been overproduced, the houses that have impaired the real estate market—have broken the market—and the glut of dry goods and silks and sealskins and groceries and things, are going to be distributed free; that anybody that needs these things can come and have them for the mere trouble of taking them away. I want to know how long would that overproduction continue to distress our souls. Not very long, which proves to a demonstration that there is plenty of demand for these things. But the trouble is that the poor devils who are suffering cold for the want of sealskins and hunger for the want of groceries can't get at these things because they haven't the means with which to buy them.

So the trouble is not overproduction, but it is the unjust arrangements of society by which so large a portion of the people either cannot get work at all or have to work at starvation wages. And because when there is a so-called overproduction and underconsumption there comes commercial depression—stagnation in trade—a large portion of the people are thrown out of work and in their misery are willing then to work for lower wages—for anything that will keep them from starving and from perishing. Then there is a revival in trade. Then people say: "Now is a good time to get in the goods, because they can be got so cheap—because labor is cheap. Now is a good time to build, because labor is cheap." And so gradually there is a cessation of this commercial depression, and times begin to get a little better, and then they begin to get what is called good, and the moment the times begin to be good and business begins to prosper, then the man that is sitting there, neither working nor spinning, but eating and drinking, begins to say: "Ha, ha, times are good. Business is prospering. Real estate will go up." And so it does. Land will go up. There is a need for building more houses. There is a need for more factories, and land goes up, and so a large and constantly increasing portion of the profits of both capital and labor go to pay the unjust rent to the landlord. But when we shall have appropriated to the common treasury the eco-

nomic rent, all that condition must necessarily cease, and as men will be able to get steady employment or steadily to employ themselves, and will get the highest wages that the very law of wages itself will permit, they will not be so foolish when the wants of their bodies are admirably supplied as to work themselves to death, to continue to degrade themselves into mere working machines. And so, with the increase of general wealth, the raising of wages and the general wellbeing, will commence, voluntarily and naturally, a shortening of the hours of work. It doesn't require any law of the legislature, or any strike, or any rule of a trades union or any similar society to determine these things. Men will then be more free than they ever have been before to work or not to work as they please; to work long hours or short hours, as it suits best their tastes, their desires and their convenience. If a man wants to work, very good. If a man does not want to work there will be nobody to coerce him, and so we shall restore in a great measure individual liberty. We shall restore what hitherto has been singularly characteristic of our country, but is fast ceasing to be so characteristic of it—the magnificent individualism of Americans.

Let us be humble and acknowledge what is the truth, that the boasted superiority of the American people in their inventive genius is the liberality that has presided over the forming of all their institutions. Things that have been hitherto characteristic of American men and women, and of American civilization, were not due, are not due, so much to any superiority of ourselves bodily or mentally as to the magnificent opportunities that, under the providence of God, came to this new people from what used to be considered the boundless and illimitable resources of this wide continent. The peculiar inventiveness of the American people came from the need on the part of a few men to subdue a continent, to make locomotion from one end of it to the other possible within a reasonable space of time. But these characteristics, and the homely virtues that were also characteristic of the American people, were due not so much to difference of race as to difference of condition, and now with changing conditions many of these characteristics and characteristic influences and virtues have disappeared, and we are fast becoming assimilated to those older

societies both in their criminal luxuries and in the horrible chasm that separates the rich from the poor.

And now, last of all, I would appeal to all you men and women to take up the cross of this new crusade. And, though you will not impress upon your forehead and wear upon your breast any material emblem thereof, let at least the mighty controlling thought take possession of your minds, the divine enthusiasm seize upon your hearts. Take, then, the cross of this new crusade of justice and truth for humanity. Do what you can to help us in what we are trying to do, in the words of the great Christian poet of England, "To justify the ways of God to men;" to give leisure to God's children from the "cark-ing cares," as the same poet says, from imbruting and ceaseless toil, from degradation and want, and the worse degradation of the fear of want; to give them plenty, so that they shall say with glad and loving hearts their grace—not a mere form of words, but grace before meat and after meat—and feel that it is not a mockery to say, "Bless, O Lord, these Thy gifts which we are to receive from Thy bountiful hands"—a mockery too often over the cup of tea and dry bread which is the too common food and drink of the working women of this city to-day. Make room at the Father's table for all of His children.

Go, then, into the highways and byways. Not merely invite them, but compel them to come in and sit at the Father's table and feast and make merry and be glad in His presence. And give them leisure from this degrading, ceaseless toil to beautify their minds and hearts and worship their Maker, to glorify the Christ in humanity; to read books and to enjoy works of art, not depending for these upon individual charities, but with twenty or fifty art schools and Cooper Unions provided for out of the common treasury.

And when men's bodily necessities have been satisfied, when their minds shall begin to be cultivated, and they shall have begun to take on as a common thing the graces and refinements of culture and science and art, then you will have by the doing of natural justice, by the following of God's economic laws, a way prepared for the coming of the kingdom of heaven. Then will blasphemy cease upon the lips of the children of men, and man will recognize the handiwork of his Creator. Shall we not make some attempt to prepare the way for the coming of that

better day foretold by the Master of old, who, as he gathered around him the faithful few, foretold that the little flock should grow and spread until it shall take in all the kingdoms of the earth? Shall we not do our share toward hastening the time that was foretold by the Master when He taught us to look up and say, "Our Father who art in heaven," and then to say, "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done *on earth* as it is in heaven"?

While, therefore, it is eminently proper for a Christian to teach the blessedness of suffering after Christ's example, and for His dear sake, to teach that there is a higher and better something beyond all this, yet at the same time it is a blasphemy against the Maker thus continually to make light of the sufferings of the poor, and to be guilty of the folly of saying that it is a good thing to continue to foster, preserve and perpetuate poverty in the world. As if, forsooth, if we should abolish poverty our occupation would be gone! that there would be nothing for us charitable people to do—as if it would be right to carefully abstain from purifying the whole system and to persist in plastering a sore leg instead. It is by the doing of justice, by the inculcation of the law of equality, liberty and fraternity on earth that we shall prepare the way for the glorious millennial day when it shall be something more than a prayer, and in great measure a reality—"Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Take up, then, the cross of this new crusade, and I, for one, dare to say here, before this vast audience, that I have taken it into my head and heart, and never shall I see the day as long as I live that I shall pluck it out from the one or the other. It were a sad thing indeed to think that any man or set of men should forbid you and me to believe these truths of God, to teach them, to preach them, to love them with a religious enthusiasm or to sacrifice even our very lives in the noble work of making them cheap and common among men; and I stand here and say, without fear of reasonable denial, that all that I have said to-night is eminently consonant with the highest Christian truth and the best Christian justice, and that no condemnation of this truth has ever been heard from the blessed lips of Christ nor from the highest tribunal in His church. Nor is there any more danger or possibility of such condemna-

tion of so clear and salutary an economic truth than there is of the condemnation of the proposition that two and two make four.

I will read to you an appropriate summing up of many of the things that I have said a poem by Charles Mackay, entitled "Clear the Way:"

"Men of thought, be up and stirring night and day,
Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain, clear the way.
Men of action, aid and cheer them as we may;
There's a fount about to stream, there's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow, there's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing into gray;
Men of thought and men of action, clear the way.

"Once the welcome light has broken, who shall say
What the unhidden glories of the day?
What the evil that shall perish in its ray?
Aid the dawning tongue and pen; aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it paper, aid it type; aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken into play,
Men of thought, men of action, clear the way.

"Lo! the cloud's about to vanish from the day,
And a brazen wrong to crumble into clay;
Lo, the right's about to conquer! Clear the way!
With the right shall many enter, smiling at the dawn,
With the giant wrong shall fall many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us for their prey;
Men of thought, men of action, clear the way."

New York Sun, March 31, 1887

To say that the Rev. Dr. McGlynn's address at the Academy of Music, Tuesday evening, was a remarkably intellectual performance is to do it imperfect justice.

The Rev. Dr. McGlynn's address is entitled to rank with those great orations which at critical times and from the mouths of men of genius have swayed the course of public opinion and changed the onward movement of nations.

IF I know myself, in spite of my own weaknesses, I know one thing, and that is that from earliest childhood my heart has ever beaten with sympathy for the wronged, the oppressed, the outcast, the down-trodden. I have ever been ready, forced by a nature inherited from a sainted Christian mother, to shed a tear of sympathy for every human sorrow and to feel righteous, burning indignation against whatsoever human wrong, no matter how high placed may be the author, that could do hurt to a fellow man.

DR. McGLYNN.

Doctrinal Statement
OF
Reverend Doctor Edward McGlynn
PRESENTED BY HIM TO THE
Papal Ahlegate
Monsignor Francis Satelli

*By whose direction it was examined by four Professors of the
Catholic University, Washington, D. C.
December, 1892*

**Declared to contain nothing contrary to
Catholic Teaching**

All men are endowed by the law of nature with the right to life and to the pursuit of happiness, and therefore with the right to exert their energies upon those natural bounties without which labor or life is impossible.

God has granted those natural bounties, that is to say, the earth, to mankind in general, so that no part of it has been assigned to anyone in particular, and so that the limits of private possession have been left to be fixed by man's own industry and the laws of individual peoples.

But it is a necessary part of the liberty and dignity of man that man should own himself, always, of course, with perfect subjection to the moral law. Therefore, beside the common right to natural bounties, there must be by the law of nature private property and dominion in the fruits of industry or in what is produced by labor out of those natural bounties to which the individual may have legitimate access, that is, so far as he does not infringe the equal right of others or the common rights.

It is a chief function of civil government to maintain equally sacred these two natural rights.

It is lawful and it is for the best interests of the individual and of the community and necessary for civilization that there should be a division as to the use and an undisturbed, permanent, exclusive private possession of portions of the natural bounties, or of the land; in fact, such exclusive possession is necessary to the ownership, use and enjoyment by the individual of the fruits and products of his industry.

But the organized community, through civil government, must always maintain the dominion over those natural bounties, as distinct from the products of private industry and from that private possession of the land which is necessary for their enjoyment. The maintenance of this dominion over the natural bounties is a primary function and duty of the organized community, in order to maintain the equal right of all men to labor for their living and for the pursuit of happiness, and therefore their equal right of access directly or indirectly to natural bounties. The assertion of this dominion by civil government is especially necessary, because, with the very beginning of civil government and with the growth of civilization, there comes to the natural bounties, or the land, a peculiar and an increasing value distinct from and irrespective of the products of private industry existing therein. This value is not produced by the industry of the private possessor or proprietor, but is produced by the existence of the community and grows with the growth and civilization of the community. It is, therefore, called the unearned increment. It is this unearned increment that in cities gives to lands without any improvements so great a value. This value represents and measures the advantages and opportunities produced by the community, and men, when not permitted to acquire the absolute dominion over such lands, will willingly pay the value of this unearned increment in the form of rents, just as men, when not permitted to own other men, will willingly pay wages for desired services.

No sooner does the organized community, or State, arise, than it needs revenues. This need for revenues is small at first while population is sparse, industry rude and the functions of the State few and simple, but with growth of population and advance of civilization the functions of the State increase and larger and larger revenues are needed. God is the author of society, and has pre-ordained civilization. The increasing need for public revenues with social advance being a natural God-



DR. MCGLYNN, 1887

ordained need, there must be a right way of raising them—some way that we can truly say is the way intended by God. It is clear that this right way of raising public revenues must accord with the moral law or the law of justice. It must not conflict with individual rights, it must find its means in common right and common duties. By a beautiful providence, that may be truly called Divine, since it is founded upon the nature of things and the nature of man, of which God is the creator, a fund, constantly increasing with the capacities and needs of society, is produced by the very growth of society itself, namely, the rental value of the natural bounties of which society retains dominion. The justice and the duty of appropriating this fund to public uses is apparent, in that it takes nothing from the private property of individuals, except what they will pay willingly as an equivalent for a value produced by the community, and which they are permitted to enjoy. The fund thus created is clearly by the law of justice a public fund, not merely because the value is a growth that comes to the natural bounties which God gave to the community in the beginning, but also, and much more because it is a value produced by the community itself, so that this rental belongs to the community by that best of titles, namely, producing, making or creating.

To permit any portion of this public property to go into private pockets, without a perfect equivalent being paid into the public treasury, would be an injustice to the community. Therefore, the whole rental fund should be appropriated to common or public uses.

This rental tax will make compulsory the adequate utilization of natural bounties exactly in proportion to the growth of the community and of civilization, and will thus compel the possessors to employ labor, the demand for which will enable the laborer to obtain perfectly just wages. The rental tax fund growing by a natural law proportionately with the growth of civilization will thus be sufficient for public needs and capacities, and therefore all taxes upon industry and upon the products of industry may and should be abolished. While the tax on land values promotes industry, and therefore increases private wealth, taxes upon industry act like a fine or a punishment inflicted upon industry; they impede and restrain and finally strangle it.

In the desired condition of things land would be left in the private possession of individuals, with full liberty on their part to give, sell or bequeath it, while the State would levy on it for public uses a tax that should equal the annual value of the land itself, irrespective of the use made of it or the improvements on it.

The only utility of private ownership and dominion of land, as distinguished from possession, is the evil utility of giving to the owners the power to reap where they have not sown, to take the products of the labor of others without giving them an equivalent—the power to impoverish and practically to reduce to a species of slavery the masses of men, who are compelled to pay to private owners the greater part of what they produce for permission to live and to labor in this world, when they would work upon the natural bounties for their own account, and the power, when men work for wages, to compel them to compete against one another for the opportunity to labor, and to compel them to consent to labor for the lowest possible wages—wages that are by no means the equivalent of the new value created by the work of the laborer, but are barely sufficient to maintain the laborer in a miserable existence, and even the power to deny to the laborer the opportunity to labor at all. This is an injustice against the equal right of all men to life and to the pursuit of happiness, a right based upon the brotherhood of man which is derived from the fatherhood of God. This is the injustice that we would abolish in order to abolish involuntary poverty.

That the appropriation of the rental value of land to public uses in the form of a tax would abolish the injustice which has just been described, and thus abolish involuntary poverty, is clear; since in such case no one would hold lands except for use and the masses of men having free access to unoccupied lands would be able to exert their labor directly upon natural bounties and to enjoy the full fruits and products of their labors, beginning to pay a portion of the fruits of their industry to the public treasury only when, with the growth of the community and the extension to them of the benefits of civilization, there would come to their lands a rental value distinct from the value of the products of their industry, which value they would willingly pay as the exact equivalent of the new advantages coming to them from the community; and again in such case men would not be compelled to work for employers for wages

less than absolutely just wages, namely, the equivalent of the new value created by their labor; since men surely would not consent to work for unjust wages when they could obtain perfectly just wages by working for themselves; and, finally, since when what belongs to the community shall have been given to the community, the only valuable things that men shall own as private property will be those things that have been produced by private industry, the boundless desires and capacities of civilized human nature for good things will always create a demand for these good things, namely the products of labor—a demand always greater than the supply, and therefore for the labor that produces these good things there will always be a demand greater than the supply, and the laborer will be able to command perfectly just wages—which are a perfect equivalent in the product of some other person's labor for the new value which his own labor produces.

Letter of Approval from Henry George

Dr. McGlynn read the foregoing as a "A Doctrinal Statement" at the meeting of the Anti-Poverty Society, Cooper Union, Jan. 1 1893. At the meeting of Jan. 15th he again read it as his statement to Mgr. Satolli preceding his restoration and added his letter of 23 Dec., 1892, to the Delegate. Closing his address, he said:

"In the statement presented to Archbishop Satolli, and which I have just now read, there is, as those of you familiar with the doctrine can see for yourselves, no minimizing or departing from the doctrines of the United Labor Party platform or of the Anti-Poverty Society, as I have been teaching the doctrine for years. No man surely could be more sensitive to any such departure and deplore it more bitterly than the man who wrote the platform of the United Labor Party and the preamble to the constitution of the Anti-Poverty Society, namely, my friend, Mr. Henry George, to whom I sent a copy of this exposition of doctrine, and who in his letter of acknowledgment to me said of it: 'It is entirely worthy of yourself, of the occasion and of the great opportunities now before you, opportunities larger than any parish or any diocese could afford, for the great movement which we have both at heart is rapidly passing through the preliminary stages, and your restoration urges it on. That you may have health and strength for the work before you is my earnest prayer.'"

It is very pertinent to the matter in hand and to questions now uppermost in the public mind to make the following quotation from the same letter of Henry George to me:

"My appreciation of the present Pope, greatly increased by the Encyclical, has been steadily growing, and since the errand of the Ablegate has developed, has reached the highest point. It would previously have seemed incredible that such radical, comprehensive and far-reaching action would have been the work of his surroundings and age. Nothing that I can recall has so surprised and gratified me. For the powers linked against it have seemed too great to be broken down save in long years. It seems indeed as if a greater power had on all sides overruled evil for good."

Dr. McGlynn's Letter to Mgr. Satolli

MONSIGNOR—I am very happy to learn that it has been judged that there is nothing contrary to Catholic doctrine in the doctrine taught by me, as it was explained by me in the exposition of the same which I sent to your Grace and I rejoice that you are prepared to remove the ecclesiastical censures.

I assure you that I have never said, and would never say consciously, a word contrary to the teachings of the Church and of the Apostolic See, to which teachings and notably to those contained in the Encyclical, "Rerum Novarum," I give, and have ever given, a full adhesion.

And if whatsoever word may have ever escaped me which might seem not entirely conformable to those teachings, I would like to recall it or to interpret it in a sense conformable to them.

I have not consciously failed in the respect due to the authority of the Holy See. But if whatsoever word may have ever escaped me not conformable to the respect due to it, I should be the first to regret it and to recall it.

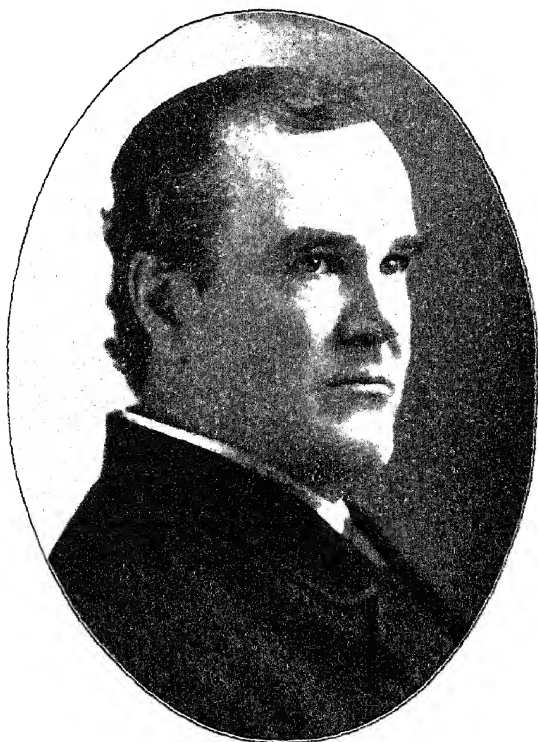
As to the journey to Rome, I will make it within three or four months, if the matter be not otherwise determined by the Holy Father.

I am your Grace's

Very obedient servant,

EDWARD MCGLYNN.

December 23, 1892.



Edward McGlynn

HIS face had that beauty which comes
from a lifetime of love for men.

There is no other beauty equal to it.

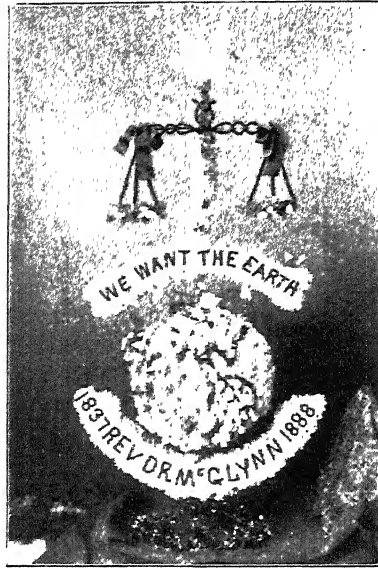
There is no other or shorter process for
achieving it.

It is a growth as slow and inevitable
and satisfying as that of an oak.

It defies all hypocrisy and imitation.

It is the last touch of the finger of God
in the creation of man.

—ERNEST CROSBY



WHAT DR. McGLYNN TAUGHT.

The Fatherhood of God—the Brotherhood of Man.

God is the Father of us all, and not the Stepfather of any of us.

At the Father's table there is room for all His children.

The natural opportunities, the land, like the waters and the air and the sunlight, were given by the Father to us all, equally for all.

Poverty is the result of human laws that allow a few to monopolize what God created for the equal use of all.

The Last Letter of Dr. McGlynn

ST. MARY'S RECTORY,
Newburgh, N. Y.,
January 1, 1900.

MR. SAMUEL BRAZIER,
722 East Second Street,
South Boston, Mass.

DEAR MR. BRAZIER:—I am still very ill, but slowly convalescing; I am utterly unable to write any letters, and even dictation of a letter is an arduous task.

I must therefore beg you to excuse me from any consideration in this letter of the points of your letter. I may tell you, however, that the date of the declaration that I was a priest in good standing was on the 23d of December, 1892. And this declaration was brought about without any retraction of the doctrine which I had taught, to which I still manifest my adherence at all reasonable times and places. And again there never was any retraction of my utterances on other issues to which you refer, with the exception of my expressing my regret, if in the heat of passionate discourse, I had lapsed into unparliamentary language unworthy of the object and unworthy of myself. Surely no gentleman should ever be unwilling to do this much.

Further, I would now remark that the very word "politics" in the title of the speech you refer to shows the clear intent on my part to distinguish sharply between the religion which I considered divine, and, on the other hand, the mere policies or politics of even the very highest ecclesiastical administrations, which all history shows, and from the nature of the case, must be imperfect and frequently jarring and discordant, which too often turn out to be blunders worse than crimes. One administration has said that the policy of its immediate predecessors in dealing with Queen Elizabeth was a policy to be deplored with tears of blood. I have not retracted my opinions on these subjects, and I could not. But our friend *The Investigator* will, I should hope, admit that now that the situation has been cleared up and I am happily exercising the ministry which is of paramount importance to me, a decent respect for myself and for the requirements of my position demands that my animadversions upon such subjects should take on a more dignified and diplomatic character, and I should not insist upon still fighting with a club.

The Investigator has, I fear, not followed up my case with great closeness; if he had he would have noticed that, in several magazine articles, I have insinuated or asserted the very same views but fortunately, in such a manner that even the very highest ecclesiastical authorities, while probable not quite liking them, yet could not find occasion for serious condemnation or serious reprehension.

My dear Mr. Brazier, as I have been wound up in the dictation, I have been made to forget even my weakness and to tax the patience of my amanuensis. My intention was to request, and I do now request, you to send me a copy of the article in *The Vindicator*, after perusing which I might have been better able to answer your letter. But I feel now that I have perhaps said all that was necessary. However, I hope to be able to write to you again, even though briefly, after receiving the copy of *The Vindicator*.

Wishing you all the Christmas joys and New Year blessings.

Very sincerely yours,

EDWARD MCGLYNN,

Per J. H. D.

Thoughts of Dr. McGlynn

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS ADDRESSES

By SYLVESTER L. MALONE

The Earth Should Be the Very Ante-Chamber of Heaven

God is the Father of all His children, all are equally brothers and therefore He has given to all of them equally His natural bounties.

He has placed us here as if in one goodly household, and He is abundantly able, as He is most willing to make His table long enough and broad enough to accommodate all of His children and with elbow room to spare.

Natural Gifts—Essential Rights

With diversity of natural gifts, God has given an equality of essential rights to all His children, just because they are His children.

The Earth Given to Men

“The earth He hath given to the children of men.” He hath given it as a gratuitous gift; and he, I care not who he may be; the law, I care not what it be, or by whom it may have been written; the teacher or preacher, I care not of what church or sect, who would rob men of what God hath given them, is a sacrilegious thief, and all the more sacrilegious if he presumes to speak in the very voice and in the very words of God.

All men are created by Almighty God with certain inalienable rights; these inalienable rights are rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; life cannot be had without proper access to the materials of which this earth is made; and therefore, God has given an equal and indefeasible right to each and every one of His children of access to these materials; no prescription, no vested right, no law, can deprive the child of a beggar that may be born in a barn to-night of the same right as the child that is born to inherit an imperial throne, to equal common proprietorship, or tenancy, if you will, of the natural bounties of God.

Inequalities arising not from the inequality of gifts that God has given but from the usurpations of men of the rights that God has given to all naturally are opposed to education.

We must distinguish between the gifts of nature and the products of human industry.

There is a distinction between what God through nature has given equally to all His children because He is the equal, impartial and loving Father of them all, and the private property which by God's own law is the proper reward of man's individual energy.

God never designed that one of His children should exclude any other from the bounties He provided for all.

The Creator has made ample provision for all men in the storehouse of nature and in the faculties and powers of man.

There can be only One Landlord. He is the Lord our God.

"The earth He hath given to the children of men." It is a goodly habitation in which He has placed His family. And it is a monstrous usurpation of God's property to permit any man to call himself the absolute owner of any portion of it.

Not the property even of the whole human family, God alone is the owner and he has simply given, as Jefferson tells us, the usufruct of these bounties to each succeeding generation of living men.

Free the Earth from Landlordism

Free the earth from the curse of landlordism by taking the entire rental value of land in taxation, leaving to private holders possession of the land they choose to use.

Man's Right to Natural Bounties

It is perfectly clear that man by being a man at all has an equal right with every other man, with all men to natural bounties.

It requires no parchment to prove his title, it requires no civil or ecclesiastical law to guarantee it. The mere fact that he is here, a human being endowed with this nature is the one indispensable title to this joint, equal usufruct of all the bounties of nature.

Rights that are not God vested can never be vested.

Men are made by their Creator equal and endowed by Him with rights which for the simple reason they come from Him are inalienable so that no power can ever deprive men of them.

We have no quarrel with the payment of rent, but we have an eternal war with the payment to the wrong man.

Rental Value of Land

"It is the very shadow of society that follows society as the shadow follows the man who walks hither and thither."

To be Taken by Community

Our object is to have laws enacted by which the rental values of land shall be taken by the community because they are created by the community and rightfully belong to it, and to abolish all taxes upon the products of labor. Thus alone can justice be secured. It would give to every man all that he can honestly acquire and leave to no man what he does not deserve to have.

Landlordism

Landlordism creates artificial scarcity of natural opportunities, therefore makes scarcer all those good things that would be produced out of those natural bounties.

Land Monopoly

The monopoly that is the parent monopoly, the giant monopoly, that overshadows all other monopolies, is the monopoly of the natural bounties, and the reason why this monopoly exists at all is because there comes to these natural bounties a great value from the growth and the very needs of the community and from the increased capacity of the community to produce good things, since it is only on the land and by the land and out of the land that anything can be produced by human labor.

Therefore those who have the exclusive control of the land enjoy the faculty, the power, of placing practically what conditions they please upon the use of that land, and where mere selfishness is the rule they will naturally place upon it the highest price that they can extort from the necessities of mankind.

Hence the evils and the horrors of landlordism, of land monopoly, of land-grabbing here and elsewhere. Hence the fact that in spite of increase of wealth, of civilization, of labor-saving machinery, the masses of men are not benefited, that poverty is actually increased with the increase of wealth, and there comes to those communities that are the wealthiest a new, more degrading and more soul-killing poverty than exists in the free and simple condition of barbarism.

It is because of the enormous value that comes to lands, to the earth, where civilization is highest, population densest, and the ability of human labor to produce good things greatest. Therefore does the value of the land on which alone all these things can be done become the greater; therefore the greater

cupidity of men to possess that land; therefore the higher the toll that the masses of men can be compelled to pay for the privilege of living on that land, of standing upon it, sitting down upon it, working upon it, being ill upon it and dying upon it and being buried in it.

Monopoly exacts more than a fair return for what it gives, and we are entirely justified in saying that the state should stop at nothing that experience shall prove to be necessary in order to abolish such monopolies.

We are driving at the abolition of those monopolies that are denying, nullifying the Declaration of Independence; making impracticable the equality of men.

The People—The Land

We must have the people acknowledged as the supreme owners of the land, and those who are permitted to hold choicer portions of our common estate must pay to the people in the shape of a tax a perfect equivalent for the privilege that they enjoy, so that men shall not have to pay to their brethren for the enjoyment of a value that is a product of the whole community and not of an individual brother.

Public Utilities

And so it is with the highways of the nation, the railways, the telegraphs and the like. They are the product of the people, they can only exist by the sovereign charter of the people. By their very nature they are more or less a monopoly, and therefore do not come into the class of those things where competition will speedily reduce prices and give to each one the precise equivalent for what he has done.

Franchises

I do not think we ought to turn over the people's roads to the railway kings. We have turned over great franchises which are worth hundreds of millions of dollars to their fortunate possessors. Now, hundreds of millions of dollars is too much money for us to pay for managing our high roads.

An enormous value not earned by the investors, but created by the franchise of the people.

Make Common by Law what God made Common

The only way to right the social injustice is by making common by law, by constitution, by practice what God has made common, by appropriating to the community what the community has produced, by the owning or controlling by the community and not corporations of those great public franchises like railroads and telegraphs.

Sagacity

It was told of a recently deceased Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, a man who sat in the Senate of the United States, one of the most eminent men of his generation, how he, a poor lawyer, in a comparatively poor western town, had been able to accumulate some two or three millions of dollars worth of property. How? By "sagacity" in investing in lands at some distance from villages and towns, with foresight that in the course of a few years the growth of those communities, the industry, thrift, talent, virtue, patience of large communities would all keep adding to the value of his property, and in course of time cities, towns and villages would grow up on these lands, and he would be able to command an enormous price for land that cost him but a song. Now, while the law tolerated or even sanctioned what he was doing, he was guilty of an iniquity, of reaping where he had not sown, of exacting tribute where he had contributed nothing.

Capital

Where did the first man get his capital? Man with his bare hands and the land has produced all things. All the wonders of our civilization, this magnificent temple of art, the mightiest dome that the genius of man has ever raised over the altar of God, everything is ultimately but the product coming from a naked man on the naked earth. And God sent him down from Heaven with no other capital, no other machinery but the magnificent capital of his brain, of his muscular energies, and the magnificent natural bounties of which He has made him the lord and sovereign.

Labor

We do not stop at merely organized labor. We mean by labor the farmer, the doctor, the musician—every man who by brain or muscle renders an equivalent for what he enjoys.

The Right to Labor

We have the duty as well as the right to labor. It is necessary to the fulfillment of the law of God.

The right to labor upon what? Punching the air? No, there may be some gymnastic exercise in that, but nothing to speak of. We have the right to labor upon what? Why upon our environment of course, in this goodly habitation and not in the moon or in Mars. This earth must be the work shop, a goodly workshop, that the Father the Master workman, has stocked with wonderful materials, but raw materials, which require the use of human labor in order to evolve more of those wonders that man has already evolved by his labor.

Labor is the law of life. It is the law of civilization—it is the law of human progress.

Labor is dignified, Labor is great, Labor is sweet, Labor is holy. To labor is to pray: *Laborare est orare.*

Labor Has a Sacramental Value

Labor is caged, prisoned, cribbed, cabined and confined if it have not absolutely free access to the bounties upon which it must be exerted, so that, in the natural order, materials of labor, access to these materials and the diligent, industrious and rational exertion of labor upon these materials is the sacrament of nature, even as the holy sacrament of Christ's body and blood is the sacrament in the spiritual order.

It is a thousand pities that the masses of men have so little leisure for rest, for recreation to renew their strength, their vigor, in order that they may be the better able to bear their burdens, to learn their lessons, to fulfill their tasks, to fight their battles.

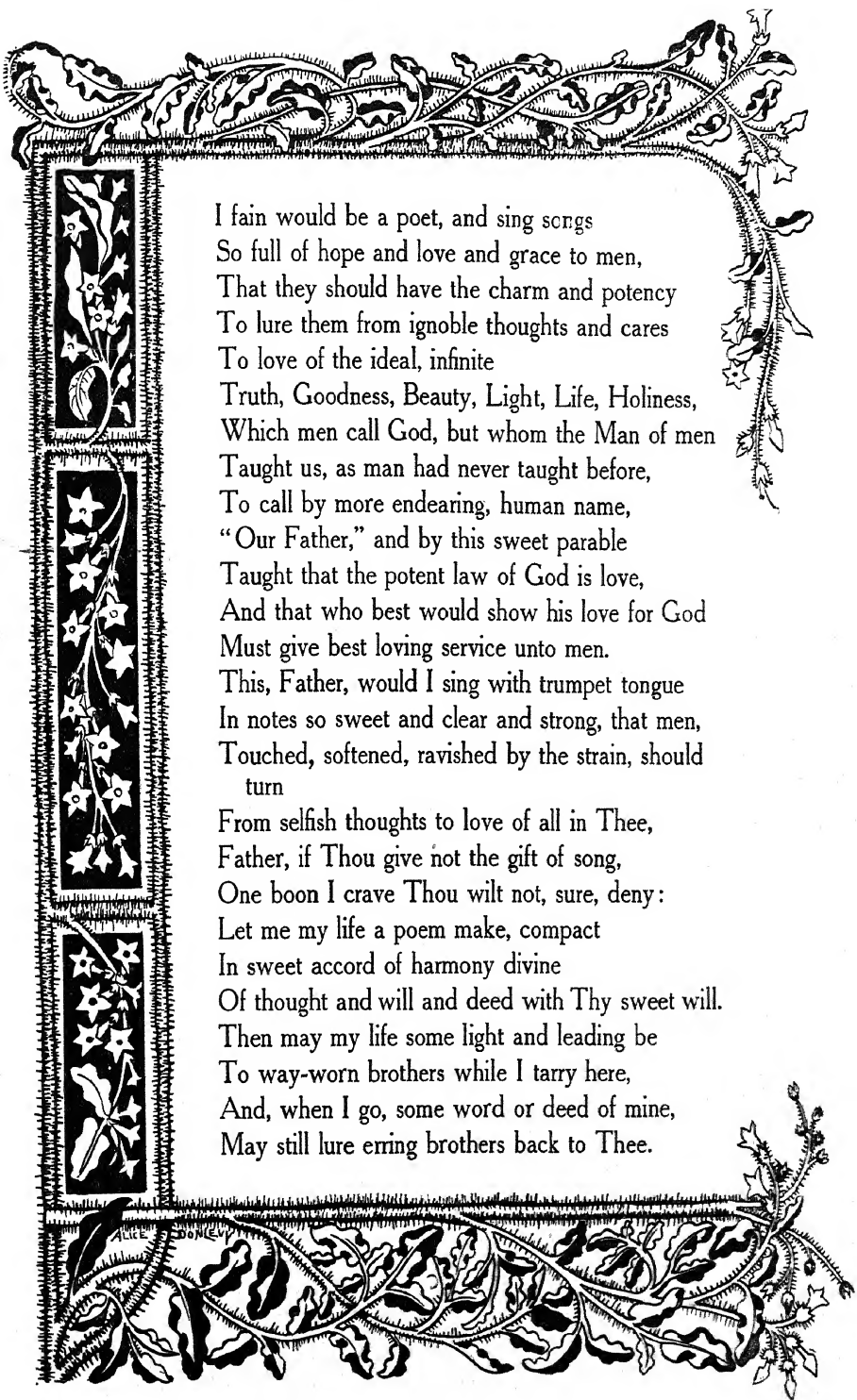
Labor—Today—Horrid Drudgery

This eternal drudgery of men and women, this chaining of men and women and little children to the counters, to the bench, to the workshop, the eternal tragedy of the mothers and the daughters, the incarceration of the little children in dingy tenements that may better be called prisons than homes, the unsightly scenes, the unhealthful odors, the unseemly surroundings to which most men are condemned every day and every week, and all the years of their lives, are no part of God's original plan in placing His human family here on earth and bidding them subdue the earth and possess it and enjoy it.

Labor Should be Healthful Exercise

We should have leisure abundant to cultivate our minds, to improve our tastes and to gratify them, leisure abundant for rest and recreation, so that the toils and the burdens should be but a healthful exercise and not the horrid things they are today, debasing, degrading, distorting the stature and the dignity of man, defacing in so great measure with sores and scars, with the marks of chains, stunting, preventing the growth of the image of God in the forms and in the minds of men.

It is a noble charity to help to bring about such lawful social adjustments, based upon a sound political economy, as will create a greater and a steady demand for labor and raise wages while diminishing the cost of living, and thus largely diminish suffering, of which there will always necessarily be enough in the world for the exercise of Christian charity.



I fain would be a poet, and sing songs
So full of hope and love and grace to men,
That they should have the charm and potency
To lure them from ignoble thoughts and cares
To love of the ideal, infinite
Truth, Goodness, Beauty, Light, Life, Holiness,
Which men call God, but whom the Man of men
Taught us, as man had never taught before,
To call by more endearing, human name,
"Our Father," and by this sweet parable
Taught that the potent law of God is love,
And that who best would show his love for God
Must give best loving service unto men.
This, Father, would I sing with trumpet tongue
In notes so sweet and clear and strong, that men,
Touched, softened, ravished by the strain, should
turn
From selfish thoughts to love of all in Thee,
Father, if Thou give not the gift of song,
One boon I crave Thou wilt not, sure, deny:
Let me my life a poem make, compact
In sweet accord of harmony divine
Of thought and will and deed with Thy sweet will.
Then may my life some light and leading be
To way-worn brothers while I tarry here,
And, when I go, some word or deed of mine,
May still lure erring brothers back to Thee.

A large population will produce far more for each than a small population. And this goes to show that it is a mistake to suppose that there is danger of the human family becoming too numerous in this world. The natural bounties are practically boundless.

"It Is a Beautiful Law of God's Civilization

that where men come together in great numbers, so far from there being any danger of their exhausting the bounties of nature, nature surrenders to them in still larger proportion her greatest mysteries and her most precious treasures."

Labor Question

The labor question in its last analysis and philosophical conclusion is the question, "How shall all men and women at all times and all places, be able to exercise all the faculties with which they are endowed for the purpose of earning a living. It is the question of how to employ their faculties and obtain their just rewards. Men find that they are unable to so employ their faculties and receive their rewards.

Immigration

Every able-bodied man, every able-bodied woman, every healthy child that comes into this country, whether from heaven or from Europe is money in the pockets of the country.

Instead of being afraid of having too many children in a family or too many people in a city, or too many people in a country, we shall be asking God to send us more of these good things, and we shall be saying we shall never have enough.

Room Enough For All

Why is there more talk today of keeping out what is called pauper labor than there was forty or fifty years ago? Simply because land thirty or forty or fifty years ago was practically to be got for nothing all over a great part of this country, and today the land is all practically monopolized. Tear away the barriers that keep the people from the land! Then there will be such a demand for labor of every kind, that the sixty millions of people of the United States will be too few to do the work. Every man not only provides for himself in a system of freedom, where natural opportunities are not monopolized, but helps to increase the wealth of his fellowmen and increases not only his own wealth and the aggregate wealth of the country, but makes it easier for everybody else. A generation or two ago that was the American spirit. We felt that any decent man who came along was a blessing to the country. This country would not be one-half what it is, it would not be more than one-third what it is today if there had been no immigration after the adoption of the Constitution of the United States.

The law of labor is the law of God, but it is a monstrous law if labor be God's law, and man who has the means to labor, the desire to labor, the strength to labor, is not permitted to labor.

"Give us this day Our Daily Bread"

And so that prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," will surely never issue from the lips of any true child of God with the meaning, with the hope, that the Father will feed with bread for which he shall not labor, for that were to ask the father to put a double burden of labor upon some less fortunate brother, and that were a blasphemy against the Father. Let no man, therefore, dare to-day, as no man shall dare in that happier day, to say, "Give us this day our daily bread," and desire anything else by the prayer than abundant justice in the world, abundant opportunity for himself, but no greater than for any one of his brethren, to employ his energies upon the boundless materials that God has spread out for all his children. Give me, give us, give all of us, give to every child of this nation, abundant opportunity to employ our labor, and perfect security in the fruits of our labor. That is the sublime philosophy of the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread."

What we mean by Labor

Labor upon these natural bounties is the one means by which men can work out their destiny. And when we speak thus of labor we mean not merely the labor of the hand, but the labor of the head; we mean not only the exercise of muscle, but we mean also the exercise of the energies of the brain. We mean, in a word, all those exercises of human faculties, whether of soul or body, that go to make up all the wonders of civilization. We mean the labor of the preacher who teaches the word of God. We mean the labor of the artist who thinks out the marvellous dream of beauty and perpetuates it upon the canvas. We mean the thought of a Michael Angelo and of a Raphael as well and more than the labor of the man who made for Raphael the canvas, or the stonemason that chiseled some of the stones that may now be in the dome of St. Peter's, the labor of head or hand of painter, poet, sculptor, musician, of the man who makes the musical instrument, and, still better, of the man who plays upon it, and, better still, of the master mind that composed the masterpiece that thousands of musicians shall continue to gladden the hearts of men by their repetition of. All exercise of human faculty that contributes anything to human enjoyment, to the satisfaction of human desires, everything that helps to elevate and refine man by the exercise of human energies, is labor, and it should have its reward. It should have free scope.

Poverty

I am intensely convinced that poverty is not a law of God, but is a violation of God's law.

Inability to Get Work

Poverty arises from inability to get work. Inability to get work arises from the fact that the general bounties of nature are appropriated as private property by a few, and the masses are deprived of their divine inheritance.

And so instead of having the equal right to get at the general bounties of nature, and thus exercise the right of supporting themselves and their families, the masses have to go begging of the few—of the classes—for the boon to labor. They have to crave as a blessing the chance to get work, and it rests with the monopolists to give the work to the one who will content himself with the poorest fare of all—to the one who will consent to live and reproduce his species with the least proportion of the products of his labor.

Opportunity To Work Wanted

My life has, for many a year, been made a burden to me by the never ending procession of men and women and little children coming to my door, and not asking for food, but asking for influence and letters of recommendation, and personally appealing to me to obtain for them an opportunity for working for their daily bread.

Poverty Can Be Abolished

We have a belief that poverty can be abolished by conforming human laws and institutions to the great principles of equal justice.

We would abolish involuntary poverty that comes from crowding out God's children from the Father's estate, so that they are permitted to come back to it only on condition of becoming the tenants or serfs or slaves of their more favored brethren.

The poverty which we would abolish is no part of God's plan, but a blur and a blot on civilization, rather the creation of the ignorance of his plan—a poverty that causes men to curse God and revile and ridicule the thought of saying "Our Father."

We wish, therefore, to abolish poverty because we wish to enforce the ordinances of God in the maintaining and ruling of human society, and because we see clearly that God's plan for the prevention of poverty is that men should have the earth, and it is clearly God's only plan for the abolition of poverty to restore the earth to men again.

Not God's Law

The poverty that we would abolish, the misery that is in the world, the degradation of want and the still worse degradation of the fear of want, the avarice, the cupidity, the countless crimes of which poverty, bred of injustice, is the fruitful mother, are not the result of the laws of a beneficent Father, but of the blasphemous violation of them.

"The Poor Ye Have Always With You"

"The poor ye have always with you" is the declaration of a painful fact, but not the enunciation of a divine law.

Christ, when he said "The poor ye have always with you" did not enact a law, He did not express a desire that poverty should continue to the end but He simply predicted a very unpleasant fact.

"The poor ye have always with you." More's the pity. And if we must always have some of them with us, would it be so blasphemous, so terrible a contradiction of revelation, if we could so reverse the order of things that the masses would enjoy great abundance and that it should be only classes that suffer the poverty?"

No Need To Be Poor

The poverty that comes like a necessary horrid shadow of civilization to-day is no necessary consequence of civilization. It is the result of the enormous increase of value that comes to land from civilization, and because of our mistakes in permitting that enormous value, that magnificent fund provided by a beautiful providential design for the benefit of the community, to become a curse by giving it into private pockets and making it an advantage for men to enslave their brethren by making artificially scarce the magnificent bounties of God.

Who Are the Poor?

Not merely the disinherited ones, the wanderers, the tramps, the beggars, but the tired and struggling masses of mankind who are at best only a few degrees above pauperism; those to whom a somewhat protracted period without employment or a serious domestic affliction might reduce to absolute poverty. The poor are the great masses of men everywhere. The rich are the few, the poor are the many.

Poverty, Terrible Price for Progress

The progress and civilization that is purchased by the poverty and consequent vice and crime of today are not worth the terrible price, and, therefore, it is that by a natural instinct that does justice to the better plan of God, men have been singing that God made the country and man made the town.

God Made Town and Country

If God made the country from the forces of inanimate nature, God has made the town through His highest and holiest and noblest work—namely, the brain of man.

Abolish the Devil's, Not Christ's Poverty

Christ commanded holy poverty—the magnificent spiritual detachment of the animal man from the love of material things; the using these things, as St. Paul commends, as if we used them not.

It is not Christ's poverty; it is the devil's poverty that we

are trying to abolish. And we are trying to introduce into the world God's holy poverty. Christ did not preach the blessedness of poverty, but He did preach the blessedness of the poor among whom He lived; because He came to deliver His message first to the poor, to the outcast to the obscure, to the lowly, and to the unlearned, therefore, He said: "Blessed are the poor," because they have the Gospel preached to them.

Evictions in Ireland

Talk about evictions in Ireland, I am told that there are some twenty thousand evictions in New York City every year for non-payment of rent, a greater number than in all Ireland. Mr. Gladstone in his saner later moments has said that a sentence of eviction was frequently equivalent to a sentence of death. These sentences of eviction are to the street, with the poor little pots and pans and sticks of furniture, and from the streets to the hospital, to fill a premature grave in the Potter's field unmarked, unknown.

Tragedies in New York

We find lots of people driven out of the world by actual starvation here in New York City.

There is a fearful tragedy going on right under your eyes, ladies and gentlemen, and some of you don't see it and some of you know nothing about it. It has been my lot to touch these tragedies too often as if with my very hand. My ears have been oppressed by them. My heart has been rent by them. And small wonder if I could stand it no longer, and thought it high time to raise my voice and my hand to high heaven and as good as swear that I would do what I could to abolish this iniquity.

The vice that is the parent of poverty is itself the result of poverty.

The preachers of the blessedness of poverty are themselves an awful example of the debasing power of the fear of poverty.

The Children Dying

Although a great majority of the community were happy and in peace and enjoying comfort and refinement and learning and art and virtue and religion—an impossible supposition—since no man can enjoy true religion while next door to him God's children are dying of want and he is full of everything good. (Thunders of applause.)

Tear Down Mulberry Bend Rookeries

We want to abolish the poverty of those horrid dens, and of other tenement houses not quite so horrid.

We want to tear down as far as we can those horrid tenement houses of which the papers are telling us. If we could have our way we would make short work of your Mulberry Bends and similar "bends." It would be money in our pockets to destroy such rookeries.

Have More Parks

Have nothing built in their places,—let in the sunlight, have strips of verdure all over the city, parallel with all the great avenues; more parks, more green places in the city, inviting the birds to their once-wanted haunts, and let the children of the poor have to travel but a few steps in any direction to commune with nature, to see green things, to look at the sky, to hear the ripple of the waters. It would be money in the treasury of New York to save the lives of its people, for every human being is worth money to the community, to put it upon the lowest economic ground.

Our own Central Park has paid for itself over and over again in the increased value of property around it. If the mere slight percentage on the rental value of these lands which now goes in the shape of a tax to the public treasury has paid over and over again the whole cost of Central Park, how much more would it not be if the full rental value of those lands went into the public treasury!

Now we say it with all reverence, we say it with a sense of the infinite distance that passes between that Divine Model and us, that we are humbly, reverently trying to follow in His footsteps in abolishing poverty. Surely he is a poor teacher of Christianity, surely he has but a travesty of it in his mind and heart, who would ever believe that Christ wanted him to feed the hungry, but to be careful only to feed him enough to keep him from actually dying of starvation; that Christ wants us to keep a roof over the poor, to give them shelter, but to be careful that we don't make the roof too tight, so that the poor may be constantly reminded that this is but a weary and dreary kind of a world at best, and shall be very well resigned—as, in fact, most of them are, in my experience—to get out of the world if He choose to call for them.

Sanctity of Least of God's Children

The heavens are telling the glory of God. There is a greater heaven here, vaster and more wondrous than the physical universe, in the intelligent mind and affectionate heart of the least of God's creatures. All the multitudinous and multifarious beauties and glories of the physical world are not equal to the dignity and the sanctity of the mind and the heart of the least of God's children.

The Children

In the very homes in which many of you are living there are children dying tonight, not by the hand of God, but by the hand of man.

The Children Weeping

I must now come to a close. I shall read to you two stanzas of a poem by Mrs. Browning:

"But the young, young children, oh, my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly—
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

"And well may the children weep before you!
They are weary ere they run;
They have never seen the sunshine nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun."

* * * * *

"Let them weep! Let them weep!"

Let Them Weep

Let them weep—yes, let them weep—since it is their only solace, and it were cruel of us to deprive them of the comfort of their tears; but just because the children are weeping, and while they are weeping, let their hot tears scald our hearts, let their inarticulate groans and wails stir up within us all that is manly and womanly and all that is Christlike, to do what we can to dry their tears, to stop the inarticulate sobbing of their breaking hearts.

Let us, just because they are weeping, feel all the more impelled to heed the voice, to believe the words, to accept the call of the Master, stimulated by His example to do what we can to take away the cause of their tears. Let us, attracted by His powerful benedictions, encouraged by His promises, and awed by His menaces, do what we can to right the wrong and to cause the blessed day of justice to dawn. And the dawn of the day of justice will be the beginning of the doing on earth of the will of the Father as it is done in heaven. It will be the beginning of the reign of the Prince of Peace.

The Church

The Church is the society that comes from Him who came to be the teacher of that essential doctrine of all religion that in spite of accidental differences all men are brethren, children of the one Father, members of the one family, that their rights and their duties are equal and correlative, that wherever a human being exists there is an immortal soul, stamped with the very image of God, there is a brother to be loved, there is an image of God to be revered, there is a friend of God whom it is our duty to serve if we would win the approving smile of his Father, his Maker, and his Lord.

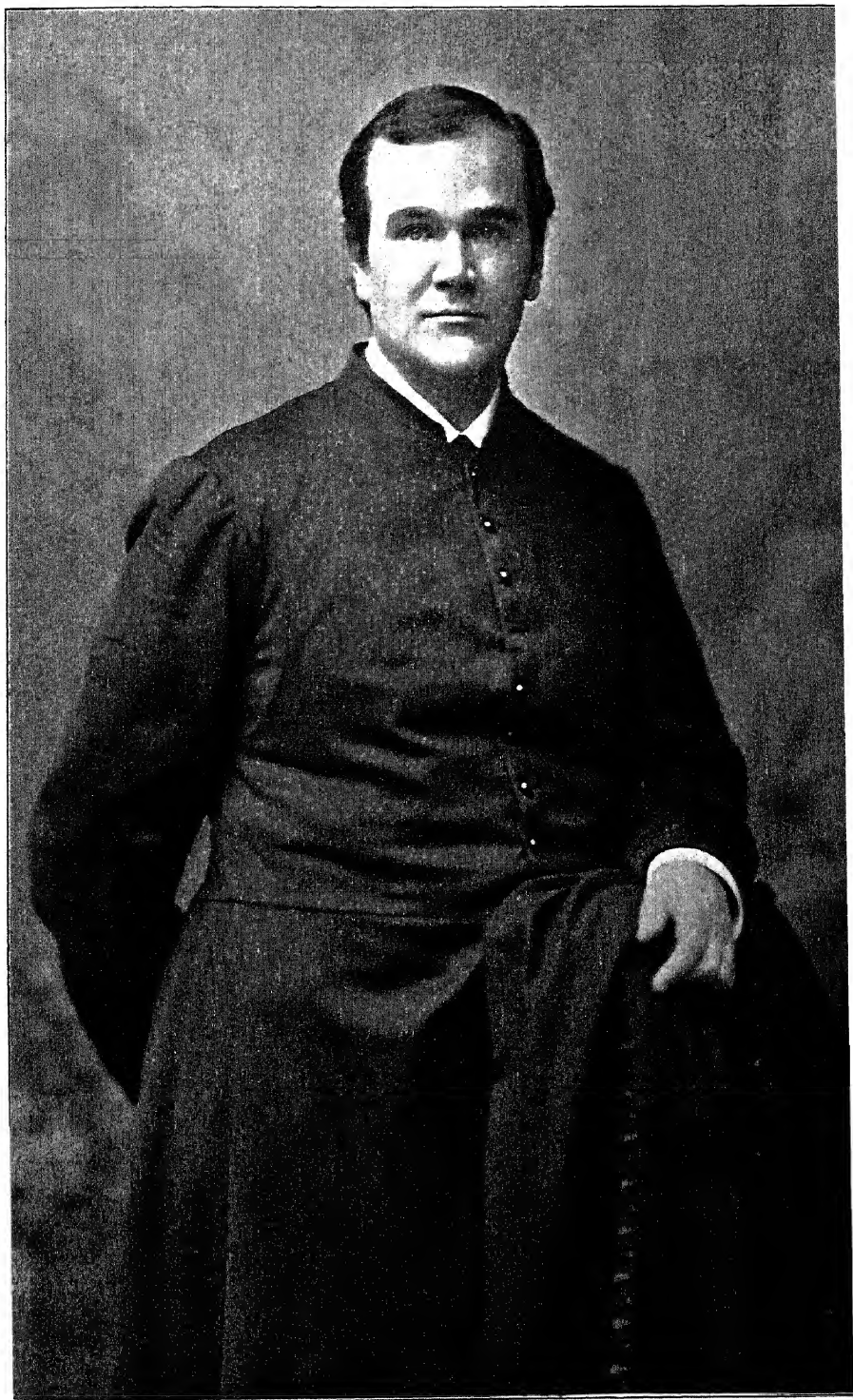
The Christ

The Christ came to teach the world with new and singular force and efficacy this doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men. He came to break down the barriers, He came to teach men their essential rights and duties.

He came to manumit the slave, to emancipate woman, to teach the proud that they are only creatures of God, only men, and to teach the poor, the abject, the outcast and the downtrodden that they are endowed with all the majesty of humanity, made in the very image of God. He came to raise up the lowly, to beat down the proud. He came to level up and to level down, He came to establish upon earth a Christian commonwealth, a commonwealth that should be composed of the whole human family, acknowledging the perfect rule of justice, of brotherhood, of love.

He came to take away all the false notions and prejudices that justified the robbing of man by man, the enslaving of man by his brother. He sympathized tenderly with those of God's children who had been disinherited through the avarice and the cruelty of their brethren. He was all tenderness and compassion for them. He sympathized with them in their sorrows. He healed their diseases. He shared their poverty. He did what he could to alleviate it. He had no words of bitterness for them even in their errors and their wanderings, but like a good and loving shepherd He would gently lead them back to the fold.

But He could be transformed wondrously at a moment's notice with fiercest indignation against the proud, the wealthy and the powerful who enslave and oppress their brethren. He who, gentleness and sweetness itself, with a voice that was the very music of Heaven, pronounced His beatitudes upon the meek, the lowly and the poor of spirit, could with an indignation such as no other mortal ever felt, a divine indignation breaking forth upon the lips of the gentlest and humblest of men, scourge the oppressors and threaten them with judgments far beyond the reach of mere human power: "Woe unto you rich men! It is hard for the rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven.



PASTOR OF ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, ABOUT 1870

It is easier for apparent impossibilities to take place than for the rich man to adapt himself, to so change his spirit, as to be worthy to enter into this new society that the Christ has come to establish in the world."

"Our Father"

When justice is absolutely meted out and we call the world one brotherhood, then all the universe can look up and say, "Our Father."

Make practical among men the doing as well as the saying of the Lord's Prayer.

The Fatherhood of God

"We would by practical statesman-like methods of adjustments of taxation make practical those great essential truths of the Declaration of Independence, the truths of the Lord's Prayer, the truth that is the very essence and the core of all religion, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man."

The Our Father

It was by preaching to the poor the glad tidings of redemption, the blessed doctrine of the fraternity and the equality of men, the beautiful fatherhood of God, that the Christ and His Apostles and their martyred successors, century after century, went on conquering the Roman world with all its powers, subduing to the beautiful lessons of the Gospel of Christ the subtle intelligence of Grecian sages and philosophers, calling into the temples of Christ the cultivated fancies of Grecian poets and teaching the pencil and chisel of great artists to find new inspiration in the great lesson of Him who taught all men regardless of whatsoever distinction, to look up and say, "Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name; Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." This is the gospel and the prophets. In the sublime prayer that He Himself taught us He has given us the epitome of all His teachings, of all beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount that tells us of our Godgiven and Godlike capacities here, to which is added a Godlike life hereafter.

Politics of the Lord's Prayer

These are the principles which, carried into practice, form the politics of the Lord's Prayer. The immortal preamble of the Declaration of Independence is founded on these precisely—that all men are equal, and that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights. If it be true that God is our Father, and we all are brethren, then this preamble is true. If not, then it has nothing to rest upon. If there be no brotherhood of man founded upon our mutual relationship with the Creator, then there are no equal rights, and there can be no regard for those rights or obligations to one another. Without

that society only waits for the man on horseback—the man with the drawn sword, who shall trample out the liberties and the rights of men under his horse's hoofs, and with all our boasted progress we are also doomed to such a destiny. For we are of common clay with others, and if there is no brotherhood of man sprung from God, then the law of force, of lust, of appetite must rule; might not right, must be supreme.

But if we are children of one Father, then of course the right to life is sacred. If we are brothers of one family, then it is a matter of course that we are free, and no brother, no matter how wise or how strong, can put his hand on another brother and say: "You are my property." It is part of our royal dignity as children of the King to possess the right to liberty. And in like manner follows the right, with all our differences of faculties and endowment and vocation, to the pursuit of happiness.

It Was Born With Me to Be a Priest

I think I can safely say without affectation, without the slightest violence to the truth, that I am by taste, by choice, by vocation as well as by education and ordination, nothing if not a priest, nothing if not a preacher of God's truth to men, a dispenser of His blessings. It was born with me, I believe, to be a priest. I inherited from a sainted mother the profoundest reverence for the altar of God, a kindly and a tender feeling for the suffering among God's children. I desired to do what I could to elevate my brethren and even, if I could by making some sacrifice, to be an instrument to cheer their hearts, to clear their minds, to bring them nearer to God, to assuage their sorrows, to teach them how best to bear them, and to convert the very trials and sufferings of life into so many precious counters by which to purchase the blessings of eternity.

Is It God's Order The Rich Richer, The Poor Poorer?

I began to feel life made a burden by the never-ending procession coming to my door of men and women and children, begging not so much for alms as for employment, and felt that no matter how much I might give them, even though I reserved nothing for myself, even though I hopelessly involved myself in debt, I could accomplish little or nothing. It would be but a drop in the bucket, and I began to ask myself, "Is there no remedy? Why are things thus? Is this God's order that the poor shall be constantly becoming poorer in all our large cities all the world over, the rich richer and the poor poorer." I was compelled out of sympathy for those right at my own door, as well as for thousands of the starving people of the native land of my father and my mother, to ask myself these questions, to study a little political economy, to ask what is God's law as to the abolition of poverty, as to the

maintenance of His family here below. It required very little light to see that God's law is labor. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." And that God who gave man the law of labor could not have mocked him by setting that task before him and denying him or permitting anybody to deny him the opportunity to employ his labor.

And the more I thought, and the more I read, and the more I studied, the more I became convinced of the doctrines of this Anti-Poverty Society, the doctrine taught by Bishop Nulty of Meath, the doctrine written in the very nature of things, that God, the Father of us all, has created the natural bounties for all His children, and has given to each child the ownership of himself, so that he may make whatever use he can of his strength and talents upon those bounties that God has given equally to all, and that the product of labor exercised upon the natural bounties is absolutely the property of him who produces it and that the value that comes to the natural bounties irrespective of individual improvements, namely, the rental value, the value that comes to coal lands and to natural gas lands, and especially to city lots, utterly irrespective of anything done by the individual owner sometimes in spite of the individual owner, this rental value, is produced by the community, and therefore belongs to the community by taxing it into the public treasury.

That is the doctrine of this Anti-Poverty Society. It is sometimes called the single tax doctrine, for the reason that we could and we should remove all other taxes, since by a beautiful providential natural law, the fund produced in the rental value of natural bounties by the growth of the community will always be fully adequate to supply all the public demands. And the greatest freedom and stimulus would thus be given to labor, whether of head or hand, and thus would involuntary poverty be abolished. That is a demand for justice.

The Brotherhood of Man Must Be Acknowledged

We are possessed by a passion and a thirst that shall not be satiated till justice shall reign supreme over the whole world, till all men shall acknowledge the brotherhood of man, that the weakest has equal rights with the strongest, in a word that there is a majestic heaven-born idealization of the very mind of God that there shall come a day when men shall know no other sovereign but that Heavenly queen and her name shall be Justice.

The remedy for the social and political ills that affect mankind is the realization of the equality of man based upon the Fatherhood of God. We are all members of His family—we should be equally heirs to His estate.

Shall the child of the king of Heaven be the slave of a thing like Himself? If we are equally children of the Father, surely we are also equally entitled by the very gift of the Creator to the right

of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. We must own and control ourselves, the strength of our right arms, the skill of our fingers, the cunning of our brain; whatsoever endowment we have received from nature that is the peculiar gift of the Father to each one of us. And the simple problem for the social economist and the statesman is to reconcile this full liberty of each with the equal rights of all to the natural bounties. It is blasphemy to say that God having placed us here He has permitted a constantly decreasing number of the privileged few to enslave, to rob, to oppress, to exterminate vast masses of their brethren.

It is clearly blasphemy against the Most High to assert that any so-called vested rights of property, derived from a semi-barbarous age, should actually by God's law take precedence of and eternally supersede the law of God written in the very minds and hearts of His children, that the so-called vested rights of property should actually supersede the inalienable rights of man.

Have no Quarrel with God

Poverty is not the fruitful school of the manly virtues. It is a terrible temptation—a terrible school of temptation—a terrible trial to man's faith in God. And we are doing something to revive their faith in God and God's providence by saying: O men and brethren, O women and sisters, have no quarrel with sweet religion. The cruel injustice that is crushing you, that is starving your children before your eyes, that is stifling them here in our tenement houses, the brutal cruelty of man to man that is exterminating the people of Ireland or turning them out to die in the ditch—that is not God's law, but it is the result of the violation of God's law, and we are the best friends of God's law who hate it and denounce it.

And men and women who have been estranged from God, who have got to hate the name of God, have come here to this hall and have heard the Gospel of the Father in Heaven, and they have plucked the bitterness out of their hearts and trampled it under foot, and they have stifled the blasphemies upon their lips, and they have risen to their feet and applauded to the echo the recitation of the Lord's Prayer.

And What is Prayer?

Prayer is that supernatural atmosphere, it is that spiritual halo that surrounds the soul of man, of such a character that any man who truly prays is at that moment necessarily saved. Prayer is that perfect charity which theologians tell us necessarily raises man to the condition of Salvation.

What is it but the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man? "Our Father"—not my Father—that is the essence of Christianity—of all religion that is worthy of the name; the essence of the law of Moses as it is the essence of the teaching of Christ—justice, love, brotherhood, equality.

Christmas

We are on the eve of that holy and solemn and sacred night so momentous for all mankind and especially for God's poor.

My Dear Friends: It is the holy Christmas time. The air is still redolent with the sweet winter flowers that the earth must needs bring forth even in her most inclement season to deck the manger cradle of the Son of God. It is still musical with the chants of the angels who make midair luminous by their presence and vocal with their song, telling to simple minded shepherds keeping watch, of the glad tidings, the good news of the redemption, of emancipation for man, of the breaking down of the barriers that separate man from man, the calling into one magnificent brotherhood, into a closely compacted society, with a godly kingdom of all the children of men.

The angels announced glad tidings to men: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace." It is the dream of the human fancy; it is the aspiration of the human heart; it must needs be the distant goal of all the searching of the philosophic mind, this perfect peace, the perfect resting of the mind and soul and fancy in the possession of the true, the good and the beautiful.

The peace that we are striving for is a peace that shall be full of activity, full of thought, full of knowledge, full of the enjoyment of highest beauty and full of the exquisite thrill throughout eternity of satisfied love and affection.

But in the providence of our Creator this peace can never be attained except after that painful struggle, after that long contention, that never-ending aspiration, the searching whether in light or darkness, the journeying, whether in sunshine or in storm, the fighting the battle, whether in victory or in defeat, till in the good time of the leader, the master, the teacher, the father, the king, they shall be proclaimed absolutely the victors who shall have fought heroically till the end, even though their standard seemed to go down in defeat; they shall be welcomed home who shall have continued their journey in spite of disappointments, feeling as they did that the home was still far distant; they shall be welcomed to the unveiled vision of the very face of Him who is the infinite and the eternal truth who shall have sought the truth single mindedly, seeking to know the Father, seeking in all His works to find but new manifestations of His wisdom. It was to teach these truths that the teacher came who was born in Bethlehem.

Easter

The Easter day is a beautiful type of the eternal repose for which our hearts are yearning after the storms of time. And so the flowers and the music that so appropriately are invited to gladden the hearts as they cheer the senses of men on this blessed day seem but to typify the coming home of the soul of man.

Immortality

Now the object of this New Year sermon is this: it is to stir up within us more and more our belief in spirituality, in immortality in all those things of time and sense which are but symbols of spiritual things, to show that the reward of our labors is not merely the enjoyment of more of the comforts of life, but is in the enjoyment of the building up of a noble character. The pulsations of every human heart are for us, as it were, constant reminders of the existence of an immortal soul created in the image of God and called to co-operate with the Will that rules the universe in the making things of time and sense to subserve the holy and eternal purpose of the infinite creative mind. A painting, what is it? The twanging of a musical instrument, what is it? The painter puts on canvas a combination of water, brick-dust and oil and some other mineral substances. He spends months in daubing that brick-dust moistened with oil upon that canvas made of hemp until it becomes an object well worthy of an immortal soul, an intelligent being. And the music that we allow ourselves to be ravished by, what is it? We see apparently rational beings picking with their fingers at cat-gut, blowing with their breath into a brass instrument, rubbing with horsehair or pieces of rawhide on cat-gut or something, and the vibration produced by blowing into the brass horn and picking on the strings and rubbing the strings with horsehair produces a vibration of the air, and the vibration tickles the drum of your ear and you open your mouths and your faces become long at times and saddened, and again you smile, and under other circumstances perhaps you could hardly keep your seats, and your feet must necessarily betray sympathy with the twanging of the cat-gut. (Laughter.) Do you not see, dear friends, that in all this wonderful world of art, painting, sculpture, music there were nothing if it were the mere material thing. The whole beauty is in the spirit. Man catches glimpses of the things of which the Apostle says: "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, it hath not entered into the mind of man to conceive the good things that God hath prepared for those that love him."

Enthusiasm of the Human Heart

There can be nothing worthy of the enthusiasm of the human heart or of sufficient importance to engross all of the thoughts of the human mind that does not rise far above mere time and sense and find its source and its complement in the things of the spirit and of eternity. The cause in which we are enlisted were not worth the breath that is expended upon it, if it had for its object merely the bettering of the temporal condition of men. If there were no hereafter—if the souls of men were to perish with their bodies—then I confess that I, for one, should instantly be counted out of this struggle, for I should agree with those who, in the despair of their hearts,

have said that the battle is not worth the fighting, the race not worth the running, the burden not worth the bearing, and the life not worth the living. If these strifes and anxieties, these hopes and fears, these victories and defeats, these loves and hates of this lower sphere, had not their explanation in something higher and better, then life would be more like the jest of some horrid fiend than the order of an all-wise, beneficent and loving Father. All our science, all our political economy, all our politics, all our joys and sorrows, would be without their proper significance. We might well envy the brute creation the fewness of their wants and their comparative exemption from the cares and anxieties that create so much misery for the human heart and mind. Our cause must be essentially a moral one, and, therefore, a religious one, or it is not worthy of our pursuit.

Religious Enthusiasm

We are laboring for the doing of justice and chiefly because we are aflame with the spirit of true religion. It is because we are convinced that no cause is worthy of enthusiasm that is not full of religion, that is not ablaze with it, and that is not transformed and transfused by it. It is because of the religion that is in this cause that we are in it; and the moment you take religion out of it, you take us out of it.

No New Gospel

We don't want a New Gospel for this century, but we want the Old Gospel revived.

There can be no new religion in the world. True religion must be, in its essence, as old as man in human history and as old as God in its objective side. The very essence of all religion is the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

Be Thankful, Not Proud

I am intensely conscious that every thing that is, is but the gift of God. All things that are, are good; and in proportion as they are good they are but types and symbols of the infinite goodness which is God Himself. It were therefore unphilosophical for any of God's creatures to be proud of anything that he may seem to possess. He may have much to be thankful for but nothing to be proud of.

It is a dangerous thing for a man to be very much applauded. We must all be conscious how weak, how imperfect and how impotent we are, except so far as we become instruments in the hands of Him who disposes of all things most powerfully and most sweetly for His own most worthy ends.

I do intensely believe that the most eloquent sermon that can ever be preached is the divine eloquence of holy deeds.

"It is no part of my religion that would make men and women sad, unhappy, depressed and miserable when we would bring them nearer to God."

You take my God from me and my soul must shrivel up. It is hungering, thirsting, agonizing for the true God.

He serves the Father best who venerates the Father's image in every one of his brethren and feels that the doing good to man is the most effectual worship of God.

A World Gospel

We must love man for his own sake, no matter where he was born or what his color or creed, and preach a gospel suited equally well to Ireland, America, England or any other part of the world.

Body as Well as Soul

It was not for nothing that He who came to save the souls of men did so much to minister to the relief of their bodily wants.

It is a mistaken, false and an exceedingly perverted notion of true religion to suppose that we must exalt the spirit, the things of God and eternity to such an extent as to ignore, to revile, to curse God's handiwork in the material world. A large part of our duties, without respecting and obeying which there can be no true religion, is the obligations that men owe to one another in those relations that concern their temporal abode and the necessities, comforts and happiness of their material life.

Who best would show his love for God Must give best loving service unto men

Forget selfish interest in the magnificent love of the welfare of mankind.

I wish to bring men to understand that the justice they are perpetually seeking in civil society is but another name for God's holy law.

What we so demand that we shall never be satisfied with less is, that what God has given equally to all shall belong equally to all.

It is a glorious thing to be permitted "to justify the ways of God to men," to hear the summons coming as from the very voice of God, to forget our baser selves, to rise a little nearer to the dignity of rational and immortal beings.

The Hearts of God's Poor

There is no shrine, short of the heart of God Himself, that is so precious for a man's memory to be enthroned in as in the hearts of God's poor, who were so dear to Christ, whom He identified Himself with, so that He tells us that He is they and that they are He.



DR. MCGLYNN, 1875

Art—Nature—Religion

Man must take shapeless things of nature and make them minister to the education of his spirit, make them serve in the highest and best of causes, that of sweet religion.

Art and nature must be brought into God's holy temple and made to minister to the beauty, to the dignity, to the sanctity of His holy place.

But for that matter the whole world must be made a temple of God, and man's wondrous art must make God's handiwork so beautiful that the Father shall find in the works of man an image of Himself.

Faith—Hope—Charity

Faith is sooner or later to be swallowed up in vision, hope to be swallowed up in possession, while charity shall always reign supreme and never be swallowed up at all. But most of us would like a little of this swallowing up of faith by vision, of hope by possession should begin this side of the grave.

Foretaste of Heaven

There are moments of worship, of prayer when the soul is ravished by the magnificent union of the highest displays of art, music, oratory, poetry, of sculpture and of painting, with the service of religion, when we feel that we do enjoy already more than a foretaste, that we indeed enjoy in some sense possession of the good things to be hoped for, and our Father in Heaven gives us these occasional glimpses and foretastes and permits us, now and then, to catch a little of the music of Heaven lest we grow faint by the way.

Heads and Hearts

The harmonies of spheres, the music of the streams, the roar of the cataract, the wondrous poem of the whole universe, are constantly reciting to the ear of God. And yet, all these things, great and wondrous and worthy as they are, are but poor and small, indeed, as compared with the priceless, the inestimable dignity of one human head, one human heart, for upon every human head and heart there is stamped a more intimate and a closer image of God than upon all of His universe besides.

Have No Bitterness for Any Man

Seek to have such perfect charity, such universal love in your heart as to have no bitterness for any man. We may at times be stung by malicious criticism. The Adam in us will rise up and feel like resenting the cruel calumny. In spite of that, those who are our enemies today shall be our brethren tomorrow. They are our brethren today. They are our brethren if they are erring. They are our brethren even if they stone us to death.

Rise from the Beauties of Nature to Nature's God

Today is doubly for us a blessed day. The physical day is as if we had the ordering of it—no cloud on the sky; the sun beaming for us as if to show us the approving smile of heaven. Nature at her best. All her sounds and sights to cheer us, to gladden our hearts and to make us feel that we have been placed by our loving Father in a goodly world that, learning aright to admire its beauties, to enjoy its blessings, we might look up with faithfulness from the gift to the Giver; we might rise with but little process of logic, as if by a natural instinct of mind and heart, from the beauties of nature to nature's God.

None more—I think you will do me the justice to admit—none more than I could say with fulness of heart, as I have said from earliest childhood

**"I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house,
and the place where Thy glory dwelleth."**

I have ever loved to borrow these words of the royal psalmist of Israel and to find in them the expression of my own ardent devotion to these temples, built by the hand of man and consecrated to the Eternal God, to those altars before which I have loved to worship from early childhood, and to build one of which, noble and fair and grand in its chaste white marble, in its beautiful carvings, to build to the glory of the Most High as some outward sign and symbol of the spiritual religion that I believe is the only justification for any material aids to worship.

God Can be Worshipped Anywhere

But as much as I love the beauty of God's house, I ever am true to God's truth—to the promptings of my own reason and fancy. It is something that I have never taught to you—to believe that God is confined to any house built by the hand of man; that God cannot and must not be worshipped in spirit and in truth anywhere and everywhere.

I am glad to come with you from the dust and the heat and the turmoil of our city into the grove that reminds us of the words of our great American poet, that the groves were God's first temple.

In the Groves

Here beneath the canopy of Heaven with the beautiful sunlight of God tracing its wondrous lacework upon the greensward as it is reflected and broken by the waving branches of these trees, I feel that I can, with as much propriety, with as much solemnity, with as much deep and heartfelt devotion as ever before any altar speak to you the truth of God.—*The Excursion*, 1889.

The Reign of Moral Law

We admire the perfect reign of law in the visible universe that has produced all this wondrous, this magnificent panorama of beauty, but the mind of the Father has designed a more wondrous world of more perfect beauty in human society—the reign of a moral law—that enormously transcends the mere physical law. It is therefore not pride, but their simple duty to God that makes men assert that each individual man is greater than all the universe. Each one of you can say: "There is something in me that is greater than all this world, that will survive the wreck of ages—the undying spirit, the one thing that can know God, that can discover His will and can make heroic effort to do it, cost what it may.

Women

No cause can hope to win that has not with it the sympathy, the religious conviction and the active co-operation of one-half of the human family which I think something more than mere gallantry enables me to call by far the better half. If women are not physically as strong as men, if they are not as aggressive, if they cannot endure as much of the rougher hardships, I do believe and I believe it is the opinion even of the majority of men, that women have more conscience and, what is better still, that their will is on the average much more responsive to their conscience, which is a very different thing from merely seeing what is right and then going off and doing something else, and I believe it is not an original discovery of mine—that women have more devotion and a greater average capacity for heroic devotion to any cause that wins the approval of their consciences and the allegiance of their hearts. I believe that women are more moral, more religious, capable of enduring more keen anguish and enduring it cheerfully for a great cause than the average man.

The World Young

I believe that the world is still young. I believe that the world is only fairly beginning. I believe that the field has only so far been barely clearing for action. I believe that the new forces that have come into play almost in our own time under the guiding providence of God are preparing wonders of advancement, of civilization, of knowledge, of unity for the human family such as the world has scarcely ever hitherto dared to dream of. It has been the tendency of men for thousands of years to look back to a fancied golden age from which they were, as it were, further and further departing, the lingering rays of whose sunset were becoming less and less. The tendency of the men of our time, I think, should be to look not to the sunset but to the sunburst, to look to the future rather than to the past, to feel that a truth has been given to the world, a grace, a vocation given to the world, of which if they shall not be entirely unworthy, it may well put to shame all the boasted glories of the past.

Declaration of Independence

We believe in the Declaration of Independence, we love and revere our American Constitution, we acknowledge no inferiority in our enthusiastic patriotism to any men or set of men; we believe that this country of ours is in the providence of God our Father, freighted with the destinies of the whole human family; and we feel, therefore, how exceedingly important it is that this land of ours shall go on progressing from truth to truth, purging out more and more what is unworthy of the magnificent Gospel and charter of our Declaration of Independence.

We should never tire of repeating the fact and giving thanks to the overruling providence of our Father for the fact that that greatest declaration of the rights of men ever penned by mere satesmen, the Magna Charter, not merely of our liberties, but of the liberties of mankind, our declaration that makes dear and venerable and gladsome our Fourth of July, is a religious profession, and tells us that these sacred rights to life, to liberty and to the pursuit of happiness are thus sacred and inalienable because they are the gift of the Creator.

The Declaration of Independence is more than a mere charter of economic rights. It is a charter of the rights and liberties of mankind—a religious document in the truest sense because it bases the inalienable right of every human being born into the world to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness upon the gift of God.

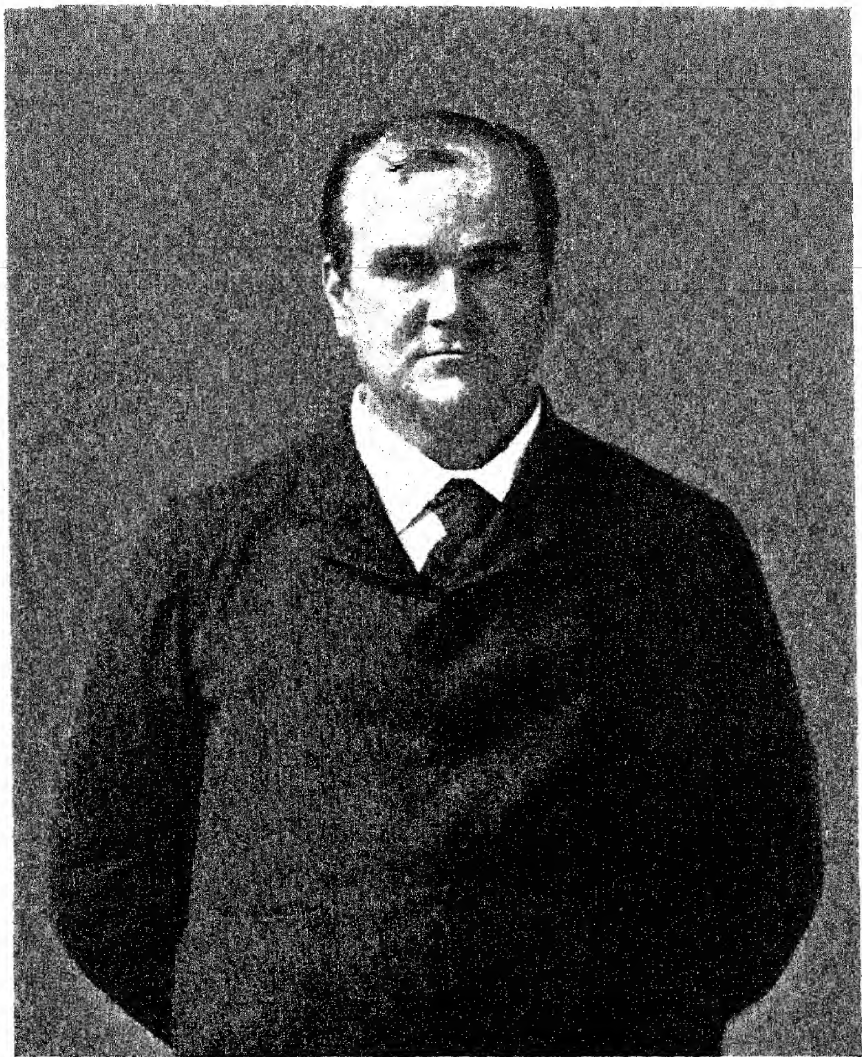
Fathers of American Liberty Not Irreligious

Men in all great crises everywhere necessarily proclaim that they are naturally religious. The great founders and fathers of American liberty were not irreligious men; it is a calumny to say that they were. The men who penned and signed the immortal Declaration then and there pledged themselves to a profession of the very essence of all religion. They referred their action to the judgment of the Most High and invoked upon it fearlessly the benediction of Almighty God.

The liberty and the equality of men spoken of in our Declaration of Independence are in wondrous consonance with the very spirit of the Gospel of Christ.

The fathers of this country declared the independence of these colonies of the Crown of Great Britain. They went for justification not to mere precedent but to the fundamental rights of man.

It would not have been well that everything should be done for us by our ancestors. Each generation must find its own problems to solve and must, with the help of God, have the wisdom and courage to solve them.



DR. MCGLYNN, 1887

Our Country Providential

I believe that we have many signs that our country is a providential one, that in the providence of God, our Father, it is marked out to be the leading nation of the world, in the very vanguard of political power and progress and everything that leads to the highest civilization. I believe, in spite of our many shortcomings, that this country is the custodian of the most precious rights and destinies of man.

Centenary—Inauguration of Washington—A Prophecy

Now then I shall prophesy again. I prophesy that long before the dawn of the day that shall commemorate the second centenary of the inauguration of George Washington, this land will rejoice in a liberty such as it has never known before; that from the Gulf of Mexico to as near as we can get safely towards the North Pole, there shall be one mighty republic composed of a hundred commonwealths all sovereign in their sphere, living together in wondrous concord and peace under the peaceful reign of the majesty of law; that in that magnificent commonwealth there shall be at least five hundred millions of people, all speaking with singular uniformity of accent the magnificent language which is our inheritance; that in closest political associations, if not in absolute political union, with this magnificent commonwealth shall be other great commonwealths, in Australia, in South Africa, Great Britain, England, Scotland, Ireland, if not actually in one union of commonwealth, in perfect accord and sympathy with the larger portion of the rest of the world; if not in perfect union of one government at least in the perfect union of sympathy and alliance with this, that by that time the dream of seer and poet shall have been largely fulfilled, that mankind everywhere shall live in peace, the prophecy of the seer of Israel shall have been made good by the universal propagation of religion based upon what is the very essence of all religion, love of God for His own sake and the love of man for God's sake, the prophecy of Isaiah will have been made good, men shall learn war no more and man, governed no longer by despots, shall be governed by himself in the Parliament of Man. When that happy day shall have come, before that, the doctrine of the equal rights of men to all natural opportunities will have become a commonplace and the name of the Anti-Poverty Society and all kindred movements will be emblazoned in letters of light in an honored place upon the pages of the history of this country.

**Let us take heart of hope
and go on**

We are all Americans and we are proud to be Americans.

True Patriotism

True patriotism must be based most of all on the love of man and least of all on love of self.

True Citizens

Men are true citizens not because they can trace their ancestors back 250 years to the Mayflower and Plymouth Rock, but because they are laboring to uphold the liberties of the American people.

Patriotism a Virtue

It is because we believe that patriotism is a virtue that is a part of religion, that we love our country as well as we love humanity. It is that happy privilege of American citizens, in loving their country best, to feel that they are best serving the interests of all mankind.

The Republican Form of Government

The democratic, the republican form of government, based upon our constitution or still better upon the preamble of our magnificent Declaration of Independence, is that which is the worthiest of man, which is the worthiest of God who has given to man the capacity and the necessity of forming human society, and by making each man His child, has given to each one the right and the necessity to help in the government of society, in the government of himself.

Government By and For the People

Is this a government by the people, for the people? It is a government of the people. Nobody will dispute that.

Some people, erroneously I think, in quoting that magnificent saying of President Lincoln, emphasize the preposition of, as if the government of the people conveyed some great truths. As a matter of fact, if we are speaking of human beings at all, if there is a government anywhere, it is a government of the people. Of course. If not, of what? So, my way of declaiming President Lincoln's magnificent, inspired sentence would be, "A government of the people, by the people and for the people. It is obtruding something into the great thought that does not properly belong to it to emphasize the preposition "of." The people of very many countries might very well rejoice if there were less government of the people everywhere. So we are not sighing for and President Lincoln was not demanding more government of the people, but—emphasis comes in on the by and on the for—"A government by the people and for the people."



DR. EDWARD MCGLYNN

Souvenir Post Card designed by Alice Donlevy

The Public Schools

"The American people for many a day have very justly looked upon the public schools as the palladium of their liberties, as one of the most necessary, if not the most necessary of conditions for the maintaining of justice, for the preservation of the republic. It has got to be peculiarly an American institution, of which we are, as a people, justly proud. It fosters and promotes the usefulness of the American citizen. It is one of the greatest and most potent instruments for building up and maintaining one great, free, common nationality."

Cherish Your Schools

If I could reach the mind and heart of the whole American people—if I could reach them as a commonwealth, as a political and social community, I would say: "Cherish your public schools. Listen not to their enemies, no matter whence they come. Make your schools as complete, perfect and adequate and satisfactory as you can in every respect."

Eternal Vigilance

Eternal vigilance itself were vain if it be not guided and prompted by a keen and lively intelligence. It is vain to watch, to maintain your liberties, if you know not whence the danger to your liberties come, if you know not who or what manner of foe it is that would undermine your institutions—if you have not a proper idea of what these liberties and rights of yours mean, all your vigilance, all your intense desire to maintain them may readily come to naught. Intelligence, therefore, is a necessary condition for the maintenance of liberty and justice.

Promote Intelligence

"By a natural, a wise, a true instinct the American people from the very beginning have felt it, therefore, incumbent upon them as a people to promote intelligence. In order to promote intelligence, to make education as far as might be universal, to give to every child of the people opportunities to learn to read, to write, to be able to commune with the storied past, to be able to hear the words of wisdom that are accumulated for us in literature from every land and from every age, to be able to rise out of the mere groove, out of the mere slough, in which perhaps our daily lot may be cast, and to remember that we are not merely citizens of this goodly commonwealth of this United States of America, but that we are citizens of the world—that all the words of wisdom that have been spoken, all the great thoughts that have been thought out, all the holy inspirations that have come to men anywhere, everywhere, at any time, are all

a part of our magnificent inheritance, since we are not merely citizens of one commonwealth, but are members of one common brotherhood, under the Fatherhood of God.

"It is, therefore, something more than a mere pardonable piece of Fourth of July stilted, bombastic rhetoric to speak of education and the common schools as the palladium of our liberties. It is sober, sincere, downright truth."

Common Schools

If you want to have common schools they must be common in those things that are common.

It is proper that there shall be common schools. It is proper in order that we should have anything like an approach to the proper exercise of the suffrage that the sovereigns who exercise that right should be able to read their ballots. But it should not be enough that the voter should be able to read his ballot.

Spread of Knowledge

In a perfect commonwealth it is eminently desirable that every facility be given for the spread of culture and knowledge among the common people.

It is impossible that liberty should be preserved if those who are called upon to be the guardians of our liberties through the right of suffrage, should not be intelligent.

Ignorance

Ignorance assimilates man to the condition of the brute, while truth makes him more of a man, more of a free man.

Ignorance Not Bliss

It is not true that ignorance is bliss. It can never be that ignorance is a friend of virtue. If knowledge brings pain, it brings abundant compensation for the pain, or else we should curse our fate that we were intelligent beings at all, we should envy the dog and the sheep and better still the cabbage head.

If the immortal Shakespeare had been taken at birth away from all intercourse with his fellows and denied access to the accumulated treasures of literature, art and science, he would have been at mature old age, little better than a jabbering ape.

Ability—Modesty

Ability is a thing to be admired but modesty, a rare and charming virtue, is one to be exceedingly loved.

If it is true that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, education is the price of increasing diligence.

A republican government, a true commonwealth, a true democracy, requires not merely intelligence but virtue.

Education of the Body

I would not neglect the education of the body. We should not retrograde and be less high minded than the ancient Greeks and Romans. Therefore we rejoice in the revival of athletic training in our schools and colleges. We old fogies who cannot play baseball should not sneer at the interest that is manifested in that game.

The commonwealth that has citizens who are barbarous is a commonwealth in which liberty must soon decay.

Enemies of Public Education

There are certain enemies of public education, because they are enemies of freedom. There are those who have tried to show the absurdity of representative government, that the mass of the people did not want education, that it was a bad thing for them. They were hostile to the welfare of their native country. One reason they were opposed to education was because educated young men would not be slaves. It is a degradation of human nature to say that you can keep the body of men in order only by keeping them in ignorance.

Human Thought—Symbols—The Flag

All our human thought is by the aid of similes—the aid of signs. Our whole system of human language is but a tissue of metaphor and simile. Our most spiritual thoughts and conceptions are not without the aid of signs and symbols borrowed from the shapes, the forms, the colors, the emotions, the actions, the relations of material things, and so he is not a true philosopher but a very poor patriot and not much of an economist, who stops to ask what is the price of that flag—what is the use having that flag floating over this building.

That flag symbolizes something that is beyond all price and therefore it is extremely poor economy to say "How much does it cost?"

Much to Achieve

Just because we believe that in spite of the much that has been achieved there still remains much to achieve, we fain would not repose in the enjoyment of good things, but to-night, in the school of that Teacher, we believe that it is the duty of each generation to work, to labor, to strive, to discipline itself and to leave the world much better because that generation has lived in it. (Applause.)

One Common Nationality

Uphold the advantages of a great, wide-spreading, national system of public schools for the maintaining of one nationality, educating new generations of Americans into one common nationality.

Maintain Our Public School System

Let us insist upon maintaining our public school system. Let us insist that the language taught in these public schools shall be only the language of this American nationality. Let us see to it that every child of the people shall have easy, ample opportunity of getting such schooling and that public schools shall be in sufficient number equipped with all things necessary in order that no child of the people shall be crowded out, deprived of a fair opportunity to get a common-school education. Let that education be given without prejudice, without bigotry. Let there be nothing in it that can justly offend the sensibilities of men of any church or sect or of any national origin.

Education

Education, therefore, a general education by which the people shall be able to know what is going on and shall be taught more and more to do their own thinking, is necessary in order that they shall maintain their rights.

An educated man, all other things equal, can serve God better than his ignorant brother.

A college education is not a bad thing by any means—Wendell Phillips was all the better advocate of the poor dumb chattel slave because he had a college education.

The work of Education is an everlasting work, coming as a new thing to every child born into the world.

Every thing is new to a new generation, even the alphabet to a new arrival.

Teaching Creates Nothing—It Simply Tells

Teaching does nothing, creates nothing, but simply tells or enables us to see what is; and as intelligent and moral beings we certainly should be glad to know all the truth that we can, to see as much as we can in the religious and moral order. Any man or system that brings more light to my intellect does certainly not enslave it by rendering it impossible for it to withhold assent to a clearly perceived truth. The truth liberates us from darkness and ignorance, which is the predisposing condition of slavery.

Politics is as much abused a word as charity

Unfortunately, it has got to mean the science of controlling the votes of the masses in the interest of one or another political faction, banded together, not by the spirit of patriotism, but by the cohesion of public spoils. That is why politics has come to have such a bad name.

Politics does not consist of securing election to office by practical means.

Politics is the science of government and the carrying out of the glorious truths in the Declaration of Independence, yet to be made good.

New York and Politics

Wounds inflicted here, upon political morality, give a great comfort to the lovers of despotism everywhere, and here in this city of New York are we the observed of all observers.

Business—Politics—Statesmanship

It has been said that the government of our city should be a matter of business, and not politics. I largely agree with that sentiment as I think it may be properly understood. But there must be politics and statesmanship of the very wisest kind for the solution of the problem of the government of cities.

Honesty of Common People

It is a magnificent testimony to the honesty of the heart of the common people that they are always on the side of virtue against villainy.

Our Duty to Dignify Politics

It is part of our duty to dignify and to elevate the thing called politics, to teach men that politics is a science and an art, that politics is a noble thing, that it means the essence of the art of statesmanship, of the governing of men, of cities, of states, of nations, that it should be the means of applying by practical arrangements to the affairs of men, by wise constitutions and laws, by just and wholesome agencies, great moral truths if they be truths at all.

Since man is a social animal he necessarily requires a government that shall maintain peace, maintain the right of individuals and so order the common energies as to make them subserve the best interests of all.

The idea of government held by some that government is best symbolized by the policeman's club is an ignoble base idea.

The Sacred Urn, that should be like the Sacred Ark of Our Liberties—The Ballot Box.

The man who prostitutes his ballot, who votes against his convictions of right and duty is guilty of a sort of paricide. As far as he can, he is undermining the very foundations of the commonwealth. He is hastening the day that is sure to come to every such unfortunate country when it shall fall of its very rottenness. No commonwealth can stand save by the intelligence and virtue of its citizens.

Sanctity of the Ballot

The purification of the ballot will almost necessarily and immediately lead to a great purification of our politics.

* * * It will take away the peculiar power that wealth has in politics. It will restore the suffrage to what it was originally intended to make it, namely, the expression of the honest judgment and the uncorrupted heart of the common people.

The Ballot Box

The true citizen, the true man, the true lover of his country will approach election day, will approach the ballot box with a sense of profound responsibility, uncover his head and deposit his ballot in that box feeling that he has performed an act only less sacred than when kneeling before the altar of Christ he receives that sacrament which pledges him as a soldier of Christ to sacrifice the whole world if need be rather than prove a traitor to his King.

How Samuel J. Tilden Voted

I read with great satisfaction an account of one of our statesmen, Mr. Tilden, depositing his vote a few years ago, how he approached the ballot box with a certain gravity and solemnity and almost reverence, and taking off his hat, deposited with great deliberation his ballot in the hand of the inspector. Thus should every man approach the ballot box.

Use Ballot to Safeguard Rights

Is not the suffrage in a so-called free country the very foundation of all our liberties, of all our rights? Is there without bloody revolution any other means of safe-guarding our rights, of asserting them, of enlarging the enjoyment of them except through the use of the ballot.

Suffrage

I do believe in universal suffrage, but let those who exercise it learn to be the master of their masters. I am perfectly willing to endure whatsoever evils may come to us from universal suffrage, so that the very evils themselves may compel us to purify our politics, and make the individual voter worthy of the suffrage.

Reason

Men are perfectly safe in following their reason. Reason is a transformation of the very light that comes from the countenance of the Creator. It is that light which the first page of the Gospel of St. John speaks of when it tells us of a "light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world."

Authority is of no account at all except as far as it is for edification.

Authority has no excuse for being, except as it is helpful, never as it is hurtful. Its only excuse for being is to do good, and when it is perverted to the doing of wrong, it becomes a curse, it becomes a nuisance, it becomes a crime and a sacrilege against the beneficent intention of Him who established the authority.

Dogmatism only a Means

Authority is only a means toward an end, even dogmatism is only a means toward an end; the supreme end of religion here is to give such clear light to man's understanding and such inducement to his will as shall make him love with absolute love and follow with absolute devotion the holy will of God. That is the end of all religion.

* * * * *

Dogmatism and authority are but the scaffolding for the erection of the edifice, a magnificent edifice that must endure throughout eternity, of which God is the builder.

The Highest Diplomacy

Absolute singlemindedness in the perception of righteousness and justice and absolute fearlessness in doing righteousness and justice. This is a Christlike diplomacy and more than a match for that of Talleyrand or Metternich.

Divine Trusts—Human Hands

I believe that divine trusts have been placed in very human hands, and that too much reverence may sometimes be given to the instruments which should only be observed towards the divine itself.

Pastor

I prefer the word pastor. Pastor means a shepherd, pastor means a feeder. A pastor is one who feeds his flock, a rector one who rules them. I think of the two, I should sooner have the reputation of being the feeder than the ruler.

Conscience

Just because I believe in God, I believe in Justice, and I believe in the awful sanctity of individual conscience.

No man can be at peace with God who is not at peace with his conscience. The man that wrongs this light sins against God. The man that follows this light is at one with God and that man's soul is saved. No power in hell, on earth or in Heaven can come between such a man and his Father.

The Final Tribunal

The final tribunal for every child of God is his own conscience manifesting to him as best it may, the will of God. Therefore it is not possible that any child of God shall ever be condemned before that perfectly just tribunal for having done a wrong that he did not know to be a wrong.

I should be an unwise teacher if I should set up *my* conscience as *your* guide. Conscience is our own individual reason applying to our own individual cases the law of God as we best know it.

Duty to Obey Conscience

I believe it is the duty of each man to obey his own conscience, cost what it will, and therefore it is the duty of every other man to reverence that man's right and duty to obey his own conscience.

The Clear and Simple Guide

It is a signal evidence of the wisdom and goodness of the God whom we adore that amid the perplexities of life, the doubts as to the truth, the anxieties as to duty, the fears for the past and the future, the ruthless tearing of the heart strings as by a malignant fate, there is yet a clear and simple guide given to every rational being that shall lead him safely through the labyrinth to a perfect deliverance.

That guide is the voice of conscience teaching men to apply to themselves a universal law that is written upon the hearts of all God's children. This is a natural law that necessarily precedes all revealed law. If this natural monitor did not exist within the breast of each of us then would revelations appeal to us in vain.

Our God is a wondrously merciful as well as a wise and loving God and He will never condemn anyone who has followed that guide, even though sometimes he may have mistaken the light.

There can be no clash between the teachings of revealed religion and the teachings of natural religion.

God's Truth Cannot Change

God's truth cannot change, though weak man's fallible conception of it may change from age to age.

Science and Religion

We should have absolute confidence that no word that God has written in the sky or in the bowels of the earth will contradict any word written by men whom He has inspired. . . . Man is here to make the best use of God's school, God's work-house, the world.

There is no contradiction, there cannot be any contradiction between the most natural aspirations of the human heart for justice, for liberty, for equality, and the teachings of religion, the teachings of Christ, the true teachings of the Church of Christ.

All truths are God's truths and conflict between true science and religion is impossible.

There is not nor can there be any contradiction between the voice of God speaking through the universal instincts of humanity, and the voice of the same God speaking through the sweet lips of Him who spoke as man never spoke before of the Fatherhood of God in Heaven and of the Brotherhood of all men on earth.

There can be no contradiction between the teachings of justice in the heart of man and the teachings of Christ and His Church.

And when, in accordance with these instincts, a minister of the Gospel, a minister of religion, anywhere addresses thus multitudes, it is always true as it was written of the Master Himself that the common people heard Him gladly.

Church and State

I am willing to go in for perfect, absolute union of Church and State in the Kingdom of Heaven beyond the grave, or in communities of angelic men such as Mayor Hewitt would like to discover in order to invite them to become commissioners.

The only union there should be between Church and State should be one of good will and greatest respect for each other—nothing more.

The Church of Christ is a living temple built up with the souls of His poor and not with the cut stone, not of gems, not of stained glass windows.

Truth Must Prevail

Truth must prevail, it is powerful; it has all the power of God; Saints have died for it; and the very efforts to stifle it will but propagate it.

Saul—Paul—Stephen

The Saul of yesterday will become the Paul of tomorrow and the conversion of the Saul into the Paul will have been perhaps the result of the martyrdom of the Stephen stoned to death.

It is no new thing for men oppressed to be in the front ranks of the defenders of the oppression.

Truth Precious

A great truth is so precious that no man can afford to lose it, no matter how he may be abused, or maligned on account of his adherence to it.

It is never permissible for a man to deny what he believes but dutiful, laudable and decent for him not to be obtruding all that he believes or telling all that he knows to everybody everywhere and on the slightest provocation.

In every man's life occurs an epoch when he must choose his own career and when he may not throw off the responsibility or tamely place his destiny in the hands of his friends.

Fear of Man

It is a bad thing for a man to fear the face of a man almost more than the displeasure of his God.

The Seer of Truth

No man can make the truth. All that is given to man is to see the truth, and he who sees it best as it is in God is the Seer.

No man can do better than to see the truth, no man can do better than to follow with his will the truth that he has the happiness of seeing with his eyes.

Conservatism and Necessary Change

Because of the weakness, the one sidedness of our poor natures, we are prone to conserve what at one time may have served an excellent purpose, but in the course of time may have become a hindrance or obstacle where previously it was an aid. And the tendency of institutions everywhere is to this conservatism, to this case hardening, to the appealing to the past as a justification for the present, and a certain change at times becomes necessary.

Justice

The supreme moral law—the law of gravitation in the moral order is justice.

Justice is the one thing necessary to hold society together, to give each individual man the proper opportunity of exercising his God-given liberty.

Justice must be like Him in whose bosom it finds its eternal resting place, universal—it must prevail throughout the universe of God.

When justice becomes the common atmosphere of human society, then men will take naturally to religion.

Justice the Highest Charity

In demanding justice I am demanding the highest charity.

What is Justice?

It is the will of God concerning the relations between men and especially concerning those things that are essentially for the maintenance of this life.

Justice is the will of God, the natural law reinducted by revealed religion, concerning the rights of property, concerning the rights of men, women and children who are born into this world with material bodies as well as spiritual souls.

We shall never have justice till we have more charity, we shall never have perfect justice till we have perfect charity.

We must love justice because of our love of God and men, and enforce it as a religious principle. We should be eager to see justice done to everybody, because it is the holy will of God.

We would, then, make practical the possession and enjoyment of all those rights that are declared to be ours by the gift of the Creator, the equal right of all men to have access to the natural bounties and to enjoy whatsoever they produce by their labor out of the natural bounties or to get a perfect equivalent for their labor and wherever these natural bounties take on a peculiar value from the growth of civilization the community has a right to appropriate that rental value to public uses.

Let Justice be Done

"Let justice be done," as the old Latin saying has it, "even though the heavens should fall." But let justice be done and the heavens would not fall to our ruin. Then the heavens will stoop to the embrace of earth and earth would be lifted up to the kiss of heaven, and then on earth shall be at last fulfilled the Saviour's prayer, the prayer that all His children everywhere are reciting with yearning hearts: "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

When the law of justice shall be carried out there need be little further call for the exercise of charity in feeding the bodies of men, in relieving their temporal wants. The charity that shall do great things for the love of God must take higher flights, must find its best field in administering to the nobler wants of the minds and spirits of men.

Charity

It is charity, charity that seeketh not its own things, but is prodigal of self in order to win the brother.

It was this charity, this love of mankind for God's sake, based upon the love of God for His own sake, that converted the world to Christianity, that abolished slavery. And it is only in this spirit that the slavery that we are warring against can ever be abolished.

It is that love which makes us work with a divine enthusiasm without seeking a reward, to do what we can to make sweeter, holier the homes and lives of God's children because they are His children. It was this charity that inspired men of God to go abroad, not so much to dole out alms, for they had nothing to give, but to teach men to recognize the one infinite, eternal God, Creator of all things, object of these minds and hearts of ours, and to teach men how best they could make use of this earthly school that at the end they might better merit the cordial welcome of the Best of Fathers.

Restore That Glorious Word to Its Proper Place

I should like to do a little toward restoring that glorious word to its proper place. Unfortunately, it too often is taken as meaning the mere doling out of alms; it is now but rarely taken to mean what it ought to mean, what it means in the Scriptures. It is the very charity of which St. Paul speaks in that magnificent passage in which he describes the marvellous characteristics of that queen of virtues.

Is it not a monstrous injury that is done to the sweet name of charity to so degrade it that its occupation must be gone, if there are no more beggars with empty stomachs and sore heads to be filled and medicated?

Almsgiving, Poor Business Compared With Justice

Charity is a noble virtue, but to make the whole world an almshouse is carrying it to the absurd. The noblest charity is to do justice—not only to procure, at the sacrifice of self, in an unselfish spirit, some improvement in the condition of mankind, but to compel tyrants to do justice to the victims they have wronged.

The Noblest Charity is to do Justice

The highest charity is to labor, to suffer and to die for justice.

"Songs Without Words"

We have all heard, I think, and I confess it comes to me always with a peculiar poetic grace and force of "songs without words." I know not by whom the phrase was first used, I know that one of the sweetest and greatest of musical geniuses that this world has been blest with from heaven has written a series of instrumental pieces which he called "songs without words." It was a most beautiful conception, and it was no ordinary mind that that conception first came to, the conception of songs without words.

The sweet music of the orchestra has a peculiar charm; the violin and the flute and the horn are singing intelligently to our minds songs without words.

I confess that I can never hear sweet music without being stirred to the depths of my heart. I feel that what little there is in me, stirred exceedingly by sweet music. I have always felt in church, that while I heard the music, I was admiring not so much the words that the choir was singing, as the sweet strains that were more eloquent, touching and pathetic than even the words themselves, and I am pretty well satisfied that such preaching as I was able to give to the flock that honored me by its affection was certainly no less worthy of the subject because of the inspiration that always came from sweet melody and harmony.

Great Masters of the Drama

I confess myself guilty of having gone scores of times to witness the presentation of classic masterpieces of the drama by the great masters.

I think that I have learned a very great deal by going to hear those masters of the dramatic art. I remember going to a breakfast given in honor of Mr. Barry Sullivan. And there I confessed before the newspaper reporters that I was only too glad to sit at the feet of such a master as Mr. Sullivan and to learn from him "to suit the word to the action and the action to the word." And I remember that I said something like this: "We are clergymen who believe that we are sent of God to men to deliver to them the most momentous messages, to solve for them the most terrible of mysteries. We might as well learn from Hamlet how to beguile people of their tears and to make each particular hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine," and in all seriousness make even the scoffing to believe that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy.

"It Makes Me Mad," as Hamlet Says

When one likes to get mad, it is well to be able to quote Hamlet.



DR. MCGLYNN IN A HAPPY MOOD,
AT THE FIRST EXCURSION OF THE ANTI-POVERTY SOCIETY, 1887

"Yesterday was one of God's days. It was, as I have learned to say in the beautiful Tuscan tongue of Italy—it was a day of paradise.

"The sunlight, the cooling waters and the cooling airs and the grove and everything seemed to me to be actually the very smile of God.

"And I felt how good it was for us to come together in unity and make merry and be glad to leave the burdens and cares and anxieties of the hot city behind, and there in the beautiful grove and under the leafy trees and in sight of the laughing waters where everything seemed to tell of the handiwork of God, to play like little children, forgetting cares and sorrows and sins in the presence of their Father. I said it was good to make merry and for the young to engage in the innocent dance and for the old to exchange their tales. It was a beautiful day and it seemed as if good spirits were with us as if no evil thing could hurt. There was no unpleasant sound, no angry word. That excursion seemed to be a beautiful omen of the days to be when the whole world shall be one happy family revelling in the sunshine of the countenance of God."

Life

Life at best is such a comedy mixed with tragedy, it is so short, it is so fleeting, it is so illusive and delusive, that surely he has learned its lessons poorly who prizes it much for its own sake, and yet strange and fleeting and mocking as it must frequently seem to us, it is yet wondrously full of potencies and opportunities for eternity.

The time is brief, but in this brief time we may do something that shall merit the eternal, approving smile of the Father in heaven. We may say words that shall not be forgotten speedily after our voice may have been stilled in death.

We may leave some written word after us that shall gladden the heart and cheer the minds of men ready to perish of despair. We may do some gentle deed of charity that may teach people to look up to the Father in heaven with gratitude and so believe that He is a loving and a kind Father.

We may do some good work, the example of which shall continue to make the lives of others who may come after us the sweeter and the better from the fact that we have lived. And so let us accept the gift of life and what life and strength and talent and voice may be given us, so that we may the more diligently employ them all in the service of the best of Fathers and for the welfare of the brethren.

Nothingness of Time

I am profoundly impressed with the comparative nothingness of time, with the comparatively trifling character of the things, the toys, the children's playthings, the child's rattle, the sugar stick, that men call pleasure and business and politics, and statesmanship, and dignify with the name of affairs except so far as all these things that busy the brain and torment the heart and engross the fancy of men are signs and symbols of spiritual things.

The human mind does not measure its time so much by the revolution of the earth, as by the multitude of thoughts and events that crowd upon it.

Greatest Works of God Come Unexpectedly

The greatest works of God are not ushered in with the sound of trumpets, but they come unexpectedly, they come in the night, they come like the dew from Heaven and they are perfected like the growing of the blade of grass whose growth no man can perceive.

The Kingdom of Heaven is within us

and if we but open our eyes to it, if we but take hold of it and fight and labor and suffer and die for it, then what matters it where this clod shall mingle with the parent earth?

Liberty

"Liberty is the child of God, liberty is one of the greatest primary gifts that God has made to man and all laws whether civil or ecclesiastical, as far as they are in restraint of liberty, are to be taken as moderately as possible, to be restricted as much as possible. Liberty is in possession. Liberty is always to be respected. Liberty has not to prove itself right, but the law has to prove its right to restrain our liberty. Where the law is doubtful liberty remains in secure possession."

It is impossible that men shall retain their liberty and to have their liberty maintained for them, they must maintain it for themselves.

I am in favor of liberty to buy and sell, liberty to labor, liberty of suffrage, liberty to go and come, liberty of conscience all the world over.

The pursuit of happiness comprises more than the mere eating of bread.

Man is endowed with many faculties and because he is endowed with these faculties he has the right to use them, he has a right to seek truth and knowledge, culture in art and science.

Slavery Not a Good Thing

Absolute dependence of one person upon another cannot be good. It is against the law of nature, therefore bad.

If slavery unmans the slave, it also unmans the slaveholders. If it makes the chattel man a mere creeping crawling thing; abject, vile, degraded, it also paralyzes the owner.

Chattel Slavery

A man can never be rightfully called the property of another. Chattel slavery is a crime against natural justice. He would have been a strange negro who hesitated to escape lest he rob his master of the price placed on him as a Chattel. There is no power in the universe which can rightfully put its hand on our shoulder and say, "You are mine," except the Father and His hand is placed on our heads to bless us.

Chattel Slavery an Abomination

Every human being, by the mere fact of being born a human being, is entitled to liberty. Therefore, by the very law of God none of us can be righteously enslaved. Chattel slavery is essentially an abomination, an iniquity, an injustice, a violation of an inalienable right of man.

Wendell Phillips—William Lloyd Garrison

In the very cities in which they are now preparing to build monuments and memorial halls in honor of Wendell Phillips and Lloyd Garrison, these men were denounced by the press and pulpit, by the intelligent and the "respectable" classes as disturbers of the peace, and what was particularly reprehensible in the case of Wendell Phillips was that "he surely ought to know better for he was a gentleman, he was a gentleman born, he was a man of blue blood, he was a man of the select few whom Providence has in His unspeakable goodness blessed this country by causing them to be born on or near Beacon Hill in Boston, to be born on or near which hill is a kind of charter of absolute respectability, of intelligence, of virtue, and of all those indefinable qualities that in their aggregate go to make up respectability.

Wendell Phillips was a gentleman, a scholar, an orator, and he threw himself by one of the oddest freaks, one of the craziest of humors, into this absurd warfare against established society, against the Constitution of the United States, and against the laws of a large part of the States, in fact we may say in some sense, of all the States. He was not always on the side of legality. He believed in a law higher even than the Constitution of the United States or the laws of any of the States of the Union.

Phillips and Garrison Mobbed

So this crank, this fool, this madcap, this degenerate gentleman, this unworthy descendant of Beacon Hill, Wendell Phillips, was mobbed in his native city of Boston, and within a stone's throw, I believe, of Beacon Hill, and he was rotten-egged in New York City by a gang when he came here forty or fifty years ago to make an Abolition speech in the Old Tabernacle in the lower part of Broadway.

Lloyd Garrison was driven by a mob of gentlemen, with a rope around his neck, with the threat that they would speedily hang him to the nearest lamp-post. It is only a few months ago that I was driven through the streets of a large city by a clergyman, and he said that the people that look out upon that monument (William Lloyd Garrison's) are the sons and grandsons of the men who led Lloyd Garrison, with a rope around his neck, to a lamp-post.

Monuments to Phillips and Garrison

The City of Boston and the City of New York and all the great cities of the country will honor themselves by building in some choice spot on some beautiful knoll in the greatest parks or in some magnificent plaza, surrounded by temples of industry and art, monuments to Wendell Phillips and Lloyd Garrison.

Men Sent of God

"When the last page of the New Testament was written, surely God's hands were not tied and to every age, in ever great emergency wherever there are children of God to be saved, where liberty is to be maintained, where the world seems ready to perish by the weight of its sins and woes, there always has been, there ever shall be, in the very nick of time, some man sent of God."—*Ireland's Saint*, Cooper Union, 1889.

St. Patrick

It is creditable to the people of Ireland that their civil holiday is a religious holiday, that it is a holiday that commemorates the virtues of the man that taught their fathers the Gospel of Christ. We have not a very copious history of this man, and yet I think we know quite enough about him to justify us in saying that he was mentally and morally of a gigantic stature. There is no reason to believe that he was an eminent scholar, that he was a great inventive genius; but yet he was one of those rare men that rise once or so in a century, sent as truly as those of whom we read in Holy Writ, of whom it is said: "There was a man sent of God."

Ireland's Apostle

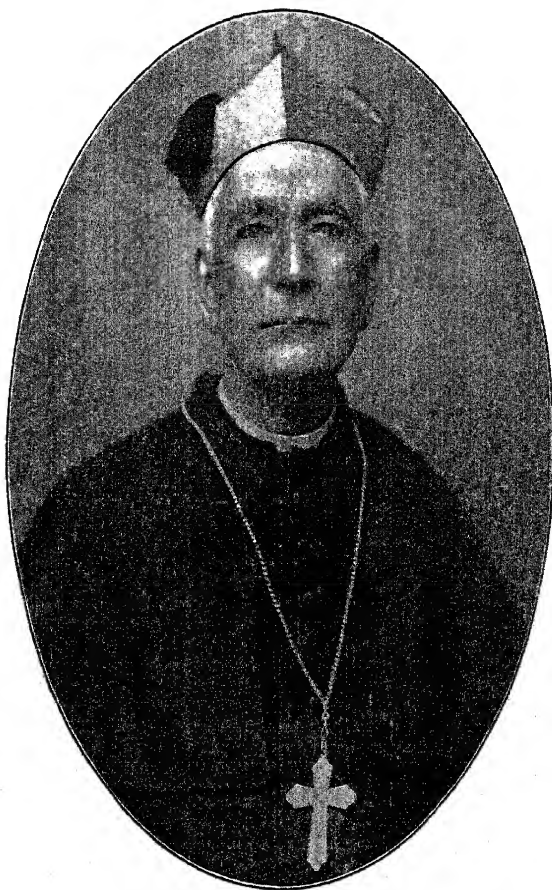
It was by the wondrous discipline that he underwent for years on the bleak mountain side, and the voluntary introspection and self-denial, the long prayers and communing with God, that the orphan, robbed of home and country and friends, not treading the primrose path of idleness, but the thorny path that leads to the summit of Golgotha, was preparing in the depths of his own heart, found actions that should be deep and strong enough to bear the mighty edifice that should outlast the ages—the edifice of the Christian faith of a whole nation, of a whole race destined in after years to spread over the civilized world, and wherever it should be to bear reverently and lovingly in head and heart the name of the Apostle Patrick.

It is somewhat suggestive that the Apostle of Ireland was himself a foreign born citizen. He acquired a better right to speak for Ireland than any man that was ever born in it before or since.

He was not an Irishman, and yet was the best Irishman that ever lived.

The Irish People

I think we owe an enormous debt of gratitude to the Irish people, particularly in Ireland, for the magnificent, heroic example they have been giving to the whole world of heroic devotion to principle, unquenchable, enthusiastic love for liberty.



RIGHT REV. JOHN MOORE, D. D., BISHOP OF ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA

LIFE-LONG STAUNCH FRIEND OF DR. MCGLYNN

Welcome to Michael Davitt—1882

I like Michael Davitt, the father and founder of the Land League, because I find him an honest man and because I find that his love for Ireland is of the true ring, that he thanks God not because he has a country to sell, but because he was deemed worthy to suffer for her—because he is a noble, large-hearted man whose patriotism is not of that kind which is only an enlarged selfishness.

Blessings on the cause and the man. Blessings on the minds and hearts of those who love the truth as they can see it.

Let us have no anger in our hearts—no bitterness on our lips for any honest man.

This is the spirit of Michael Davitt and I take him to my heart of hearts.

Let us bid him welcome to this Young Republic in the language of his ancient fatherland, "Go m-beannuige Dia dhui"—(cheers)—that he may never lose heart, but have strength and courage in spite of calumny to face his enemies and tread down all detraction.

Let Him Not Apologize for the Truth That is in Him

It was painful to hear him on the platform utter words of despair and say that he would be tempted to retire in disgust from the arena of public exertion. Don't do it, Davitt. It is too natural for a generous heart to be pained and crushed by apparent heartlessness, but God has called you to be a martyr, and you must be willing to suffer to the end. (Tremendous cheering.) It was with that object that God permitted your enemies to thrust you into jail, and you came out a better man, a prophet of light, a witness of the truth, and a standard bearer of justice. When the holy man of old complained of the difficulty he experienced in diffusing truth and the consequent failure of his mission, he was told: "There are thousands who love the truth and you know it not." So go on, in God's Name, and never tire of preaching until the whole world acknowledges the truth and professes its belief in it.

Michael Davitt, for the rest of your lifetime preach the gospel to every creature—the gospel of the Land for the People.

Farewell to Davitt, July, 1882

He makes his last appearance in this country in this hall to-night.

Must we not say, as the day approaches when he is leaving our shores: May every blessing attend him. May God give wisdom to his judgment, and firmness to his will, and knowledge to his mind, and light to his understanding, and a clarion

ring to his voice, that he may preach his gospel until it is heard, and we may say it with reverence, like the gospel of Christianity is preached throughout the whole world.

On Michael Davitt—1890

I am perfectly satisfied that since Michael Davitt has been able to think at all, there has never been a moment that that gifted mind of his has not thought earnestly, and seen clearly the injustice of landlordism, and that gallant generous heart of his has not burned with indignation at the wrongs that it inflicted upon humanity . . .

I would say to Michael Davitt were he here: "God Almighty loved you too much from the very first moment he created you, to cut you out for a politician. Politicians are very useful men, serving an excellent purpose. Your average hum-drum statesmen are absolutely necessary cogs in the machinery of the State. But I think that God destined you to be a seer, a prophet. God inspired you with a magnificent zeal for humanity. You are too great a man to confine your thoughts even to the land of your birth. God made you for humanity.

Men Who Have Seen a Great Truth

Men who are conscious of the possession of a great truth, men who have seen, as if unveiled, its native beauty, men whose hearts have been stirred to their depths by a call as if from Heaven, to come out and preach the word, to tell their brethren the truth that they have seen, to tell the glorious, the simple, and the adequate remedy for human sorrows, for human suffering, for human want, men who have seen and felt this can never be the same as they were before. If, like the prophet of old, sent to deliver God's message to a sinful people, they, through selfish motives, through indolence, through fear of consequence should shrink from the fulfillment of the duty, they must, if need be, be scourged and driven by God's chastisement to do His work and to preach His word. (Applause.) If they shall go forth and preach the word regardless of consequences, thrice blessed they (applause); and if they shall fail to teach the truth because it will be unpleasant to the ears of the powerful, of the wealthy, of those who have the distribution of favors, of gifts, of patronage, if they shall seek to continue in the pleasant broad and beaten paths rather than to go by the thorny and the steep and the rugged and the rocky way that leads to a higher and better life, to a nobler truth, woe unto them. (Great applause.) The promised peace for them shall be no peace. The pleasant cup shall be turned to bitterness. Their days end ingloriously, and if an epitaph be written upon their graves at all, it should tell of the treachery to God and to God's truth.

The Ownership of Man and the Ownership of Land

Let us see if there is not a weighty precedent for the action we propose. Some of you have taken part in a little unpleasantness which disturbed this country a few years ago, and some of you have at least heard of it. It was about slavery—the right and wrong of one human being owning another human being. The planters of the South asked the friends of freedom, “Can’t a man do what he pleases with his own?” A planter dies in debt and his creditors seize on his property, which consists not only of horses and lands but of a hundred able-bodied blacks. The auctioneer puts them on the block and the purchaser examines their teeth, pokes them in the ribs, ascertains the state of their health, the soundness of their frames, the condition of their lungs, and their capacity for labor, precisely as if they were horses. Was not that the practice of the South—that separation of the wife and child, sold as you would sell a pup—the separation of the father and mother—torn from mutual embraces and sent, the one to the East and the other to the West of this interminable continent, there to be chained and tasked and compelled to work with stripes that Mercy with a bleeding heart would weep when she saw inflicted on a beast? Is this a chapter from ancient history or pagan times?

Did it not happen a few years ago, and was it not all founded on “the sacred rights of property?” Did not eleven States and twelve millions of people turn out in arms to vindicate those “sacred rights of property,” and did not thousands die terrible deaths for four years on the fields of war to protect those rights? Many people, on this side, put it as a doubtful question whether slavery could be interfered with, they talked of the Missouri compromise, and of a certain parallel of latitude which should be the boundary line between the free States and the slave States; but meantime God said this thing must stop; Providence overruled their machinations, and finally the principle was established that *man* should not *own* his *fellow-man* on this continent; and finally the Government took up the affair, and Abraham Lincoln with the scratch of his pen, by the document to which he signed his name, abolished all that property. A thousand millions’ worth of property were abolished by one scratch of Lincoln’s pen. The people had a charter of liberty, but this clause was not contained in that charter. They took it from the tabernacle—they perceived it was not perfect, and they amended it. And what was that amendment? That there should thenceforth be no property in man in America. *The Government was not permitted to pay a dollar in the shape of compensation to the planters for the abolition of slavery.* Now we have all been applauded by the whole civilized world for our conduct on that occasion.

Dr. McGlynn on His Dead Friend*Interview New York Herald, October 30, 1897*

Henry George was unquestionably one of the greatest and most remarkable men that our country has produced. His lovable personality, his rare genius for political philosophy and economy, his indefatigable and successful study and search for political and economic truth set him quite apart from all other Americans.

I do not think that it is merely the enthusiastic language of a devoted friend to say that as the providence of God raised up a Washington to be the father of his country and endowed him with such gifts and gave him such experiences that we might well believe that without them the Republic would not have been achieved, as in a similar crisis the rare gifts and character of a Lincoln were so plainly providential that none but men with little faith in God could doubt that he had been prepared for and sent upon a mission by the Father in Heaven, and I have no hesitation in saying that Henry George by his extraordinary gifts and career showed that he was marked out by the providence of God to be a foremost leader and teacher in the work of emancipation of the masses of men everywhere from an industrial slavery too often worse and more galling than mere chattel slavery, and to hasten the coming and to perpetuate the duration, not merely of a larger and more perfect American Union of States, but of the commonwealth or united states of the world.

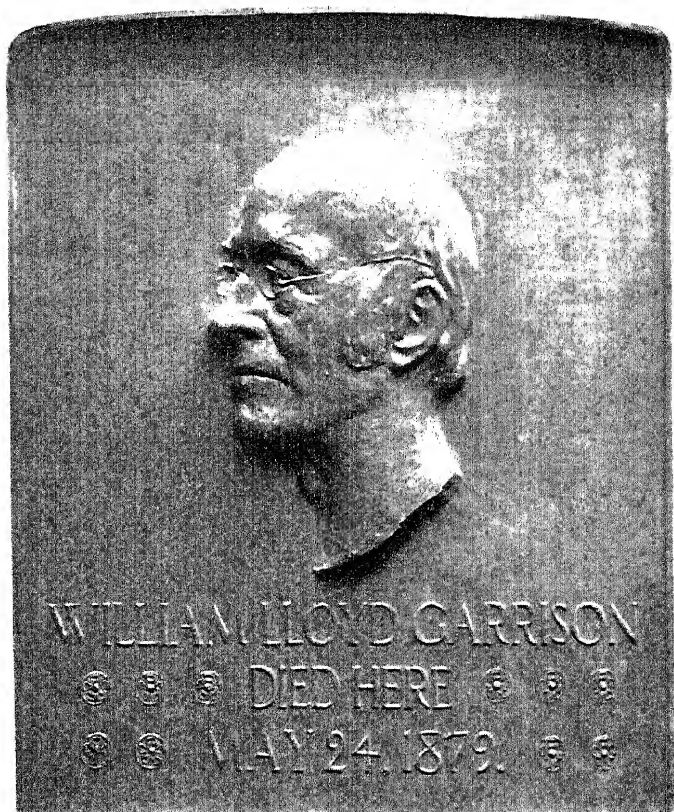
Well shall it be for us Americans if we shall not be recreant to our opportunities, and if the masses of the American people shall accept the teachings of Henry George. The only alternative to such acceptance is a constant deterioration, ever increasing political corruption, enormous increase of sordid monopolies, the building up here of an unprecedented and brutal aristocracy of wealth and the constantly increasing degradation and impoverishment of the masses of the people.

If the wonderously beautiful philosophy of Henry George shall not be accepted in practice, later generations of Americans, if not our own generation, will surely be doomed to see the oppressed masses, brutalized by their poverty and enthrallment, rise up to a vengeance, and perhaps one unwise, and abhorrent measures for the righting of their wrongs that on a large scale, amid much greater numbers of men, might more than repeat the horrors of the French revolution.

I myself am no politician. I am a clergyman, and I hope not lacking in humanity and patriotism, and what I have said and my attitude toward Mr. George so far from being inconsistent with my religion, are largely dictated by my religion itself—namely, the religion of Him who felt compassion for the multitude, and who taught us to labor and to pray for the coming upon earth of a kingdom of peace and perfect justice and brotherhood, which he did not disdain to call the Kingdom of Heaven upon Earth."



DR. MCGLYNN SPEAKING AT UNVEILING OF MONUMENT TO HENRY GEORGE
GREENWOOD CEMETERY, AUGUST, 1898



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

*From Tablet by Richard F. George
Westmoreland Hotel, N. Y.*



AT THE GRAVE OF HENRY GEORGE, 1898

RICHARD F. GEORGE

DR. MCGLYNN

CHAS. FRED'K ADAMS

EDWARD MCHUGH

Henry Ward Beecher

Foremost in the work of hastening the coming of the better day was the great man whose memory we perpetuate in these memorial pages. None other so well understood, as he taught the men of his land and time to exalt the essentials of religion, pure and undefiled, in which we all agree, and to minimize the differences that seem to separate us. To him was given to see with clearer vision, to reveal with unequalled genius, and with tireless energy to make common among men the meaning of Him who taught of old on the mount and by the sea-shore the core of all religion—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. I cheerfully confess that from Mr. Beecher I learned from the first days of my ministry, a new tenderness and fulness of meaning in the "Our Father," and I am glad to be able here to state that the theology of the old church agrees with his in this; that the essence of religion is in communion with God through the love of Him for His own sake and in loving all men for God's sake with best love with which we love ourselves, and that while sacrifice and sacrament, creed and ritual, prayers and sermon and song may be and are powerful helps and necessary manifestations of this religion, which is love, without it they are but a mockery, a sacrilege and a blasphemy.

Henry George

We stand upon ground that is made sacred by what remains of a man who was raised by a peculiar providence of the Father in Heaven to deliver a message to men of righteousness and justice and of truth.

He died in the struggle upon which he had enthusiastically entered to deal blows and willing to take blows in a conflict for the rights of men for universal justice. To fight for a cause that would make the magnificent intentions of the preamble of the Declaration of Independence no longer "glittering generalities." The chair of the President of the United States is all too small for such a man.

This man was not merely a philosopher and a sage, but he was a seer, a prophet, a preacher and a forerunner sent by God, and we can say of him as the Scriptures say, "There was a man sent of God whose name was John," and I believe that I am not guilty of any profanation of the Christian Scripture when I say there was a man sent of God whose name was Henry George.

And when God has sent such a messenger with such a message, the hearts of mankind are stirred to the depths. It were a pity if that man should have been elected Mayor of New York. It is well that he was spared the ignoble strife and the daily carping cares of such an office. I repeat no office was worthy of his generous nature, his great sympathy and his noble aims.

Auld Lang Syne

It is the tender love of the past, the eager solicitude for the future, that makes the difference between man and beast.

Anniversaries

It is characteristic of men everywhere and particularly of men who are worthy of the name of men, who follow best the dictates of reason, to rise above the selfish interests of their own petty lives, to consider the interests of others, to celebrate days that commemorate great events, that mark epochs in history and again to commemorate days that mark special events in their own individual lives. It is characteristic of right minded men on the day that marks the completion of one year and the beginning of a new, to stand as it were in the moment of time that separates the irrevocable past, fixed for all eternity, from the indistinct, the unknown, the uncertain future so full of opportunities and yet possibly so full of fate. And so all who are not utterly dead to the dictates of reason feel called upon to make a retrospect, to review the past, to see where errors have been committed, to resolve in the days that may be left to be more earnest and diligent, remembering that he serves the Father best who venerates the Father's image in every one of his brethren and feels that the doing good to men is the most effectual worship of God.

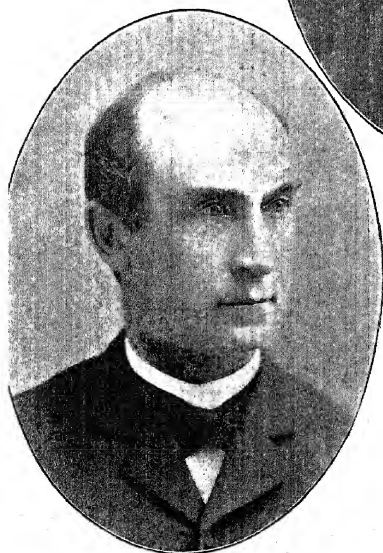
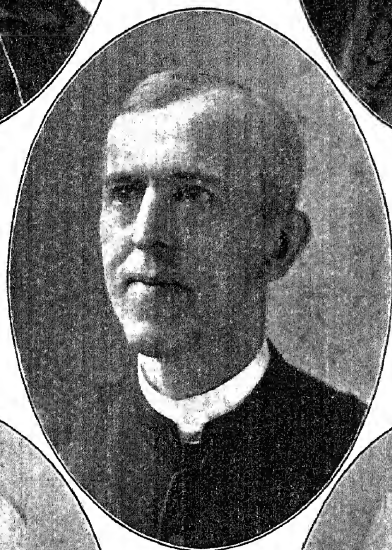
Commemoration of the Dead

It is a holy and wholesome thought to commemorate the dead. It is not merely a duty that we owe, to them, it is a very great comfort that we secure for ourselves. We prove that we have been able to cease to be mere animals, and proclaim ourselves to be children of the Father who is in heaven. In doing honor to our dear dead ones we are communing with them; we are holding silent converse with those who we believe may be still very near to us.

Rev. Thomas Farrell

I want to recall his name with signal honor and with every testimony of my undying affection to his memory.

From my earliest days in the priesthood in this city that man was more than a father to me. He was my guide, philosopher and friend. He was a liberal if ever there was one. He was a man who loved liberty if ever a man loved liberty. He was a man that loved truth above all things.



LIFE-LONG CLERICAL FRIENDS OF DR. MCGLYNN

REV. SYLVESTER MALONE

REV. THOMAS McLOUGHLIN

REV. RICHARD LALOR BURTSSELL, D.D.

REV. JAMES NILAN

REV. THOMAS FARRELL



GROUP OF FIRST AMERICAN COLLEGE STUDENTS, ROME, 1859

DR. MCGLYNN, FROM THE PROPAGANDA, SEATED IN THE CENTRE AS VICE-RECTOR

Tributes to Dr. McGlynn

Leaders of thought and action in Church and State have at some time expressed their love and respect for Dr. McGlynn. Only a few representative selections can be made for this volume. The following character sketch by an old classmate and former assistant was published at the time of Dr. McGlynn's death in the *Dublin Irish People* and reprinted in the *New York Freeman's Journal*.

Rev. Dr. R. Howley's Eloquent Tribute to Dr. McGlynn

Foremost Among a Bright Band at the College of the Propaganda—His Life and Labors at St. Stephen's—"Courteous to All; to the Poorest Conspicuously"—"Even His Very Clothes He Gave Time and Again to the Ill-Clad Wanderer Who Came to Seek His Aid."

When I entered the Pontifical College of Propaganda in 1856 it harbored a bright band of Irish and Irish-American students. They were conspicuous among their fellows of every clime and every complexion for a frankness and cheerfulness of character, a loyalty to rule and discipline. They were also noted for a high order of talent that brought them—as a body—to the front in every academic contest. At that time the now celebrated American College, in the Via dell Umilta, had not been established. The American students, nearly all of immediate Irish descent and many of Irish birth, were gathered into the Propaganda awaiting the opening of their own National Institute. Among them all Edward McGlynn was of the foremost, in or out of the class halls, when called upon to display his gifts. Otherwise he was remarkable for reticence and reserve, and for a gravity of demeanor that bordered on melancholy.

Though he was one year in advance of me when I entered the Urban College, we attended the same classes all through the theological course, and we roomed throughout for six years in the same division or camerata.

We were intimates—as close as Dr. McGlynn's rather sombre character permitted intimacy. He smoothed my way over many

a difficulty in my philosophical course, and enlightened me often when both professor and author had left me in darkness.

HIS SCHOLARSHIP

How Dr. McGlynn—the most silent man in the house—attained the extraordinary fluency and elegance of Latin diction he displayed when called upon, was always a marvel to me. He was not a hard student, in the sense attached to the term in our College.

He kept no portfolio and took no notes, as the rest of us did. He simply thought and meditated his way into the front rank. He never put questions or proposed difficulties to the professors, as many inferior men were accustomed to do, ostentatiously. He never spoke at all till asked to do so, but then he spoke profoundly and to the purpose.

In his own undemonstrative way he was at once an ascetic within, and an unrivaled athlete without, the college walls. These remarks sum up his life and character as a student.

VICE-RECTOR OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AT 23 YEARS OF AGE

Before his ordination the American College was established and opened by Pius IX. Dr. McGlynn, still a student, and scarcely twenty-three years of age, was appointed as vice-rector under the well-known Irish Benedictine (afterward abbot of his order in Rome), Very Rev. Bernard Smith. This was a mark of the confidence and esteem in which he was held by his Roman superiors. Soon after, Dr. McCloskey, afterwards bishop of Louisville, Ky., was appointed president of the new college.

The old staff then retired, and Dr. McGlynn proceeded to his diocese, and became, first, chaplain to the soldiers wounded in the Civil War and consigned to a hospital near New York. They constituted more than an ordinary parish, both in numbers and in the demands they made on the zeal and devotedness of their young chaplain.

HIS APPOINTMENT AS PASTOR OF THE LARGEST PARISH IN NEW YORK

On the death of Dr. Cummins, Dr. McGlynn was appointed to the premier parish of the city—St. Stephen's—a district containing 25,000 Catholics, besides the immense Bellevue Hospital. There he remained till the unfortunate events occurred (after more than twenty years of pastoral duty) that resulted in his removal from St. Stephen's and his isolation from the authorities and the clergy of his diocese.

It was my lot to have known Dr. McGlynn even more intimately in his pastoral line than in his student days.

Partly as guest, partly as clerical assistant, I lived with him in St. Stephen's off and on, for several years. He was untiring in his devotion to duty—especially in the Confessional, where he

almost lived—and he took a holy pride in all that contributed to the adornment and beauty of his church and the attractiveness of its services.

Thus St. Stephen's became noted, beyond all the churches of New York, for the splendor of its equipment, and above all, for the exquisite charm of its sacred music.

HIS HIGH IDEAL OF THE SACRED PRIESTHOOD

Charitable to all men, courteous and respectful to all classes—to the poorest conspicuously—Dr. McGlynn had one dominant feeling—displayed in deeds throughout his career. This was a high ideal of the sacred priesthood and a lavish exercise of good offices toward his brethren of the clergy, particularly toward any who were in difficulties or even in disgrace. It was sufficient for any priest to be in trouble to secure for him a home in Dr. McGlynn's house, and comfort and courage in his counsel.

HIS UNOSTENTATIOUS CHARITY

I often knew him to give up his own bed—the house being small for the number of assistants required in such a parish—to a priest in distress. Even his very clothes—and his own wardrobe was ever badly furnished—he gave time and again to the ill-clad wanderer who came to seek his aid and hospitality. The instances were innumerable wherein he had clergymen in passing trouble restored to the favor of their Diocesan and the exercise of their functions. This love of the sacred priesthood and care of all enrolled in its body was almost a passion with him. He established in the basement of his church a preparatory school (a sort of "petit seminaire") for the instruction of poor but worthy young men of the parish who manifested signs of a vocation to the priesthood. Here they received the preliminary knowledge requisite for entrance to an ecclesiastical college, Dr. McGlynn himself defraying the expenses of this establishment.

THE REFUGE OF MANY A TROUBLED HEART

Some were young clerks in various stores, others even poorer and less provided for than they. I have in my memory at this moment several whose first step toward the altar was planted on the flags of the underground crypt of St. Stephen's Church. Some of them in Rome, Ireland and elsewhere became distinguished students, and are now devoted and successful missionaries.

In accord with his zeal in this direction Dr. McGlynn had prepared a favorite lecture on "The Christian Priesthood," which he delivered from hundreds of altars and platforms throughout the country. It was a magnificent presentment of the sacerdotal dignity and duties. He seemed as one inspired when delivering it.

It was this lofty love of his order that made him the refuge of many a troubled heart among his confreres.

UNPARALLELED LOYALTY AND DEVOTEDNESS OF HIS FRIENDS, EVEN IN HIS DAYS OF BITTER SORROW AND TROUBLE

He was beloved—even in his days of bitter sorrow and abandonment—by all who had known him in his days of prosperity and honor. The loyalty displayed toward him, when under the awful ban of Church authority, by the priests he had befriended and by the congregation he had served was like nothing my mind recalls except, perhaps, the devotedness lavished on the Stuarts by their adherents. But not one of the Stuarts—barring, perhaps, the Queen of the race—deserved, as Dr. McGlynn did, the homage of hearts faithful to the end.

Into the question of his ecclesiastical censure and all the grief and soreness of heart it brought to him and to his friends it is not my place or purpose to examine. I only know—and that from the mouth of an eminent personage in Rome to whom the doctor was subject in last appeal—that he never was convicted by competent authority of error of doctrine or of having made shipwreck of Faith (*Naufragium Fidei*). The same Roman dignitary told me that Dr. McGlynn was still looked upon with tender regard by himself, and cherished every day in His Eminence's thoughts.

I was bid to communicate this to my quondam fellow-student. I did so at the first opportunity, to the comfort and the softening of his embittered heart.

THE ENORMOUS AMOUNT OF GOOD HE DID

I heard Dr. McGlynn time and again after his separation from his Church and functions deliver lectures in halls crowded with non-Catholics. In every instance he was conveying to them—without their knowledge—the highest and brightest teachings of Catholic dogma and Catholic ethics.

I believe he did an enormous amount of good in this way—preaching to others while himself was an outcast. Certain expressions disrespectful of authority attributed to him, sometimes falsely, sometimes only half truly, were deplored by even his dearest friends. But it must be remembered he was cut off from all friendly communication and counsel.

DR. MCGLYNN AND HENRY GEORGE

Dr. McGlynn's connection with the celebrated Henry George, and his adoption of the theories of that philanthropist, marked the beginning of the troubles that finally overwhelmed him. George's vivid picture of poverty—co-existent with, and consequent on the so-called progress of our epoch—spoke irresistibly to a mind and heart constituted as were Dr. McGlynn's. All his experience, too (as that of all other priests employed as he was), lent a fascination to George's theories and wrought them into a conviction. His mind, once impressed, and his conscience inspired by the lofty aims proposed for the benefit of the mass of mankind,



DR. MCGLYNN IN THE LATE EIGHTIES

Dr. Edward McGlynn

HE had a courage tainted not with fear;
A soul that shuddered at a human tear;
A heart bowed down alone by others' woe,
Through which the streams of love did sweetly flow;
A mind in rapt agreement with God's plan,
His love of God included love of man.
His brother's sorrow ever in his thought,
For human rights courageously he fought,
Undaunted fought for man, through gain or loss,
While marching 'neath the banner of the cross.
He made his fight 'gainst poverty and sin—
This priest of God—our own beloved McGlynn.

GEORGE WALLACE

consequences were of no consideration of Dr. McGlynn. Raised to a plane of thought like his, he had no regard for what some one has called "the cowardly virtue of prudence." His flight of mind was unhampered. The commonplace bug-bear of "meum" and "tuum" had no terrors for him. "Meum and tuum" was to him the *frigidum illud verbum* that a great father of the Church once designated it. As long as "meum" was held to mean all the pleasures, comforts and wealth of the world for the few, and "tuum" all the world's privations, woes and wails for the many the terms were irreconcilable, in Mr. McGlynn's mind, with the designs of a bounteous Creator and merciful Providence. God made for mankind, and not for monopolies, "the earth and the fulness thereof." The doctor was full of those high thoughts, and proclaimed them again and again long before he made the acquaintance of Mr. George.

But he found his ideals perfectly portrayed in the powerful plea put forth by George in his "Progress and Poverty." From the moment of the appearance of that work those two kindred souls rushed to meet and became knit together in the sublimest of bonds—oneness of intelligent purpose. No doubt also the great charm of Henry George's personality captivated a nature sympathetic as it was undemonstrative. George was a naturally religious and deeply reverential man. I well remember Dr. McGlynn, one day, recounting to me the eloquent invocation of the Diety that broke from George as the two stood on the great Brooklyn Bridge in the dead of night while the stars glittered over their heads in the calm and cloudless sky. George being an intellectual innovator, ruffled the conservatism of many men in Church and State. Dr. McGlynn shared in the odium that attached to him.

DR. MCGLYNN'S SYMPATHY FOR EVERY IRISH MOVEMENT

One other thing ought to be mentioned to Dr. McGlynn's honor in an Irish paper published in the capital of Ireland. This was his noble devotedness and practical effort in every movement for the benefit of the Irish people. His pulpit was always free to every Irish priest who came to collect for the construction of a church or the alleviation of distress in Ireland. He was a leader in the land in all movements that made for the freedom and nationhood of Ireland. On this account, too, he courted personal disfavor in some prejudiced quarters. But his fervor and eloquence rendered him indispensable to the cause in Catholic America, and to no meeting in favor of Ireland did he deny his services whenever his clerical duties permitted.

DR. MCGLYNN LED A DEEPLY RELIGIOUS LIFE

After his restoration to the exercise of his office Dr. McGlynn led a retired and deeply religious life. The news of his death will sadden many a soul that knew and loved him. To me it came as a shock and a sorrow indescribable. He has found—I feel it—in death the reality of those high ideals that he reached out

to vainly in life; of those yearnings after truth that have no earthly embodiment, peace that the world cannot give, light that neither darkness cannot comprehend. He has joined the blessed band of those who go forth to God's harvest sowing the seed and weeping, but return from it rejoicing and bearing its bountiful sheaves.

There are many like him, many before him and to come after, of whom it is and shall be true that "*Euntes ibant et flebant mittentes semina sua Venientes autem venient cum exultatione portantes manipulos suos.*"

R. HOWLEY, D.D.

Edward McGlynn

No monk was he—no cloistered soul,
But one who warred for righteousness
Where'er humanity might press,
Where'er its troubled stream might roll.

There strove he for his fellow men;
He kept the manhood of a man,
As churchman and American,
The faith of priest and citizen.

And when he saw the truth he came
And spake the word that made him one
With those whose eyes behold the sun,
And read God's message in the flame.

He took the Prophet's hand—he led
Us higher—bade us see what lay
Beyond the struggle of the day—
And Faith awoke where Faith was dead.

Prophet, Apostle, ye are two
Of those whom God anoints—maybe
Ye shall from His eternity
Behold your prophecies come true.

And yet our hearts are sad to-day,
For death is death, and still and cold
In doubly consecrated mould
The Priest we loved is laid way.

Son of the Church great heart, to whom
So much of truth was given to see—
Our tenderest loves go out with thee
Beyond the portals of the tomb.

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

Lyman Abbot

Father McGlynn set an example from which the clergy in every branch might well learn a lesson of patient courage. His unostentatious heroism has both pointed out the path of duty to all Christian ministers and won for those of his own church a victory too little appreciated. Follower of Christ and friend of man, his best monument is the ever living love of thousands whom he never knew, but whose cause he made his own. Protestant and Catholic may well unite to honor the memory of a priest who offers his own life as a continuous sacrifice for his fellow men.

Dr. I. K. Funk

Dr. McGlynn stands forth in my mind as one of the great hearts of the world. . . . He was a most effective champion of the American public school system, and of the right of American citizenship; one who in himself grandly reveals the sort of a man that the Gospels and the Declaration of Independence can make.

I trust that a permanent monument may be erected to his memory in this city, the city of so many years of his labor, and which he so well loved. When the time comes that heart is the measure of greatness, Dr. McGlynn will be counted one of the greatest of our men.

Judge James G. Maguire, California

Keep the memory of Dr. McGlynn green in the souls of his disciples and of all who believe in the principles of liberty, equality and justice, to the advocacy and defense of which so large a share of his life was devoted, and for which it may be safely said his splendid life was prematurely sacrificed. His work will ever be his greatest monument, but a marble shaft may serve to testify the love and admiration of his own generation.

Thos. Hunter, Pres. Normal College

I feel highly honored in being asked to act as one of the Vice-Presidents of the memorial meeting, for the reason that the Doctor attended the school of which I was formerly the principal.

Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis,

Pastor of Plymouth Church

Father McGlynn was a broad, generous, tolerant man, and it is with deep regret that I learn of his death. He was a man who loved his kind. He was a man to be loved and admired.

Gen. Horatio C. King

Father McGlynn was a Christian gentleman. I always honored and respected him. Nor will Plymouth Church forget that he stood by Mr. Beecher in the hour of his sorest trouble. The death of Father McGlynn comes to me as a personal loss.

John P. Altgeld

I regarded Father McGlynn as the great apostle of humanity.
I will do what I can to help your noble work.

Henry George, Jr.

Posterity will declare Dr. McGlynn to have been a great priest, a great citizen, a great man and a great friend.

Charles Sprague Smith

Cooper Union, N. Y.

Here Abraham Lincoln stood, here Henry George stood, here Father McGlynn stood—great consecrated tribunes of the people.

Mark M. Fagan, Mayor of Jersey City

With grateful heart I speak to the memory of Father McGlynn. Years ago, sitting in the Academy of Music, a youth just turning into manhood, I was inspired by the eloquence of Dr. McGlynn to follow his teachings. I have tried to do so and owe such success in life as I have attained to, to that fact.

Father McGlynn

Of Christ's own church was Father McGlynn, the priest,
The church wherein the greatest is the least,
The church to which each man who prays alone,
In truth of heart, adds, with each prayer, a stone—
Lifting it nearer God; with trowel and sword
Building His house and battling for the Lord.

Not in Jerusalem builded, nor in Rome,
The Church where homeless men can find a home,
Nor the church builded by the man who stole,
And gives a little back of the whole—
A little back, to save his sorry soul.

That church is builded in the hearts of those
Who, for their fellows, put away repose,
Wearing the thorns, that others wear the rose.
For night and day, is ever in their ears
The sound of the falling of the wide world's tears.
And for their souls is neither rest nor ease
While that they know that even the least of these
That are His children have neither bread nor bed,
Nor light, nor air—nor even a kind word said
Twixt the hard earth and the un pitying sky—
Yea! nor a lonely place wherein to die;
A church secure from thunders of outworn ban,
The universal church of God and man.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Dr. McGlynn's Birthday
Sept. 27, 1913

Grover Cleveland

I regret very much that I am unable to be with you in the last sad tribute to my old friend, Dr. McGlynn.

Telegram to Dr. Burtzell at Newburgh, 1900.

Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War

I learned to admire Dr. McGlynn from Tom L. Johnson, who was his friend and admirer. It is a comforting thing to see that those who appreciate his genius and his greatness are not willing to allow his memory to be forgotten. *Sept., 1917.*

James H. Barry

EDITOR, *San Francisco Star*

I met Dr. McGlynn when he was here something more than twenty years ago. "The multitude heard him gladly." I loved him before then, but I have worshipped at his shrine ever since. I never knew another such God-like man. He spent an evening at my humble home, which no one there could ever forget, because all were exalted by the great truths he told, as if the Master spake, and with the light of heaven in his countenance. Truly, Crosby was right when he said—"His face had that beauty which comes from a life time of love for men." And his voice, too, had that sweet, sympathetic tone which betokens boundless love for all humanity.

Hugh McAtamney

In honoring his memory, let us not forget that he aroused labor to a knowledge of its power; that he changed the conditions in New York tenements to livable ones; that he laid the foundations of breathing places for the tenement dwellers, and that had he lived, the brotherhood of man would have been a fact and not a fancy.

Prof. Lewis J. Johnson

It is fine to see Dr. McGlynn's portrait on your card. I only wish I could have known him—and that his equal in the priesthood could today be found.

J. W. Sullivan

Dr. McGlynn was a consistent, generous, and forceful friend of the wage-workers. Never in any of his acts did he forfeit their respect.

Gen. Alexander S. Webb

I will with pleasure act as one of the Vice-Presidents of the meeting of the Dr. McGlynn Memorial Association.

Charles B. Spahr

Though I am not a single taxer, few men have ever stirred me as Dr. McGlynn has done when urging that the land was created by God as a heritage for all His children.

Maj. Gen. O. O. Howard, U. S. Army

I knew Dr. McGlynn quite well, and had for him great esteem as a conscientious man and as a friend of the people; especially of those who most need human sympathy and aid.

Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst

I should not only be willing but should be gratified to have my name used in the manner proposed.

Justice Jas. A. Blanchard

Dr. Edward McGlynn was a good man. His life was devoted to uplifting the poor, and the day he died a great and noble soul went to Heaven. I am proud to have my name associated with an object so deserving and meritorious.

James B. Reynolds

A man who put so much head and heart in his service of the people as Dr. Edward McGlynn is one whom I admire most deeply. I am glad to have the opportunity to signify my respect for him.

Dr. Henry Moskowitz

Dr. McGlynn wore a crown of thorns in the struggle for truth, which is gradually dawning upon a great mass of our people to-day. He had the vision to see the truth when few saw it, but above all, he had the courage to proclaim it when to do so meant pain and suffering. The fruits of Dr. McGlynn's work future generations will reap. Then he will be acclaimed by the nation and the world as one of the great priests of humanity.

Rev. Dr. C. V. Mahony

It is the greatest honor of my life to introduce to you one whom God has especially raised up to meet the wants of this age. He has levelled many barriers and taught during his whole life, the fundamental truth that we are all children of one God and brethren to each other.

John Sherwin Crosby

He always seemed so near heaven's door that I would never have been surprised to see him lift the latch and walk in. But he was a believer in this world as well as the next. I once heard him say he didn't believe the next world was one long snore.

O, for more philosophers like Henry George, more clergymen like Edward McGlynn, more statesmen like Thomas C. Shearman. But who speaks for Thomas G. Shearman's place? It will be hard to fill. That of Edward McGlynn is still vacant. Henry George's never can be filled. There is indeed room at the top. George, McGlynn and Shearman, benefactors of their race, servants of the Most High, saints who from their labors rest.

Father Edward McGlynn

Farewell, dear kindly spirit—fare thee well!
Thy giant form, that held so great a soul;
Thy face, so eloquent in every line,
Translating to the world thy Christian heart
Have passed the darkened portals hence to be
But sacred recollections; dust to dust,
Thy mortal part has vanished from the earth,
As melts the evening cloud, no more to bless
Bodily eyes, yet evermore to fade
From memory's clear vision in the breasts
Of those who know and loved thee.

Noble priest!

Whose lips the living fire of God had touched
With consecration holier than the hand
Of Pontiff could bestow; whose spirit large
No narrow churchly limits could restrain,
In thee the brotherhood of man's bereaved—
Sincere in faith, thou didst the work of Rome;
Her vestments thou didst wear, her rites perform,
Devout and reverent, but thy priesthood reached
Beyond the Papal bounds; this God given earth
Was thy true altar, thy evangel clear
The Father's table free to every child.

Thy parish was the world of toil and pain;
The disinherited, the weak, the mass,
Submerged in hellish slums by social wrong,
Were thy parishioners and in their cause
Thou didst not shrink from obloquy and loss,
Ending in spoiled career and martyrdom;
In the true priestly spirit thou didst turn
From deaf and hardened mammon unto God,
And with thy latest breath, whisper thy faith
That Truth shall triumph, and His will be done
On earth as 'tis in heaven.

J. W. BENGOUGH, "*In Many Keys*," Toronto.

Samuel Gompers

I shall be pleased to address your association, for there is no man living or dead for whom I entertain more earnest regard than I do for Dr. McGlynn.

T. Thomas Fortune, New York Age

What a force was Dr. McGlynn among men, how mightily he wrought for others. A man among men with his face always turned to the light, with his eyes always fixed upon the sun of hope, a prince in grandeur of his bounty of human kindness, in loveliness of his character, in the simplicity of his manners, he drew the high and the low to him and held them fast as with hooks of steel.

Father Jas. O. S. Huntington

May the soul of Edward McGlynn, priest, philosopher, patriot, rest in peace.

Edward Everett Hale

I had a great regard for Dr. McGlynn, and every time I met him I liked him more and more.

William Dean Howells

Though not a Single Taxer, I shall be glad to be numbered among the Vice-Presidents of the Dr. McGlynn Memorial Association because of the honor and affection in which I hold the memory of the man.

Rt. Rev. Frederick Dan Huntington

Bishop of Central New York

I am glad to call myself a friend and admirer of Dr. McGlynn.

Bolton Hall

Dr. McGlynn was a messenger of God who knew what his message meant and was not afraid to deliver it.

Dr. Edward McGlynn**I.**

O priest and prophet! thou
Wert sent of God
To tell the deathless truth,
That Angels laud,
That cherubim and seraphim applaud.

II.

Wert sent of God,
But death hath stricken thee
With ruthless rod,
And set thy spirit free—
Forever and forever free with God.

III.

Hath stricken thee? Not thee,
Thy house of clay;
While thou, indeed, art free
To waft thy way
Into eternal and supernal day.

IV.

Cold house of clay!
Thy tenant lives again,
And wafts his way
Beyond our feeble ken—
So live his deeds within the hearts of men.

WM. SCOTT, in *Johnstown Democrat*.

Rev. James Nilan

It will be an honor for me to be named one of the Vice-Presidents of the Dr. McGlynn Memorial Association.

Rev. Thomas McLoughlin

Dr. McGlynn was in private life the same Dr. McGlynn all have known him. The public have had him in as intimate confidence as his nearest friends.

The one thing most noticeable in his character, besides his charity, justice and kindness of heart to all mankind, was the welfare of the church, zeal for religion and the salvation of souls. He looked upon the justice of the single tax and the happy consequences to come from it, as most conducive and helpful to those ends to which all man's efforts should tend. He looked upon this life as the vale of tears it is. He tried to dry up those tears and make easier and more certain man's passage to the happiness we trust he himself now enjoys.

Rev. R. Heber Newton

It would be a great pleasure to me to bear my personal testimony to that true priest of God, that most catholic Catholic, that ardent lover of humanity, that heroic reformer.

An outsider turns to the quiet beauty and spiritual power of such a life as that of Father McGlynn and knows that if he is ever to be brought back to the Mother Church, it is through the influence of such lives.

To the great principle of Mr. George he gave his instant and enthusiastic assent. He believed with all his heart that the land was made for the people, that it is the gift of God to all His children, that if its wealth of provision for man's needs here were rightly used for the necessities of the many, and not for the luxuries of the few there would be an end to the worst poverty of earth.

The message came to him no mere economic theory. It became a religious principle. It became part of his faith in God. The enthusiasm of that faith thrilled from him through myriads of men from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Who can ever forget that memorable hour in Chickering Hall, when the Anti-Poverty Society was born into the world? The great throng with bowed heads and streaming eyes repeating after this inspired priest the words of the Lord's prayer, as a confession of faith in the love and providence of God, the creed of social righteousness! Men may sneer at that scene "hysteria." I see in it a prophecy of the new enthusiasm—waking in the world the religion which believes in a human brotherhood. Of this new religious enthusiasm Father McGlynn was a pioneer on our soil.

Oh that the mantle of this Elijah may fall on a host of Elishas! Oh that the young priests of the church may consecrate themselves in the memory of this heroic life to the work of making the Golden Rule the real law of life.

Mgr. Thomas J. Ducey

COOPER UNION MEETING

When Christ preached the Sermon on the Mount He told many truths that were not acceptable to some men of his day, and are not any more acceptable to some men of the present day.

Dr. McGlynn was a true priest. He was not satisfied with the mere presentation of theological truths, but with the heart of a true follower of Christ, sought to get nearer the heart of man, and for the uplifting of his fellow men.

Father McGlynn's life was a constant homage to and defense of true manhood. He was an honor to the Church and he reflected honor and distinction on his brother priests.

Rev. Father Robert T. Johnson

But I believe it is now generally agreed that no honester or truer hearted man has appeared in the secular life of our generation than the originator of the single tax theory—the late Henry George. And with that name, and with equal tribute to his honesty and devotion to what he conceived to be the cause of human progress, there must always be coupled the name of that ardent and eloquent priest—the late Rev. Dr. McGlynn.

—*Dinner, Massachusetts Single Tax League, 1900.*

John E. Milholland, New York

There are few men of this generation more deserving of a monument than Edward McGlynn. He had in him the stuff of which heroes are made. He was a man of the people. He loved the people. He was loyal to them, and loyal to them when it meant suffering for him. He distinguished between the shadow and the substance again and again; between essentials and outward forms and symbols.

Judge George Wallace

Where'er God's children in distress are found—his children of inheritance despoiled, while wealth and grandeur spring from out their loss; where groans humanity beneath a load; where'er gaunt hunger stalks within the home, starvation marking loved ones for its prey; or in want and tatters, others, homeless starve; where'er is habitat of human woe, or unquenched sorrow wrings the throbbing heart, or wails of human anguish meet the ear, or unbid tears of suffering fill the eye; where rank injustice clouds the star of hope, or hides it ever from the human gaze, and tempteth man to lose his faith in God; there, heeding neither color, race nor creed, appears McGlynn, the herald of the Christ.

Judge Edward Osgood Brown, Chicago

I was proud to regard Dr. McGlynn as my friend in his life. And I love his memory now.

Henry George

Did I not speak the truth when, on this platform, before the stroke fell, I said that if they suspended him as a priest, God would make him an apostle?

I first heard of Edward McGlynn in Ireland. It was in what seemed to me the darkest days of the movement. That speech of his, to which he has alluded to-night, rang over the sea with its burning words, "Spare your apologies, Michael Davitt; go back to Ireland and preach the gospel of the land for the people!" I welcomed that voice more deeply and more intensely than I can well tell you, and I now rejoice with exceeding great joy that this man, this priest, is free to preach the gospel of glad tidings for himself and his Master, here and everywhere—for the words that are spoken to this audience stop not here.

The First Meeting of Henry George and Dr. McGlynn

Reminiscences by A. J. STEERS

One day Mr. George called on me, not feeling happy at the outlook. His conversation was about how he could push things more strongly in New York. "What we want, Steers, said he, "is a different kind of man. I can speak a little and you and others can work in your several ways but what we need is a preacher, a strong and forceful speaker, a man with the learning, the spirit and the presence to take a leading part. We want a Peter the Hermit to preach this New Crusade." "I have the very man" said I. "He is the pastor of one of the largest and one of the poorest parishes among the Catholic parishes in the city: he is one of the best speakers I have ever heard, and if he sides with us, will not count the cost or go only half-way. He is altogether the man you are looking for—a Peter the Hermit, indeed." "Would you like me to see him?" said Mr. George. "Nothing could be more opportune; I will call and ask him to make an appointment, if you wish," said I. "Do so, and I will call with you at any time he may be able to see us," responded Mr. George. Within the following week I called on Dr. McGlynn, who told me he would be delighted to meet Mr. George, and incidentally gave me his opinion that there was nothing contrary to Catholic doctrine in "Progress and Poverty." He consented to meet Mr. George on a day which he appointed, and at the time set I took Mr. George to St. Stephen's rectory, where he was made welcome by the Doctor, and where I left him. From this day forward Mr. George frequently called on Dr. McGlynn, and a friendship sprang up between them. In many ways the two men complemented each other. They took frequent occasion to visit one another. Both were men of great personal courage, and both lived the intellectual, spiritual life, both loved

their fellow man, and their strong and enduring friendship was the natural feeling of affinity between two souls who loved the same things and strove for the same lofty ends.

The Land for the People

Shout, boys, the cry of the "Land for the People,"
Loud let it ring over mountain and vale!
Proudly unroll labor's flag from each steeple,
And swear to defend it whoever assail.
On, every son of toil!
God made for all the soil!
Rise in your might against plunder and sin!
Forward! be not afraid!
March in the new Crusade;
Strike for your birthright with George and McGlynn.
Long, ah! too long, have the land-thieves been ruling,
Crushing the hope and the life out of man!
A priest and a prophet have risen from their schooling;
The sunlight of knowledge reveals a new plan.
Up, boys! the night is past;
Slavery is doomed at last!
Roll out the anthem—the death-knell of sin—
Forward! be not afraid!
Join in the new Crusade;
Strike for your birthright with George and McGlynn.

I. T. GALLAGHER.

Father McGlynn's First Single Tax Meeting

As Related by MARTIN BATTLE

In August, 1886, the American Tax Reform League had only about eight or ten members in this city. When a meeting was to be held, postal cards were sent to persons who might be interested. In this way the writer mailed a notice to Father McGlynn of a meeting to be held at Dr. Hanna's house, on Twenty-fifth street, New York. I was the second arrival at the meeting. Immediately after me came in Father McGlynn. I went to welcome him, saying: "Father, I sent you a notice of this meeting, hardly expecting you would come." He replied: "I am only too glad to have an opportunity to come to your meeting."

The meeting was called to order, with L. F. Post in the chair, and the writer as secretary. A committee was appointed to lay out a plan for a new society. This committee consisted of Henry George, Father McGlynn, Tom L. Johnson, Louis F. Post, A. B. Simonds, and the writer.

This committee held two meetings at Father McGlynn's house. To one of them came a number of newspaper reporters, so we were compelled to adjourn to the back parlor, and there, in the light given by an imperfect gas burner, just

a light sufficient to see the outlines of each other's faces, we discussed in undertones what we should tell the reporters. Finally, Father McGlynn went out to the boys and gave them a story.

Next day one of the papers had it that we were in a dimly lit room, talking in whispers, and that the shadows flitting to and fro on the glass door made us look like the meeting of a lot of conspirators (*sic*).

Well, our meeting started again, not to discuss the formation of a new society, but to urge upon Henry George the necessity of his running for Mayor at the coming election. This talk occupied all the time and thought of the two meetings and no doubt had much to do in influencing Mr. George in running for the office.

Shortly after, the political campaign committee was organized. So began the 1886 mayoralty campaign, with Henry George on the ticket.

This was a remarkable meeting in many respects, as it was *perhaps the first single tax gathering* attended by Father McGlynn, Henry George, Tom L. Johnson and Louis F. Post.

God Bless Him

Ho! Men of Freedom's choice, awake!
Blend heart with heart and grasp each hand
And welcome him for Freedom's sake,
Who for our weal bears Freedom's brand;
He holds it high to light the way,
For honest toil to gain its own,
And in the gleam of Freedom's ray
To set the base of Manhood's throne!
No king could have such welcome here—
Our hearts are his—God bless him!
His name is music in each ear,
McGlynn we love—God bless him!

When all was darkling, drear and dim,
His trumpet tones aroused the land,
And every echo caught the hymn
Of Labor's Rights and Duties grand,
From East to West he told the tale—
From North to South his voice was heard,
And in the sweeps of Freedom's gale
The lowly Toilers' souls were stirred!
Our hearts are his, and welcome due,
We give McGlynn! God bless him!
Among the land's Immortal Few
He foremost stands—God bless him!

J. J. GAHAN.

Newburgh Daily Register

A national figure, Dr. McGlynn possessed the love and the veneration of people of all denominations.

The barriers of prejudice went down before his appeals for the betterment of mankind.

He was in advance of the leaders of that great church to which his life work was devoted.

His teachings reached the hearts of the masses everywhere. The long years he spent in the service of Master and man were productive of the greatest good. Men long deaf to the pleadings of others listened to the words of the kindly priest and hearts were touched and souls quickened. Wherever his voice was heard there dropped the seed which brought forth good fruit. And men who heard him never forgot the message which he brought. And as he benefited and strengthened the people, so, also, did he benefit and strengthen the church of his faith.

The Catholic Church in Newburgh and elsewhere is stronger for his efforts and the cause of Christ materially advanced.

"Not dead, but sleeping." It seems but yesterday that we heard these words from the lips of him who rests now from labor. Dead, he yet speaketh: "We are here for a little while at some distance from our Father's house, at the Father's appointed school, in the Father's appointed workshop, to learn reverently and diligently the lessons, that the Father has written in his own handwriting upon the walls of his goodly school house, upon all things that He has made in this great universe to fit it to be the habitation of man. Upon the sands of the sea, in the bowels of the earth, in the valleys, forests, mountains and fields, upon the stars of the firmament, He has written with mysterious handwriting, great truths, revealing Himself to man; revealing that He is God; that He is wise and provident; revealing to man something of his own magnificent origin and destiny, so that, as a Christian apostle tells us, we are to learn from the visible things of God, his invisible things, even his very Godhead."

"Not dead, but sleeping." Surely there can be no death for so grand and lofty a soul. We do not believe there is. Beyond the stars, somewhere beyond the range of human vision, the Master greets the faithful servant and grants his last whispered prayer: "Jesus, have mercy on me." He who has pleaded so earnestly for mercy for others will not be denied. Peace to his ashes and joy to his soul.

Abraham Gruber

Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, who as much as any other man who has lived in this city deservedly had the affection of every man, woman and child in New York, who heard him or heard of him.

William Lloyd Garrison

Address, Memorial Meeting, Worcester, 1900

Dr. McGlynn was a priest of humanity, embracing all creeds and races in his universal parish. To exceptional power of speech he united deep human sympathy and high courage. Although "the path of duty is the way to glory," it is oftenest full of thorns for bleeding feet. Yet he trod it unfalteringly.

We live in a country where dissent from popular opinion does not incur the penalty of dungeon or scaffold. Society reserves inflictions for dissentients which surely reach the body through the mind and soul. Character, motive, action, are aspersed and misrepresented. To sensitive and exalted natures this punishment for outspoken conscience is often more bitter than physical torture.

Apprehending at once the vital truth of "Progress and Poverty" and the wise remedy it offered for social misery, he lost no time in putting himself by the side of Henry George. Straight as a line of light he found his way to the living gospel of the right to use the earth, harmonizing so completely with his previous Christian ideals.

With what eloquence and earnestness he spoke the saving word! The loss of his priestly function, the censure of Rome, the breaking of tender ties with his devoted parishioners, he bore with a firmness and serenity impossible except for that inward assurance of rectitude which has sustained the saints and martyrs of all times.

To Henry George the accession of Dr. McGlynn was as inspiring as an army with banners. What Wendell Phillips was to the anti-slavery movement, this phenomenal orator was to the cause of the single tax. Both apostles had tongues of flame as well as of persuasion. Both were preserved to pronounce unrivaled funeral orations over the bodies of their respective leaders.

The moral and religious side of Henry George's movement naturally absorbed the attention of Dr. McGlynn. He left to others the elaborate exposition of the economic incidents of the single tax. He did not underestimate the value of facts and figures, but his habit of thought and his true function were in the realm of conscience and aspiration. A thousand can be found to elucidate the material arguments for a reform, where one is fitted to stir the higher natures of men.

I love to think of our dear friend as I last saw him, swaying with masterly speech the thousands who had thronged to pay the closing honors to Henry George. The decorous and appropriate addresses preceding his had been listened to with

a feeling too tense to bear much longer repression. A safety-valve was essential, and with the orator's consummate tact, Dr. McGlynn supplied it.

Breathless and alive to their finger-tips, the audience yet remained undemonstrative, following the conventional custom. But the limit was reached when the speaker, comparing the departed leader to the apostle John, declared: "And I say unto you that there was another man sent of God whose name was Henry George!" The pent-up volcano opened, the thunderous applause indicated profound relief, and the multitudinous assembly regained a safe and normal condition.

It was an occasion never to be forgotten and differentiated the grief that follows an unselfish benefactor of humanity from the perfunctory display of sorrow which nations pay to ordinary public heroes.

Miles M. Dawson

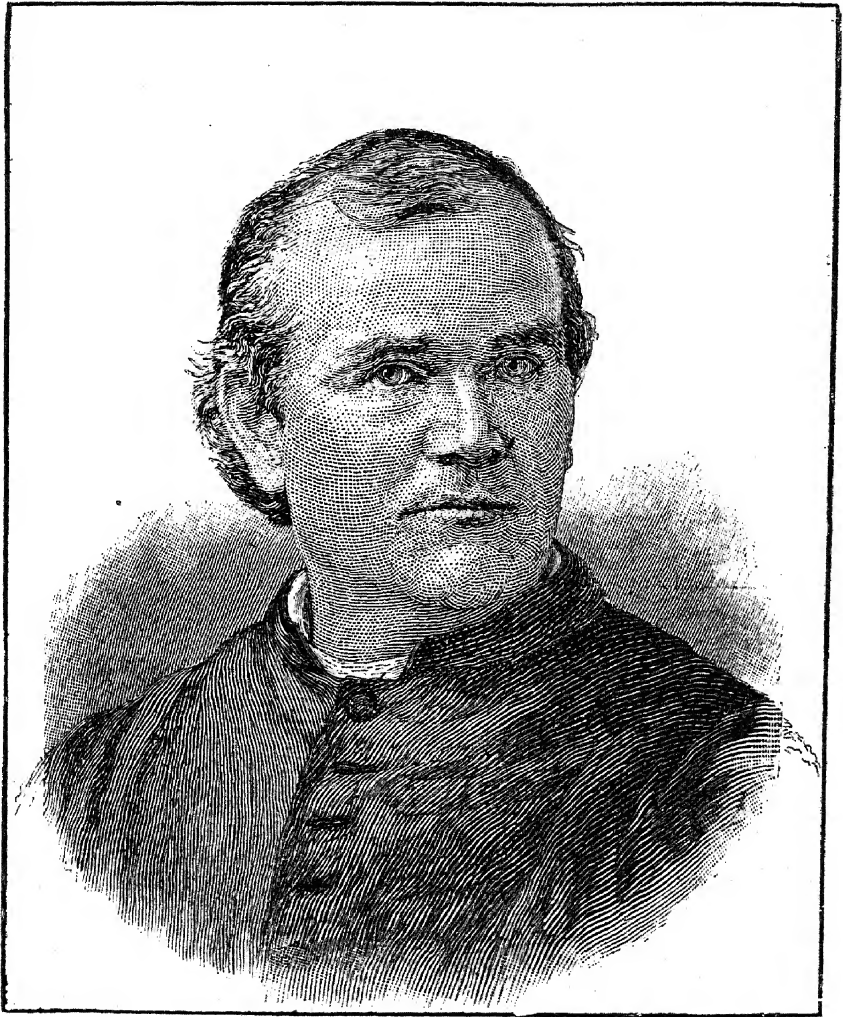
I certainly am glad that all over the country the eightieth birthday of our cherished friend, Dr. McGlynn, will be celebrated, and also that a model of the beautiful statue to be erected in his memory will be on exhibition.

Dr. McGlynn was filled with the inspiration of beneficence, the very essence of all genuine religion, and that without which it degenerates into dogmatism.

I first saw, heard and met Dr. McGlynn almost thirty years ago. The eloquent presentation of the appeal for the rights of humanity which fell from his lips was welcome to my ears. The splendid sterling qualities of his spirit shone through likewise, and I capitulated at once and became his fervent admirer for all time.

Nothing became him more than the modest estimate of himself and the sturdy loyalty which combined to hold him, though stinging under a sense of injustice, within the pale of the great church which he loved, and which he served when he was subjected to discipline for his devotion to the faith as he saw it and knew it, for which many among his fellows in the clergy of that Church were not yet prepared. It won the love and respect of those who had not understood or appreciated that which he had said and for which he worked. They could in any case understand and appreciate what he was. Accordingly, before the end came—and that it came much too soon, has been the lament of all of us—he had the beatitude to know that his serene confidence that justice would be done and that the light would break through had not been disappointed.

I am with you in your celebration of the coming among men of a soul which had in it so much of the divine and immortal as Dr. McGlynn.



DR. MCGLYNN

FROM ENGRAVING, HARPER'S WEEKLY, 1887

Courtesy N. Y. Freeman's Journal



DR. MCGLYNN ABOUT 1870

Soggarth Aroon

Hail to thee, priest of the people!
Peerless and fearless McGlynn!
Ever the Champion of Justice—
Sure in the struggle to win.
Millions are watching the combat;
Thine are the prayers of the poor!
Fierce is the battle with error—
Truth to the end shall endure.
Soggarth Aroon!

Long hath thy name been glorious,
Friend of the poor and distrest!
Thousands shall hail thee victorious,
By thy rich charity blest!
Fear not the rage of oppressors,
Fleeting is tyranny's day!
Bright is the dawn of the future;
God still His empire shall sway.
Darkness shall flee from the radiance of noon.

Soggarth Aroon!

JOHN ANKETELL, A. M.

Dr. Edward Malone

*Meeting East Side Branch, Anti Poverty Society
Farewell to Dr. McGlynn leaving for California, 1890*

You are surrounded tonight, dearly beloved and revered Father in Christ, by faithful children, old and young, who obey you with a filial piety akin to the unbounded trust they repose in the Master you love so well and serve so faithfully. They are the witnesses who will stand reverently before the Father's throne and cheerfully bear testimony to the Christian truths you have always taught, to the purity, zeal and devotion of the life you have always led.

John B. McGauran, Denver

The McGlynn spirit lives and breathes in Colorado. At large Emmett celebrations here in Denver and in Pueblo when speaking of famous men of the Irish race, I mentioned Edward McGlynn. I was greeted with the most hearty and spontaneous applause. I was pleased to discover that so many present loved and admired "the first martyr of the New Crusade." They can't forget Edward McGlynn, the "noblest Roman of them all," his place is so irrevocably fixed in the history of our movement. His vindication and reinstatement was the first—the most complete victory the single tax philosophy achieved in the United States or the world.

"Never again could any man say that the teachings of the Catholic Church were opposed to the single tax," to quote "Life of Henry George," by Henry George, Jr. Dr. McGlynn fought the good fight and won.

William Marion Reedy, St. Louis

The pamphlet about Father McGlynn is valuable to have at hand. I will turn to it frequently for instruction and inspiration. It is good to keep alive the memory of such a true apostle of the true faith as Father McGlynn.

Dr. John G. Hallimond

Father McGlynn is an immortal. He will live forever in the hearts of the people. "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance." "The memory of the just is blessed." His brilliant intellect, his eloquent tongue, his superb courage, his self sacrificing devotion to the truth, combined in the creation of a personality of such massive grandeur as is seldom seen on the stage of time, and when seen is never forgotten.

James R. Brown

I knew Dr. McGlynn personally, met him frequently, heard him speak many times. He inspired admiration for his ability, respect for his calling and love for his personality. His courage was heroic, his patience unlimited, his devotion the full measure, his influence eternal, his religious vision "The City of God upon earth with its walls of jasper and its gates of pearls—the reign of the Prince of Peace."

Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs

Please assure Dr. McGlynn of my high esteem and of my satisfaction in the result of his long struggle for his rights as a citizen of the republic.

William Hayes Ward, D.D.

EDITOR, THE INDEPENDENT

It would be a pleasure to express to Dr. McGlynn personally the satisfaction I feel in his restoration without humiliating conditions to his priestly functions.

Rt. Rev. James H. Darlington

NOW BISHOP OF HARRISBURG

It will give me great pleasure to meet again Dr. McGlynn, who is not only a personal friend, but also a man for whom I entertain the highest respect.

Rev. Dr. Edward John Hamilton

I believe that the general spirit of Dr. McGlynn's teaching is the spirit of the American people and is destined more or less to affect our political future.

Rev. Robert Collyer

Dr. McGlynn has won all our hearts who love courage, sincerity and truth and the daring in a man to say his soul is his own. I cannot say amen to all he says or to all he does, but for the man I have only a heart whole admiration.

John Claflin

I honor Dr. McGlynn for his fearless stand in behalf of American citizenship and American institutions, and I rejoice that his progressive thought is likely to promote the liberality which is a characteristic of our times.

Rev. Dr. C. C. Tiffany

I have strong sympathy for some of his positions and great admiration for his fearless courage in maintaining them.

Harper's Weekly, 1887

The most eloquent preacher in the Roman Catholic Church in the City, he has been well-known as a leader in humanitarian movements. Like Henry Ward Beecher, he has been disposed to use the platform as well as the pulpit.

Danbury Examiner, 1887

When Dr. McGlynn entered fully into the spirit of his great subject he seemed to be lost to outer consciousness, and his voice, like the dulcet tones of some instrument manipulated by angelic fingers, rose and fell in musical cadence on the ears of his auditors, quickening and intensifying their spiritual natures, and bringing them into an attuned harmony with all that is good, and beautiful, and true. We have often been thrilled and charmed in the past by the power and genius of such orators as Phillips, Chapin, Parker, Tilton, and Beecher, but not one of them ever seemed to possess the power to reveal to the multitude so clearly the true dignity of their manhood and womanhood, and inspire them with the lofty endeavor to be something higher, nobler and better—more like the beautiful Christ—as did the oration of that wonderful man, Dr. Edward McGlynn, on the “Cross of the New Crusade.”

Haverhill Gazette, Editorial, 1889

Dr. Edward McGlynn, the lecturer at the Academy of Music to-night, is a remarkable man. We have watched his recent career quite closely, and cannot help but admire him for his broad human sympathy and warm heart, which stops at no sacrifice to self. . . . There is nothing petty, narrow or revengeful about the man, but his heart is full of honesty, sincerity and brotherly love. . . . He believes in a reform of our land tenure, and in the outworking of a system which shall in some way guard against land monopoly. Well, is this such a revolutionary or unjust measure? As cautious men as John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer have seen the oncoming of this question.

They admitted some time ago that the soil of a nation belonged to the body of the people, that it is nature's provision for the common necessities of man, and as such must be

regulated in the interests of the commonwealth, that it is perfectly open to a people at any time to refashion its tenure of land as may seem best to its wisest heads.

Boston Advertiser, April 25, 1889, Editorial

One need not sympathize in the least with his ideas of political economy in order to admire his sincerity, his kindness of heart, and his evident desire to right the wrongs, lift the burdens and heal the moral diseases of humanity.

It is easy to understand, when listening to Dr. McGlynn, how it came about that St. Stephen's was the most successful Roman Catholic church in New York City, and why it was crowded day after day, week-days and Sundays. . . . It is a great pity that a certain class of men in Boston and vicinity, who think they are doing God service by stirring up old strifes between Protestants and Roman Catholics, are not willing to sit at the feet of Dr. McGlynn.

N. Y. Herald, 1900

Few more picturesque figures than the Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn have been known to recent Church History in this country. His hold upon the affection of the masses was remarkable. His tireless energy, his active brain and keen intellect made him a power outside as well as within the Church.

New York World, 1900

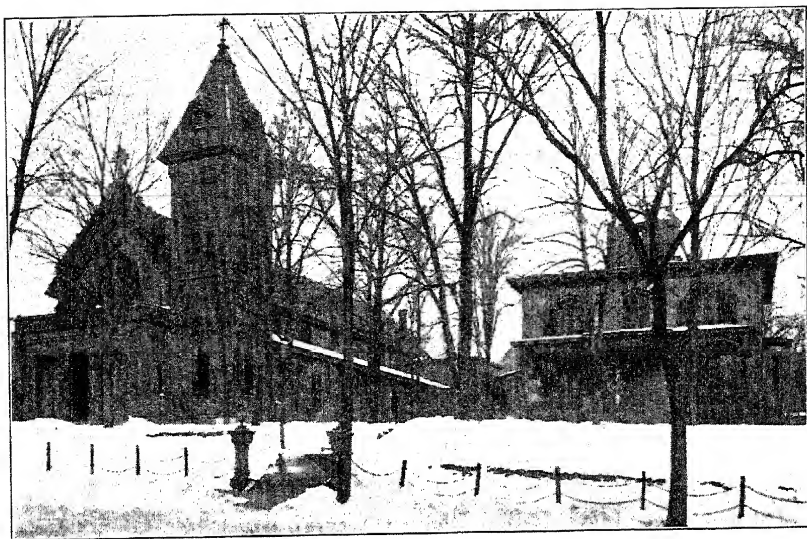
It is always easy to draw lessons from the lives of great men, especially if the great man is as many-sided as the late Father McGlynn. Father McGlynn was great because he had a human heart. One of the lessons of his death may be found in his express order that there should be no flowers at his funeral.

He wanted to give flowers to the living. He held out the helping hand to the weak and lowly. He gave encouragement to men and women tired of the struggle of life. His whole life was a fight to better the conditions of mankind everywhere. He was great in his humanity.

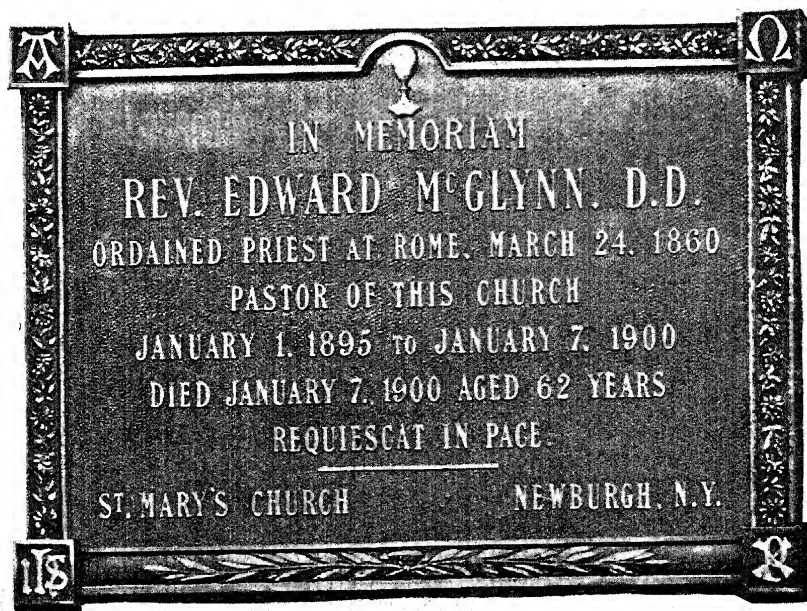
And his idea that the dead need no flowers, but the living should have the roses of life strewn in their pathway is worth remembering. That is one of the best sermons he ever preached.

Brooklyn Citizen, 1900

For many years, Dr. McGlynn added to his functions as a cleric, those of a tribune of the people; and on questions that agitated public feeling no one was listened to with greater pleasure and respect. A diligent student of popular government, a firm believer in applied Christianity as the Sovereign panacea for existing ills, a humanitarian in impulse and conviction; of the people and holding his life a sacred trust dedicated to his fellows and to God, he rose in virtue of his humanity, to a high place in public esteem.



ST. MARY'S CHURCH AND PASTORAL RESIDENCE
NEWBURGH, NEW YORK



MEMORIAL TABLET IN ST. MARY'S CHURCH

Edward McGlynn--Pro Memoria

*A Poem read at the Annual Decoration Day Exercises at the Grave of
Father McGlynn, in Calvary Cemetery, N. Y., May 30, 1907.
Two thousand persons were present.*

Here in the silent City of the Dead,
Where world-worn hearts have found unbroken rest,
Our tributes of respect and love we spread
Upon the mound we honor most and best.

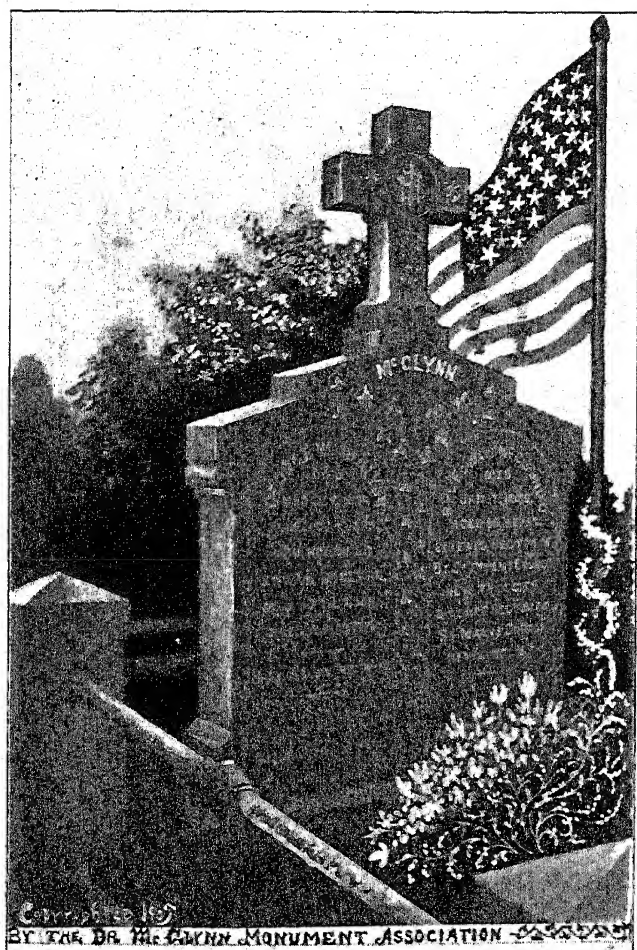
O vanished days, in which our pastor tried
To spread the Gospel of the "Man of Men"
By his portrayal of the "Crucified,"
We stand as staunch and loyal now as then.

His salient words seem whispered by the breeze
That sighs a gentle requiem o'er his grave,
While from ethereal realms his spirit sees
The growth of thought he stirred in serf and slave.

The banners he intrusted us to keep,
We'll wave before the world unto the end,
Oh, may his righteous warfare never sleep
Till every serf may know and call him Friend.

The songs he sang we'll sing again to-day,
Though in a sadly changed and minor tone ;
Believing, while our Father's grace we pray,
He sings them somewhere in the vast unknown.

MARY QUINLAN LAUGHLIN



THE GRAVE OF DR. MCGLYNN
CALVARY CEMETERY, NEW YORK

Eightieth Anniversary Birthday of Dr. McGlynn
New York, Hotel McAlpin
September 27, 1917

Those who took part were Edwin Markham, James K. Hackett, James R. Brown, Mrs. Marguerite Moore, Miles M. Dawson, Hugh McAtamney, Frank McGlynn and Sylvester L. Malone.

Mr. Markham read his poem, written in honor of the occasion. It was read at the meeting in Boston by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, in Washington by Alice Thacher Post, and by others elsewhere.

Washington, D. C.

The friends of Reverend Doctor McGlynn assembled at the nation's capital to commemorate the birth of that eminent patriot and advocate of the rights of mankind, extend fraternal greetings to the friends assembled for a like purpose in the national metropolis with a fervent prayer for divine guidance in our mutual efforts to advance the cause of human brotherhood, throughout a sorely troubled world.

CHARLES SUMNER DAVIS, *President.*

Boston

The Massachusetts Single Tax League, itself meeting in affectionate and grateful memory of Dr. McGlynn, send heartiest greeting to the McGlynn Monument Association of New York City.

LEWIS A. JOHNSON, *President.*

San Francisco

Single Taxers here gathered at luncheon in commemoration of Father McGlynn's eightieth birthday send greetings to and join hands with you across the continent, pledging ourselves anew to the cause for which he gave his inspired soul and his life. Speeches by Charles Cushing, Clarence Todd, Ernest Ames and myself.

JAMES M. BARRY.

Cincinnati

The People's Church, Cincinnati, joins with you in reverent remembrance of the birthday of Edward McGlynn. His teaching points the way to a reconciliation between Catholics and Protestants. At heart primitive Christianity and the modern social movement are one. If the great Mother Church would admit this, if her pulpits to-day were aflame with the truth of social justice, she would gather into her fold all the flock that has strayed, and all humanity would bow in reverence before her solemn altars.

Our souls are weary of sectarianism and division and strife. We hunger for brotherhood. Catholics and Protestants

want fraternity, mutual understanding and confidence and respect. The memory of dear Father McGlynn makes for such sweet unity of purpose. HERBERT S. BIGELOW.

Philadelphia

We are indebted to Father McGlynn for the moral stimulus his inspired eloquence gave to the philosophy of Henry George, and which gave soul to the Single Tax movement in its crusade to restore to mankind its equality of right to participate in the use of the earth—God's heritage to the race.

ROBERT C. MACAULEY, *Chairman*,
OLIVER MCKNIGHT, *Secretary*.

Los Angeles

Two hundred single taxers celebrating birthday of Henry George at banquet, Los Angeles, under auspices Equity Tax League, California, send cordial greetings to meeting in New York, celebrating birthday of Dr. McGlynn. May consecrated lives of these immortal Apostles of Liberty inspire their followers to increased devotion till the earth, the common inalienable heritage of the people becomes in fact and soon, the common property of all the people.

H. W. MCFARLANE.

Buffalo

Contemplation of the character of Dr. McGlynn and the work he accomplished will stimulate us all to greater endeavor in the cause he held so dear and for which he did so much.

Our society here sends kindest greetings to your celebration in New York. THOS. H. WORK.

Albany

Single taxers of Albany are revived in spirit by the memory of Dr. McGlynn and his noble work.

SPERRY,
WARD,
MALCOLM.

Sydney, N. S. W., Australia

HON. JAMES RYAN, M. L. C.

Thirty years ago, through Henry George's "Standard," Single Taxers in Australia were kept regularly in touch with all the leaders, primarily among whom was Dr. McGlynn. Within the next three days they would be celebrating in New York the eightieth anniversary of the birth of that great man. (Applause.) Dr. McGlynn was at first condemned for preaching doctrines contrary to that of the Roman Catholic Church, but after inquiry was restored, the authorities declaring that there was nothing in his teaching contrary to that of the Roman Catholic Church. He was a splendid priest, a fine humanitarian, an accomplished orator, a broad minded Christian, and a light in the movement led by Henry George.

Keep it Before the People

Keep it before the people—
The earth was made for man!
That flowers were strown,
And fruits were grown,
To bless and ne'er to ban;
That land and main,
And sun and rain,
Are yours and mine, my brother!—
Free gifts from heaven,
And freely given
To one as well as another!

Keep it before the people—
That famine, and crime, and woe
Forever abide,
Still side by side,
With luxury's dazzling show;
That Lazarus crawls
From Dives' halls,
And starves at his gate, my brother!—
Yet life was given
By God from heaven,
To one as well as another!

Keep it before the people—
That the laborer claims his meed:
The right of soil,
And the right to toil,
From spur and bridle freed,
The right to bear,
And the right to share
With you and me, my brother!—
Whatever is given
By God from heaven,
To one as well as another!

Keep it before the people—
The earth was made for man.

A. J. H. DUGANNE.

Land Values, London

No more beautiful and convincing summary of Henry George's teaching has ever been written than Dr. McGlynn's statement to Monsignor Satolli, and we wish it a wide circulation among the present generation.

March, 1917.

Kansas City Public Library



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